

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
OF THE SAGE ENDOWMENT
FUND GIVEN IN 1891 BY
HENRY WILLIAMS SAGE

Cornell University Library
PS 2246.L2 1883

The poetical works of Alonzo Lewis /



3 1924 022 036 341

olin



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.



*The
Poetical Works
of
Alonzo Lewis.*

*Edited by
Ion Lewis.*



: Boston :
: A . Williams . & . Company :
Old . Corner . Bookstore
: 1883 :

A.559061

Copyrighted, 1882.

Preface.

With a due sense of my unfitness for the task, and with all diffidence did I undertake the preparation of this, the first posthumous collection of my father's poems. Notwithstanding that, in the beginning, it seemed a simple matter to get together a number of poems, place them under their proper headings, and have them printed; but as I worked the labor increased, and from the diversion of a few weeks it grew to be the all engrossing task of a full twelve-month. That another hand could have made a more judicious selection, a more artistic and convenient arrangement, I am only too well aware, but that other hand was not forthcoming, and only from a strong sense of filial love, and to satisfy an ever recurring demand for copies of the old editions, now many years out

of print, did I undertake the preparation of this present volume—a volume that makes no claim to perfection, or even, in the matter of bulk, to completeness, for there are in my possession a number of poems not inserted here, many which I did not consider it desirable to publish, some evidently never intended for the public eye, others, political effusions, of a more or less local tinge both as to place and time. While scattered about the country in periodicals and manuscript are other poems that I have been unable to obtain. Making all due allowance for its many shortcomings, I think this volume will be found to contain the best poems of the author, and it certainly embraces more than twice the material of any previous edition.

Boston, November, 1882.

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

Many of the following poems were written at an early age, and all of them without any design for publication. In presenting them to his friends the author considers that no apology is necessary; but to prevent the imputation of obtruding them upon public notice, it is proper to observe, that they are not published, but only printed for the subscribers. The author may therefore be permitted to expect that they will escape the animadversions of ungenerous criticism.

The fairest method of estimating poetry is by the pleasure it affords us. If in passing through a forest, we meet with a delightful spot, enlivened by the murmur of a solitary stream, and filled with sweet flowers, that look up to the sky with a loveliness peculiarly their own, we do not enquire if it be the garden of Eden, nor complain because it is not filled with houries. If a cup of water from its fountain has refreshed us, if we are delighted with the beauty of its unassuming flowers, and forget for a few moments the weary miles we have wandered, we view it as a relief in the landscape of life, and recur to its idea with pleasing recollections.

In an age like the present, when it is the fashion to admire every romantic fiction that emanates from a foreign press, a writer of our own country must possess uncommon merit to ensure him the admiration of the public. Perhaps it is impossible for the public to feel that interest in local and occasional poems, which is cherished by the author and his friends, who have preserved the associations which former joys and early friendships gave to the effusions of fancy or the embellishments of truth.

Lynn, Mass., June, 1823.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

Gentle reader! The susceptibility of poetic enjoyment is dearer than all the treasures, and most of the honors, which can be conferred on man. While the sounds of war are abroad on the winds of Europe, and rude spirits are jarring the world with civil commotion, it is grateful to repose in the shade of peaceful life, to participate the pleasures of learning, the joys of social intercourse, and the delights of song. In the calm wood-land scene, undisturbed and unmolested, delighted by the harmony of birds, lulled by the sound of waters, and refreshed by the melody of winds, the spirit is revived by the greenness and the freshness of nature, the mind holds pure converse with the wise and good of past ages, and the loved of the present, and the soul, amid the secret operations of such natural beauty and order, becomes prepared, almost unconsciously, for the happiness of heaven.

The principal objects of poetry are pleasure and instruction. The former is the predominating endeavor of poets, but it should never be the ultimate one. The most delightful and purely imaginative poetry, like that of Coleridge, may instruct; but no poetry, however excellent in its moral quality, which does not please, can be permanently popular.

The purest subjects of poetry are devotion, the social affections, particularly friendship and love, and descriptions of nat-

ural scenery. The unapproachable sublimity of the bible has thrown such a sanctity over the realms of devotion, that few minds may hope to explore them with success. But though no one can expect to gather the splendid fruits of David and Isaiah, the humble and devoted worshipper of the heavenly muse should not be discouraged in his attempt to pluck a few of the beautiful flowers, which bloom on the borders of the holy land.

That the contents of the following pages alone will entitle their author to the glorious appellation of poet, I scarcely dare hope; though it may well be remembered, that "a man may be a poet, without being Homer." If it shall appear that I have imparted in the least degree to the gratification of any thinking mind, it will be something added to the happiness of my future life. Of one satisfaction I may not be deprived; the enjoyment of that glorious perception of poetic beauty, of which the following are but imperfect emanations.

1831.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

It is very remarkable in the history of literature, that, among poets of all ages, not one has made the subject of Universal Love the theme of his song! That the sweetest, the purest, the most elevated principle in nature, and the one which we might naturally suppose would have been the first to awaken the attention and command the energies of a sentient and loving being, has been, if not entirely overlooked, yet only deemed worthy of an occasional episode, or a fugitive hymn, in the composition of which not seldom more of terror than of love has been mingled.

Most poets who have written of love have made it a passion rather than a principle; a sexual feeling, rather than the cause, and the effect, of universal beauty. By love, I understand that principle which induced God to create the universe, and to redeem mankind—that faculty which perceives and admires whatever is beautiful and right, and which leads men to do good. It is in direct opposition to selfishness, which is the motive of earthly minds; and which, by the anomaly that exists in all evil, subverts its own intent. Love is the essence of the true religion, and just in proportion as men love, and no further, do they partake the divine nature. This godlike principle has been so universally degraded in the mass of mankind, that its appellation, which is the acknowledged name of the only True and Holy, suggests in their minds merely ideas of sensual enjoyment. When the true light shines into the heart that comprehends it, then is it awakened to a just sense of its being and this is the new life.

C O N T E N T S.

LOVE,	I
THE CLOUD SHIP,	27
THE SCHOOLMASTER,	40
SHADY GROVE,	66
A DAY IN SUMMER,	87
MORNA,	105
FOREST FLOWERS.	
The Frosted Trees,	111
To a flock of White Snow Birds,	113
The Wounded Whip-poor-will,	116
Lover's Leap,	117
Flowers,	119
As I strayed on the banks,	120
Oh, there is a bright shining, beautiful moon,	121
On meeting with a beautiful moss rose,	122
Lover's Leap,	123
The Farmer's Fireside,	124
The New Englander at the South,	125
May Morning,	126
May Day,	128
The Sun-Flower of the Soul,	130
The Faded Water-Lilies,	131

SEA SHELLS.

Nahant,	-	-	-	-	-	-	132
Nahant Song,	-	-	-	-	-	-	135
My Birthplace,	-	-	-	-	-	-	136
Pleasant Hours,	-	-	-	-	-	-	137
My Cottage Home,	-	-	-	-	-	-	138
Sea Shells,	-	-	-	-	-	-	140
The Harp Shell,	-	-	-	-	-	-	142
Ode to the Sea Serpent,	-	-	-	-	-	-	142
The Beacon Tree,	-	-	-	-	-	-	147
On the Sea Shore,	-	-	-	-	-	-	148
Storm at Nahant,	-	-	-	-	-	-	149

SACRED MELODIES.

Invocation,	-	-	-	-	-	-	150
The Ineffable,	-	-	-	-	-	-	151
Sunday Morning,	-	-	-	-	-	-	153
Jerusalem,	-	-	-	-	-	-	157
The Day of the Sacrament,	-	-	-	-	-	-	159
Thanksgiving Hymn,	-	-	-	-	-	-	160
Sacred Melody,	-	-	-	-	-	-	161
Hymn to the Virgin Mary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	163
The Christian's Hope,	-	-	-	-	-	-	164
Humbly I bow,	-	-	-	-	-	-	164
The Vision of David,	-	-	-	-	-	-	166
Before thy Throne,	-	-	-	-	-	-	167
Oh, for a humble heart,	-	-	-	-	-	-	168
How happy is the humble soul,	-	-	-	-	-	-	168
There is a Star,	-	-	-	-	-	-	169
Morning,	-	-	-	-	-	-	170
They heard his words with scorn,	-	-	-	-	-	-	170
Thou who from thy throne above,	-	-	-	-	-	-	172
The Christian's Joy,	-	-	-	-	-	-	173
The Star of Bethlehem,	-	-	-	-	-	-	174
The mourning of Rizpah,	-	-	-	-	-	-	176
Hymn for Christmas,	-	-	-	-	-	-	178

*CONTENTS.**xi*

On the death of Bishop Hobart,	- - -	179
Sacred Melody,	- -	180
Rachel's Tomb,	- - -	181
Nahant Church,	- -	183
Harvest Home,	- - -	184
The Second Advent,	- -	186
Early Piety,	- -	187
Reply to a kind Invitation,	- -	189
Lines written in a Bible,	- -	190
INDIAN SONGS.		
Indian Death Song,	- -	191
The Sachem's death,	- - -	192
The last of the Saugus tribe,	- -	194
Legend of Humfrey's Pond,	- -	197
Song of an Indian warrior,	- -	198
SLAVE SONGS.		
Lament of the Slave,	- -	202
The Slave mother,	- -	205
Ahmed and Zayda,	- -	208
SONGS OF FREEDOM.		
My Native Land,	- -	211
My Country,	- - -	213
The last Song of the Greeks,	- -	214
Anthem—Our fathers came over,	- -	217
The Flag of Freedom,	- -	218
Responsive Chorus,	- -	219
Anthem—Hark! from the plains,	- -	221
The Union,	- - -	222
The Union and Freedom,	- -	223
Freedom's Summons,	- -	225
Freedom's Call,	- - -	226
Land of our Birth,	- - -	229
Ode,	- - - -	231
TRANSLATIONS.		
Song of Amine, from the Arabic,	- -	234

The Maidens of Minia, from the Arabic,	- - - -	235
Nawara, an Eclogue,	" "	238
Sonnets, from the Spanish,	- - - -	241
Stanzas,	" "	243
Telemachus, Book XVII,	- - - -	244
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Remember me,	- - - -	246
My Mother,	- - - -	247
To Frances,	- - - -	248
On the death of a beloved child,	-	249
Friendship,	-	251
To my Sister,	-	251
On hearing the Salem bells ring for fire,	-	252
To the most loved,	-	253
Stanzas — I saw thee in thy youthful prime,	-	255
Ecstatic Moments,	- - - -	256
'Keep it,'	-	256
High Rock at midnight,	-	257
The wanderer of Africa,	- - - -	259
Congenial Spirits,	-	260
The Idiot Mother,	-	261
The Bard,	-	263
Voice of the Persecuted,	-	264
The Sphere of Woman,	-	266
Contemplation,	-	266
To Lord Byron,	-	268
Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte,	- - - -	271
The Exile of Elba,	-	272
The Trial of Friendship,	-	274
The Slanderer's Grave,	- - - -	276
The Alarm,	- - - -	278
Familiar Epistle,	- - - -	280
The Revellers,	- - - -	281
When first I tuned the lyre to love,	- - - -	283
Cowper,	- - - -	284

In this dark vale of sorrow,	-	-	-	-	-	285
The home of my youth,	-	-	-	-	-	285
To the Evening Star,	-	-	-	-	-	288
To Ada,	-	-	-	-	-	291
Remember me,	-	-	-	-	-	292
When shall I see her once again?	-	-	-	-	-	294
When thou shalt see the sun arise,	-	-	-	-	-	295
O lady! when thine eye shall look,	-	-	-	-	-	295
O lady! I have loved thee long!	-	-	-	-	-	296
Thy breast is free from sorrow,	-	-	-	-	-	297
To Ada, with a water-lily,	-	-	-	-	-	298
Serenade,	-	-	-	-	-	298
Lament for Mary Ann,	-	-	-	-	-	299
Farewell,	-	-	-	-	-	299
To * * * * *	-	-	-	-	-	301
My Father's Grave,	-	-	-	-	-	302
To my departed Brother,	-	-	-	-	-	303
Early Friendship,	-	-	-	-	-	304
Stanzas,	-	-	-	-	-	306
I have dwelt long enough on the past,	-	-	-	-	-	307
When sorrow o'er the spirit steals,	-	-	-	-	-	308
Stanzas — The pleasures of this mortal life,	-	-	-	-	-	309
Milton,	-	-	-	-	-	311
Wordsworth,	-	-	-	-	-	312
Sonnet,	-	-	-	-	-	312
Sonnet,	-	-	-	-	-	313
To a Poetess,	-	-	-	-	-	314
Slander,	-	-	-	-	-	314
Epithalamium,	-	-	-	-	-	315
A sentimental sketch,	-	-	-	-	-	319
To Ellen,	-	-	-	-	-	321
Ballad,	-	-	-	-	-	322
Mehama,	-	-	-	-	-	324
To ———,	-	-	-	-	-	327
To ———,	-	-	-	-	-	328

CONTENTS.

The Evening Bell,	- - - - -	329
Friendship,	- - - - -	330
Memento Mori,	- - - - -	331
The Tolling Bell,	- - - - -	332
The Minstrel's Love,	- - - - -	334
Stanzas — Sweet maid whose virtue is outshone,	- - - - -	335
Stanzas—When the tip of some bright swallow's wing,	- - - - -	335
A Recollection,	- - - - -	336
Devotion,	- - - - -	337
Sketch from real life,	- - - - -	338
To a lady at the South,	- - - - -	339
Monody,	- - - - -	341
Address,	- - - - -	343
The four delights of life,	- - - - -	345
Epitaph,	- - - - -	346
To ———,	- - - - -	346
Human Life,	- - - - -	348
Childhood's Heart,	- - - - -	349
Epitaph,	- - - - -	350
Monody,	- - - - -	351
Serenade,	- - - - -	352
Weep not for the youthful dead,	- - - - -	353
When shall we meet? -	- - - - -	354
Sonnet — To William Loyd Garrison,	- - - - -	355
To Mary,	- - - - -	356
Threnody,	- - - - -	356
Sonnet,	- - - - -	358
To Gondoline,	- - - - -	359
Fable,	- - - - -	360
The Poet,	- - - - -	360
Epicedium,	- - - - -	362
To whom?	- - - - -	362
Salem,	- - - - -	363
Whittier,	- - - - -	364
To Frederick Tudor,	- - - - -	365

CONTENTS.

xv

Stanzas,	- - - - -	366
Wound not the heart whose love thou art,	- - - - -	367
Epigrams,	- - - - -	368
Dirge,	- - - - -	370
In Memoriam,	- - - - -	371
The death boat of Suntaug,	- - - - -	373
In olden time,	- - - - -	374
Lines;	- - - - -	375
To Helen Irving,	- - - - -	376
To Edgar A. Poe,	- - - - -	377
Stanzas — In lonely dell,	- - - - -	378
To S. D. C.,	- - - - -	379
To a female voice,	- - - - -	381
'T is many a day since we have met,	- - - - -	382
The stars,	- - - - -	384
The tall grass grows green,	- - - - -	384
To three young ladies,	- - - - -	386
Woman's love,	- - - - -	387
I've thought of thee but once, Winnie,	- - - - -	388
When the flowers of the spring time,	- - - - -	389
Stanzas — Yes, long will I remember,	- - - - -	390
For the days that are past,	- - - - -	391
The first time of asking,	- - - - -	392
To Serenaders,	- - - - -	393
Spring,	- - - - -	395
Riddle,	- - - - -	396
Epigram,	- - - - -	397
To know no light of day,	- - - - -	398
Woman,	- - - - -	399
Cherished Memories,	- - - - -	400
Gloriosa Virginum,	- - - - -	401
FAREWELL TO MY HARP,	- - - - -	403



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Alonzo Lewis, the Lynn Bard, was born at Lynn, Massachusetts, on the 28th day of August, 1794, and the house in which he was born is yet standing in Boston street on the corner of Robinson. He was descended on his father's side from an old Welsh family, a family that traces its lineage, through generation and generation, back to the native princes of Wales, princes that reigned years anterior to the conquests of the Angles and Saxons, and even before the Romans made their appearance in Britain. As the Angles and Saxons absorbed the ancient Briton, so did they, in their turn, become absorbed by the later Normans, and the old Welsh Llewellyn got in the course of time to be translated into the more modern Lewis. The first of the family to appear in this country was William Lewis who came here from Glamorganshire, South Wales, in 1636. There is more or less French—probably Norman French—influence the modern family, that undoubtedly crept in at the Norman invasion, and is manifest in the family motto, "*courage sans peur*." And the evidence of a participation in the crusades under Richard is seen in their crest, a Saracen's head. The Lewis coat of arms is a lion rampant on a field azure. The descendants of this William Lewis are not very numer-

xviii Biographical Sketch.

ous, most of the name in this country being of English descent. Gov. Morgan Lewis of New York, son of Francis Lewis, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was of the same family, although the latter came to this country a century later than William Lewis. In the matter of genealogies, however, anything ante-dating the Norman conquest, or even the 14th century, is liable to dispute.

On his mother's side, Alonzo Lewis could trace his lineage back to Henry Hudson the famous navigator, for whom Hudson river and Hudson bay are named—the Heinrich Hudson of Irving's *Rip Van Winkle*—a painting of whom, on his last cruise, was exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, in 1881, and purchased by the trustees of the National Gallery, for some twenty thousand dollars.

Mr. Lewis received a sound and thorough education, but not content with the mere instruction of the schools, he pursued his studies, and with vigor, through the whole extent of his life. As a linguist he acquired considerable proficiency, not only in the commoner modern and ancient languages, Latin, Greek and French, but in Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish and other tongues, as is manifest in many of his translations, some of which are printed in this volume. He had an evident delight for study, and loved to teach, being at one time head-master of Lynn Academy, and at others, of one or two grammar schools in Lynn. In 1831 he established a young

ladies school in Boston but does not seem to have continued it long. In 1835 he abandoned the profession of teacher.

From his early youth he evidenced a strong poetic temperament, and several of his poems were written at an early age, some bearing the date of 1811, Mr. Lewis being then but seventeen years of age. In 1823 he collected and printed his first volume of poems, a book of 200 pages, but, as he says in the preface, more for private than for public circulation. This volume contained many of his best poems, including "Farewell to my Harp." In 1829 was published, the first edition of the History of Lynn, a work of immense labor, much greater then than it would be at the present time when there are so many more facilities for historical research. The work was the first in the field of local histories, and is called to this day, by good authorities, one of the best, if not the best, local history ever written. Two years later, in 1831, appeared another volume of poems, containing many of the 1823 edition and others written in the interval. Another edition of the History was published, and in 1834 appeared the last volume of poems, which immediately became very popular and went through fourteen editions, being most favorably received by the critics both in this country and in England.

In addition to the above Mr. Lewis published a small English grammar, and another small work on

geometry, beside a descriptive sketch called, "A Picture of Nahant." During his whole life he wrote much for the newspapers and magazines of the time, both in prose and poetry. He edited an anti-slavery paper in Lynn before the appearance of the Liberator, and was once, during the absence of Mr. Garrison, in editorial charge of that paper, as he was also, of the Boston Traveller, then the American Traveller. He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and a corresponding member of many other historical bodies.

In 1851 he was requested by Ticknor & Co. to write a history of Boston, but does not seem to have complied with the request, as the only thing of the kind of his that I have discovered is a sort of chronological arrangement of the principal events in the History of Boston, called "Annals of Boston." He evidently contemplated another historical work, as a letter of Mr. Whittier's to him in 1833, says: "I hope thee will decide to go on with thy 'Witchcraft,' I certainly think it would be very popular."

That he was more happy in his prose than in his poetry no one can gainsay, and had he written more of the former, and that of a less local nature, his fame would certainly have been less circumscribed. Many of the descriptive parts of the History of Lynn are very beautiful, and I know of people that every now and again take up the history and read and re-read for the mere pleasure of reading. In the mat-

ter of improvement of his native town he took great interest and many works of a local nature were conceived and carried through, almost entirely by his unaided efforts. The construction of the break-water and road along Lynn Beach are due to his efforts, as was also the erection of the lighthouse on Egg Rock.

In the anti-slavery movement Mr. Lewis took a most active part, being second vice-president of the first Anti-Slavery Society, of which Wm. Lloyd Garrison was secretary, and furthering the cause by his writings for the periodicals of the time.

He was naturally of a religious nature and lived a consistant christian life, often denying himself that he might minister to the necessities of others ; and exercising that grandest gift of charity that was lacking in the treatment of him by others. He was for many years the only Churchman in Lynn, and walked to St. Peter's, Salem, every Sunday for service. At one time he applied to Bishop Griswold to be admitted as a candidate for Holy orders, but does not seem to have carried out his first intention. He continued a Churchman for the greater part of his life, being prominent in the establishment of St. Stephen's Parish, Lynn, and was one of the first five incorporators. Before the establishment of St. Stephen's he held services at Glenmere, himself acting as lay reader.

I shall not here attempt any critical analysis of the poems in this volume, but leave the reader to form

his own opinions and judgments. The dates of the poems, so far as known, are appended in each case ; wherever the date 1823 occurs it means that the poem was first printed in the edition of that year, although it may have been written some years previous. The date 1831 also refers to the edition of that year. The others, with no dates, were written at various times since the latter year. The poem "Love" is mostly from one entitled "Benevolence," first printed in the edition of 1831, and re-written for that of 1845. More than half of the poems were written before his thirty-fifth year and I think that they will be found of better average merit than those of a later date. "The Cloud Ship" was published first in the edition of 1845, and it was of this that Whittier wrote in 1831 : "As for thy 'Cloud Ship' I want to get that very much, and I will send thee my poems if ever I get them into a book form." "The Schoolmaster" is from the edition of 1831, while "Shady Grove," "A Day in Summer," and "Farewell to my Harp," are from the 1823 edition.

Mr. Lewis was twice married, his first wife being Francis Maria Swan of Methuen, by whom he had six children, of whom two, Llewellyn and Arthur, are now living. For his second wife he married Annie Ilsley Hanson of Portland, Maine, by whom he had two children, Ina and Ion, the former dying some months before her father. For the latter part of his life Mr. Lewis lived in the picturesque cottage in Beach street,

close to the water's edge, a place where he loved to sit and study, and where, on the twenty-first day of January, 1861, he passed away, at the very beginning of that great struggle which resulted in the accomplishment of an object for which he had striven the greater part of his life.

I have here attempted no extended biography, and would say to those who desire more minute particulars and personal reminiscences to consult "The History of Lynn," as continued by Mr. Newhall and published in 1864; and also, Mr. Johnson's charming "Sketches of Lynn," published a year or two ago.

BOSTON, Oct., 1882.

L O V E.

CANTO I.

'God is Love.'

A purer theme than ever mortal sung,
A sweeter word hangs on my trembling tongue ;
Angels have listened to its voice divine,
And seraphs bowed before its holy shrine !

O thou, fair truth ! whose form, arrayed in light,
Glowes by the throne of heaven, forever bright ;
Send thy pure rays into thy poet's heart,
And holy strength to my glad mind impart ;
That I may trace the origin of love,
And teach mankind to seek her fount above.

No servile thirst for fame inspires thy bard,
He woos a nobler, more divine reward.
If thou, fair truth, but smile upon my lays,
I rest content, nor seek for other praise.
My fondest aim is, that my song may move
Mankind to feel the potency of love !

That I the latent fountain may reveal
 Of those deep woes my fellow-beings feel ;
 And moved by truth, with impulse all divine,
 Direct their worship to love's holy shrine.
 So when I sleep beneath the primal sod,
 My ardent spirit may go up to God,
 And hear his voice pronounce, with ecstacy,
 'What thou hast done for them, thou didst for me.'

Love is the principle divine, which made
 All things of nought, and worlds with light arrayed ;
 Love is the impulse, which, for erring man,
 Moved God to stoop, and form redemption's plan.
 Love is the cause of all things good and fair,
 And love admires them wheresoe'er they are.
 Love is the spring of hearts with worth endued,
 Inducing man to seek his fellows' good ;
 Love is the true religion of the Lord !
 When all men love the world will be restored.

'T was love that filled the mind with reason's
 light,
 And poured truth's lustre o'er the mental sight.
 'T was love that gave us feeling, passion, thought ;
 The power to dare and do as spirits ought.
 'T was love that fashioned language, taught the will
 To frame that language with poetic skill.
 'T was love that formed us with the power to love,
 And all the joys of social life to prove ;

To share sweet friendship, and connubial bliss,
The warm embrace and the enrapturing kiss ;
To know the joys of home's ecstatic shrine,
And all the pleasures on life's path that shine.

The truths essential to true happiness
Are to believe in God, and that he deigns to bless ;
All that we see and know in nature, prove
That God is moved by an essential love ;
That what seem evils, his designs fulfill,
And all are swayed by his directing will.
We toil on earth through pain, and fear, and foes,
Doomed through existence to a thousand woes ;
But most of evils which we suffer thus
Are caused by others, or are made by us.
We violate the laws of heaven above,
And then complain that God is void of love !
'T is worse than folly thus to be distrest ;
God cannot bless hearts that will not be blest.

Enthroned in heaven, eternal ages past,
And reigning there while ceaseless cycles last,
Almighty love its genial power displays,
And spreads through space its all-pervading rays.

When nature slept in chaos undefined,
The light burst forth from the creative mind ;
Systems and suns through endless space were hurled,
Star glowed to star, and world arose on world ;

Seraphic hosts their new-made anthem sang,
And heaven's wide realm with their glad pæan rang.

Behold yon orbs, which gem the azure sky ;
Love placed them there, and bade them glow on high.
Her breath along the depths of chaos past,
The gathering atoms rose upon the blast.
Resplendent rays did each dense mass enfold,
And blazing orbs along the darkness rolled.
There pours the ceaseless sun his useful light ;
There the fair moon gives glory to the night.
Across the sky an arch of beauty bends,
Where the bright galaxy its lustre lends.
Far in the north, behold the pole star rise,
Shining, like virtue, through the darkened skies ;
While round its orb the faithful pointers veer,
And aid the seaman his lone course to steer.

Almighty love first gave all being birth ;
Formed sun and star, and the green rolling earth ;
Bade mountains rise, waves roll, and rivers run ;
Called light and heat from the refulgent sun ;
Rolled cloud on cloud across the azure skies,
Bade showers descend and vegetation rise ;
Sent forth the wind, the lightning, and the storm,
Gave varied life its being and its form ;
Made day on day, on darkness darkness roll,
And crowned her work with man's reflecting soul !

Benignant power ! how fair thy works appear !
How full thy glories in each burning sphere !
The northern harp, with strings of twinkling gold,
Pours forth its constant harmony untold !
There his bright lamp Arcturus holds on high,
Filling with light the chambers of the sky.
While, in a shining group, the gentle band
Of sister Pleiads hold each others' hand,
And dance all night along the spangled plain,
To the rich music of the heavenly strain !
Far in the west the star of love is seen
Shedding her smiles on hearts of gentle mien ;
While mighty orbs amid the splendor roll,
The praise of God, the wonder of the soul !
All these for man their kindly rays dispense,
All are thy work, divine benevolence !

Turn we our gaze to earth ; here we behold
This massy globe, that has for ages rolled ;
Whose yearly course was marked by God's right hand,
When chaos heard, and owned his dread command !
To farthest climes old ocean spreads his waves,
Rolls gently on, or wild with fury raves !
Within his depths the finny myriads throng,
And sportive play, or swiftly glide along.
Urged by the winds, upon his foaming tide,
The tall white ships, o'er rolling surges ride,
Bearing thy gifts, effective love, afar,
To distant isles beneath the southern star.

The wild birds chant thy praises on the wing,
Or their soft lays in shady coverts sing.
The brook that murmurs down the mountain side,
And draws from secret springs its crystal tide,
For the support of human nature flows,
And sings thy praises as it onward goes !
All good and fair to thee existence owe,
The heaven above, the bright green earth below.
'T was love that made us, all the planets cry !
'T was love that formed us, all the stars reply !
The mighty work, complete in every part,
Sends its deep moral to the human heart !

God is in all, around, below, above ;
The universe is redolent of love !
The seaweed on the ocean billow tost ;
The last sweet flower before the winter frost ;
The robin's song ; the swallow's welcome wing ;
The first green blade of grass that tells of spring ;
The rain, the snow, the sunshine, and the dew ;
The round moon rolling through the welkin blue ;
The sparkling troop of stars all night that shine ;
The evening breeze that stirs the mountain pine ;
Sweet sleep that woos the weary lids to rest ;
The thistle down that lines the sparrow's nest ;
The violets the greenwood path that strew ;
The white sea-moss that feasts the shipwrecked crew ;
The rainbow's painted arch ; the breaking morn ;
The silken tassels of the young green corn ;

The lone wild-goose's honk ; the bleating sheep ;
The wild cascades that down the mountain leap ;
The whip-poor-will's strange note at eventide ;
The sweet spring gushing by the meadow side ;
The mighty streams that through the forest flow ;
The lone lake where the floating lilies grow ;
The ocean breaking on the sandy shore ;
The sea bird's wail ; the distant thunder's roar ;
The cricket's chirp ; the hum of busy bee ;
All that we hear, or think, or feel, or see,
On the green earth, or in the sky above,
Speak to man's heart in one sweet lay of love !

There were two forms within a garden fair ;
One had high looks, and dark and wreathy hair,
A broad pale forehead, and a thoughtful eye,
That now looked deeply in the silent sky,
Now upon her beside him. She stood there
A form all gracefulness — serene, and fair.
Her long bright locks flowed round her marble neck,
And in the sunlight threw their shadowy fleck
Across a breast so delicately pure,
That mortal spirit might not well endure
To gaze and love not. But within her eye
There shone a light from heaven's eternity !
She was all poetry — so pure and fair
She seemed a spirit of the upper air —
A thing to love and worship. And they stood
Beside each other in that solitude,

That living solitude of birds and flowers,
While sweet imaginings, and swift-winged hours,
Flitted all joyous by them. Earth shone fair,
Sublime and holy ; for heaven's spirit there
Had breathed it fragrance and its living hues
Through kindling sunlight and inspiring dews ;
And all the scene so rich and rapturous glowed,
As God had formed it for his own abode !

Thy plastic hand, benignant love, arrayed
That garden in its charms ; thy skill displayed
Each bright-hued flower : and every waving tree,
In the light morning breeze, gave praise to thee.
Those godlike ones as they together stood,
With their fair forms reflected in the flood,
Raised their glad eyes to the heaven-lighted sky,
And poured their praises to love's source on high.

When Israel wandered in a foreign land,
Her children crushed beneath a tyrant's hand,
Protecting love sent forth its cloud by day,
To light her tribes along their untried way ;
And through the darkness of each fearful night,
Her presence bland a never-failing light !

By Kerith's brook the holy prophet stood,
Where the wild ravens brought his daily food ;
And in Zarepath blessed the widow's toil,
Renewed her meal, and filled her cruse of oil ;

Breathed back the soul into her lifeless son,
And bade once more the vital currents run.
Such were thy works, benignant love, of yore,
To teach mankind to listen and adore !

From this pure love arose the joy divine,
The social worship at the sabbath shrine,
Where man to heaven his fond devotion pays,
And breathes his love in words of prayer and praise.
There we are taught, or should be taught, to feel
The sacred love which christian truths reveal,
Each spirit formed by heaven's pure love to prize,
To love each other, love our enemies ;
And to each poor offending brother show
The love we would heaven should on us bestow.

When God bade nothing from all things to be,
Was it his will to fashion misery ?
Did he decree that man should be a slave
To want, and woe, and sorrow, till the grave ?
Did he design the heart to suffer blight,
Then sink to darkness and eternal night ?
Is such the faith which truth demands of thee ?
Believe it not, the thought is blasphemy !

The holy word to man in kindness spoken,
When past the mighty flood, remains unbroken.
The faithful year, observant of his will,
Brings day and night, summer and winter still.

The blooming spring her freshest incense burns,
To the full field the harvest hour returns ;
The blazing lightning clears the sultry air,
The snow's bright mantle clothes the earth with care,
And o'er each varied scene of hill and plain,
The same pure love preserves its steady reign.

Man only changes — man, the foe of man,
Mars the bright work eternal love began !
Malignant passions in his bosom burn,
And heaven's pure dews to noxious vapors turn !
As desert fountains send their waters clear
To the bright flowers that on their banks appear,
But through foul regions as they onward glide,
Collect dark stains, and roll a turbid tide ;
So springs the light of love, serene and fair,
Which man corrupts to darkness and despair.

Where then is God ? in the far heavens above
Or in the deep ? 'tis where the heart hath love.
The christian faith, of all the faiths on earth,
Is that alone in which true love hath worth ;
How strange, of all the faiths mankind have sought,
That is alone the faith where men love not !
Each sect essays o'er kindred sects to rise,
And hatred bars his brother from the skies !
Blinded by self, each would himself deceive,
His is alone the faith men should believe.
True love this selfish spirit must deplore,

Nor enters heaven, to turn and bolt the door !

Why shouldst thou heed what may thy brother
think ?

True love would rise, and give him food and drink.
If his belief in paths of error rove,
Thy charities may win him back to love !

God says, ‘behold how fair the lilies be ;’
Does God take care of flowers, and not of thee ?
Why should thy heart with want and sorrow bleed ;
Art thou more worthless than the desert weed ?
God’s eye beholds the wounded sparrow fall,
Has he no care when wounded spirits call ?
Is there not love enough in heaven’s vast store
To feast thy soul, and bid thee grieve no more ?
Yes, God is love — if human hearts were pure,
How sweet the bliss that love would then insure !

The strength of that almighty love was known,
When heaven’s pure light on sacred Jordan shone ;
And the white dove came from the holy tree,
That blooms in Paradise eternally !
Then grateful man adored the power sublime
Which sent benevolence to rule o’er time.
Her accents flowed through Bethlehem’s holy vale,
When seraph anthems bade the shepherds hail !
Her voice was heard on Carmel’s sacred hill,
When words divine declared the holy will.

Then truth came down from heaven to seek and save,
Her lips to man a new commandment gave.
The listening earth with grateful wonder heard,
When her sweet voice pronounced the potent word ;
That word was love ! a word which shall restore
To earth the beauty it possessed of yore.
A word which can redeem from deepest woe,
And bring down heaven to dwell on earth below ;
A word which can from hell the lost redeem,
And wake the blind to dwell in glory's beam ;
To virtue's worth renew the heart of guilt ;
Wipe the red life-blood from the dagger's hilt ;
Bid man to man be tyrannous no more ;
Cast out the devils, and the dead restore ;
Turn the wild maniac's shriek to tones of peace ;
Bid hateful war and cruel slavery cease ;
Make deadly passions leave their dark employ,
And new-create the world to truth and joy ?

O thou, pure spirit ! one, eternal, bright !
The source of truth, and being, form, and light.
Thee we adore ; not as the great unknown !
Dwelling afar, in darkness and alone !
Not as a god of carnage and of war,
Riding in terror on thine earthquake car !
But as the God, enthroned in light above ;
Dwelling in truth ; whose brightest name is love ;
Unveiled to thee, eternity and time
Stand in thy presence—awful and sublime !

With tranquil eye, thou seest all things that be,
And were, and shall be — nought is hid from thee !
As thou hast made, so thou upholdest all ;
Without thy will, no fading leaf may fall !
Nations and plants are in thy hand the same ;
The souls of men, and countless worlds of flame !
The storm, the rainbow, and the bright-hued flower !
Are but the modes of thy benignant power !
We bow to thee, not with the thrill of fear,
But with the glow of love's enraptured tear !
We grieve our thoughts and acts so worthless be,
Yet prize the bliss that we may worship thee !
O, let thy love through all our being run ;
Be that our life, our impulse, and our sun !
O, let thy spirit through our spirits shine,
To wake and guide them by the love divine !
Thou has created us ! O, deign to prove,
How great the being that is born of love !
Upheld by thee, guided by thee, we soar,
And the vast realms of boundless love explore !
No words of ours thy goodness can display,
Our being only can thy love repay ;
That burns and shines through heaven's eternal day .

CANTO II.

'He that loveth abideth in light.'

Pure as the dew, which falls from cloudless skies,
Chaste as the tears that gush from pity's eyes,
Bright as the gems, which gild the torrid night,
And sweet as thoughts that hail an angel's flight,
Benevolence descended from above,
To spread the bliss of universal love !
She came, the daughter of almighty grace,
Parent of smiles, and friend of human race,
To soothe the sorrows man is doomed to know,
And ward the ills that wait on life below.
She wipes the tear by dark misfortune wrung,
She holds the cup to cool the fevered tongue,
And in dim-lighted halls she lends her eyes,
To watch all night where burning anguish lies.
How sweet to follow in her steps, and spread
A warmer vestment o'er the freezing bed ;
To light the ashes of the sleeping hearth,
And cheer the mourner with the voice of mirth.

Ask ye the recompence of so much care ?
Search your own hearts and find the answer there.
What nobler cenotaph can mortals rear,
Than the green earth gem'd by the orphan's tear !
What brighter honors can this world dispense,
Than thy rewards, divine benevolence !

In all the varied scenes of earthly woe,
To bring relief, O, when was woman slow?¹
Search each remotest clime, and you will find
That woman's heart is ever warm and kind.
From palace halls to poverty's lone shed,
Has human sorrow heard her welcome tread.
The proudest prince, and the most abject slave,
Her steps have flown to succor and to save.
From the most humble cot in forest gloom,
To the retirement of Judea's tomb,
Where'er distress has twined its ample fold,
Her priceless tear of sympathy has rolled !

How pure and fond the love that Mary knew,
When her warm tears bespangled Calvary's dew !
What sweet regard the Roman daughter moved,
When her fond instinct saved the life she loved !
What proud affection Pocahontas felt,
When by the fatal stone she boldly knelt ;
Or when, to serve the tribe she loved in vain,
Her noble form was drenched in midnight rain,
As through the trackless wild her footsteps sped,
Risking her own to save the stranger's head !
Where find we words to praise the high desert
Of thy heart's faith, sweet Gertrude Vonderwort !
How bright a gem on thy fair brow was set
By thy devotion, faithful Lavelette,
When the dark prison with thy presence glowed,

And to thy peerless love e'en reason bowed !
What diadem e'er shone on queenly brow,
So bright as that which crowns Grace Darling now !
What coronet of jewels glows more fair
Than the heart's gems which Fry and Webster wear !²

A vision spreads on my admiring sight,
Dim seen amid the darkness of the night.
A dusky ray of pensive starlight falls
On a vast pile of massy granite walls.
The moss of years has gathered o'er their face,
As if they were some hermit's dwelling-place,
And each dim room is grated with thick bars,
As if its dwellers might not view the stars
It seems some fabric of barbarian might
Before religion spread her sacred light.
A thin pale form, but with a cheerful eye,
Like spirit from another world glides by ;
A folded scarf across her arm is flung,
As if some secret treasure there were hung ;
And a small lamp sends forth its friendly ray,
To light her footsteps on her silent way.

What seeks she there, at this dark lonely hour,
When evil spirits most exert their power.
A gate unfolds, with a dull creaking sound,
And that fair form looks cautiously around.
Again, she stands within a dreary cell,
Where none but wretches could endure to dwell ;

Her lamp displays a pale and wasted man,
Who has endured all that the wretched can.
His view is bounded by dark walls of stone,
Through which no joyous sunlight ever shone.
Her tears are poured upon his marble brow,
As o'er his slumber she is seen to bow.
He wakes to taste the treasures of her hand,
To drink the music of her accents bland,
And share the freedom which her words dispense ;
Ask ye her name ? — it is Benevolence !

Celestial power ! in thy divine control
Is all that brightens and exalts the soul !
Inspired by thee, the lofty spirit glows,
And forms its plan to lighten human woes.
At thy decree, devotion brighter burns,
And human thought each selfish motive spurns.
The wretched seeks a shelter in thy dome ;
In thy abode the orphan finds a home.
For thee the missionary roams afar ;
Thy word his law, thy light his polar star !
All that is good, and noble, pure and free,
Sublime and godlike, has its source in thee !

Creative love ! upon thy splendid shrine,
In every land the fruits of genius shine.
The poet's gifts are on thy altars flung,
The artist's treasures round thy temple hung ;
The path of life is brightened by thy skill,

And fairer flowers spring upward at thy will.

Congenial spirits ! with what joy ye hail
The bridal chamber, and the virgin veil ;
The bliss ecstatic which affection finds,
When heart to heart in one strong tie she binds !
This love was wisely in the bosom placed,
That earth's fair garden might not be a waste.
From this pure fountain in perfection flow
The sweetest joys which human hearts may know :
The bliss connubial, the endearing wile,
The husband's care, the wife's confiding smile ;
The child's affection, and the parent's bliss ;
The brother's fondness, and the sister's kiss !
All the blest ties which may through life endure,
Where find we other names so sweet and pure !
And if such joys in social circles dwell,
May they not glow when we enlarge the spell !
When with the impulse of an ardent mind,
In our pure love we circle all mankind ?
Ye prize such friendship as could David please,
And talk of Damon and of Pylades ;⁸
And what is friendship, but your love for one,
Which we extend to all beneath the sun ?

O ye, whose feeling souls indignant burn,
Your honest claims when evil natures spurn ;
Whose injured spirits must for years sustain
Toil's weary load and poverty's dark chain ;

Condemned alone to wake each anxious morn,
To meet neglect, and to encounter scorn ;
Who still must toil till life's last hope shall fade,
And find your task with stinted boon repaid ;
Who still must follow hope's receding ray,
And see your fondest visions fade away ;
Compelled to take the boon which just will bear
To save the fainting spirit from despair,
Nor leave the means to feast the longing mind
With the rich treasures for its growth designed ;
Think of the great and good, whose kindred soul
Endured the pangs which now your minds control,
The godlike men who sought love's glorious goal !
You tread the path which Burns and Otway trod !
You walk with Plato on the classic sod ;
Yours be the task to point the ardent mind
To paths which honor, worth, and learning find ;
And your reward, the pure ecstatic glow
Of fellow-workers with your God below !
Your worth, which now is held in light esteem,
The men of after ages will redeem ;
And when you lay your bodies down to rest,
Will pile their marble on your weary breast ;
And ye will be, like those in ages gone,
Who asked for bread, and who received a stone !

'T is time for men to waken from the sleep
That long has shrouded them in darkness deep ;
To look far down into the depths of light,

Where truth's pure fountain gushes warm and bright ;
Sending its sparkling bubbles to the brim,
To lighten spirits veiled by falsehood dim.
The error of mankind is selfishness ;
Self is the god men honor, worship, bless.
Let but this partial spirit be disowned,
And love divine be in its place enthroned,
A new creation bursts upon the sight,
All then is peace, and purity, and light !

Mankind should be but one great family,⁴
Where kindred interest in one bond agree ;
Where none are left to suffering, want, and woe,
But all one mutual tie of friendship know.
There father, mother, brother, sister, stand,
Parents and children in one common band.
There, too, the stranger who in peace may come
Is bade full welcome to the common home.
He who shuts out his brother from his heart,
Shuts out himself, and bids his God depart.
The selfish interest is an endless void,
The wealth that 's shared can only be enjoyed.
What greater want has human nature known,
Than in a world of love to be alone ;
To shed the tear upon his sorrow's day,
Which no one shares, and no one wipes away.

From selfishness the bane of mankind springs,
This fertile source all human evil brings.

In every age communities arise,
All social deemed ; all bound by friendly ties ;
The longing heart seeks at their shrine to find
The latent good so homaged in his mind ;
But though some gems in their bright circlet shine,
All have o'erlooked the fount of love divine !
Are all but substitutes for that great tie
Which should unite all hearts beneath the sky.
To shun the burden of the common ill,
Societies have multiplied at will ;
If to all these you add a thousand more,
You scarcely move the evil we deplore,
Still one society remains, to prove
The universal brotherhood of love !

O, thou sweet being ! brightest charm of life !
The loving sister, friend, maid, mother, wife,
And all in one word, Woman ! hear the call,
Which bids you rise and break the selfish thrall !
Man has forgone his trust ! man has denied
The God of love, and self is deified !
Rise, thou ! and in thy strong affection prove
The might of grace, the majesty of love !
Win back the souls from truth have gone astray,
Direct man's heart to heaven, and lead the way.

Why should not love be that which all men seek,
The common bond to bind the strong and weak ?
The only tie which can to man insure

The good he needs, and make that good secure !
It must be plain, that truth is only one ;
Sole, self-existent, glowing like the sun !
There 's but one source of life and light — one God,
One faith, one church, one mutual bond of good.
Without that bond, life is but vainly given ;
And with it, earth becomes indeed a heaven !
He who has all the world's vast store supplies,
Yet wants this love, wants all below the skies.
He whose pure heart this bond celestial owns,
Has greater joys than are conferred by thrones.

In this conflicting world the human soul
Must look to love as to its highest goal !
Could love prevail, would evil passions reign ?
Would anger stamp anew the mark of Cain ?
Would the lone widow mourn her traitor friend,
Or the wronged orphan's curse to heaven ascend ?
Would half mankind in wealth and splendor reign,
And all the rest know deprivation's pain ?
Would one proud woman flaunt in wealth's array,
And others toil for half a dime a day ?
Would men, endowed with no peculiar worth,
Hold thousand acres of this barren earth,
Where thousand souls abundance might produce,
Yet live and die deprived its rightful use ?
Would one proud prelate in his splendid den
Hive wealth enough to bless a thousand men,
While priests and people of our common Lord

Repine and suffer for the useless hoard ?
Would costly steeples mock the holy sky,
And souls within their shadows starving lie ?
Did men in rules of love and order stand,
Would court houses and jails deface our land ?
Would men with locks and safes conceal their store,
And dread to sleep without a bolted door ?
Were love supreme, would selfish men be found,
Striving for life each nobler faith to wound ?
Would critics, void of every gentle feeling,
Unknowing raptures of love's high revealing,
Doom noblest minds to death's untimely blight,
Like poesy's sweet children — Keats and White —
Men whose sole fault was that they vainly strove
To gain the meed of sympathy and love ;
But doomed to quiver on hate's fatal dart,
Went down to Hades with a bleeding heart !⁵
Could love prevail, would jarring nations call
The iron tube, the pyramid of ball ?
Would wasted fields be fertilized with gore
To make a hero of some wretch once more ?
Would people vainly boast of being free,
Yet rob a million souls of liberty ?
No — let mankind but once their rights assert,
And love's strong power these evils may avert.
The vengeful blade has long been tried in vain,
In vain its use may be assumed again.
The evil politic is still the same,
The ill remains, with only change of name ;

One party sinks, another takes its place,
And change eternal crowns the civic race.
Love only can to man his rights restore,
His joys insure, and bid him grieve no more.
But it must not be that mistaken love,
Which daringly usurps the rights above ;
Which boldly claims to use heaven's chastening rod,
And kills, and hangs, all for the love of God !

Not such the love which Christ on earth displayed,
When truths divine were by his lips conveyed !
He did not seek by fear the world to awe,
But taught that love fulfilled the strictest law !
John loved the most, and hours of danger proved
He was the one whom most the Master loved.
Just in proportion as men are imbued
With love, thus only are their hearts renewed.
This was the truth which Christ essayed to teach,
In all the varied modes of act and speech ;
By this shall all men know that ye are mine,
If ye are governed by the love divine.
When truth prevails then selfish sects must fall,
And one strong band of love encircle all.⁶

What the result ? Would I with ruthless hand
O'erturn the order of my native land ?
Is this the burden of the poet's song,
' Society, and everything is wrong ! '
The church, the ministry, the day divine,

Baptismal font, and sacramental shrine,
The marriage tie, our sacred homes, the free
Regards of life, how beautifully they be !
Weed out the evil, let the good remain,
And heaven descends to earth like summer rain !

But if the men to whom the master's hand
Entrusts the good all-seeing love has planned,
Prove false to truth, to reason, and to hope,
Then must we give our better feelings scope !
If churches prove the dens of robbers, we
Must make our actions, like our spirits, free !
Our temples shall be groves again, our shrine
The soft sweet shadow of the mountain pine.
Like Christ of old, our worship we will make
On the green margin of the forest lake ;
Whose pure clear font reflects the morning sky,
As our true hearts God's image from on high !

Come thou pure love, which once in Eden glowed,
And threw thy lustre round man's calm abode,
Ere desolation marked the path of time,
Or earth was sullied by the hand of crime.
Wake in our hearts that sweet seraphic glow,
Which lightens toil, soothes pain, and conquers woe.
Breathe through the world a calmer, purer air,
And shine on earth till it shall glow more fair.
With kindly heat dry up the vapors dank,
Which earth's dark bosom from corruption drank ;

Dispel the mists that o'er man's vision glide,
The tranquil joys of purer scenes to hide ;
Chase the dark passions from their latent cell,
Bid peace return again on earth to dwell ;
Teach men how spirits live in realms above,
And fill our hearts with universal love ;
Then hallowed fire shall to each soul be given,
And earth shall be no more, because 'tis heaven !

THE CLOUD SHIP.

— *O, I have suffered
With those whom I saw suffer ! a brave ship,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces ! — SHAKSPEARE.*

CANTO I.

I.

The ice lay on New Haven bay
Two hundred years ago ;
And all along the forest way,
Far as the weary eye could stray,
A dazzling waste of snow.
At intervals, among the trees,
Whose boughs paid tribute to the breeze,
The low, dark cottage broke ;
And from its roof of bark and straw,
Went up, with many a sudden flaw,
The thin, gray curling smoke ;

Finding its way through boughs of fir,
And dark green pine, and juniper,
And many a giant oak.

II.

A ship is rocking on the wave,¹
That scarce has room her sides to lave ;
So close the thickening ice around
Her wonted joyous course has bound !
And on her deck is standing one,
The bold and hardy Lamberton ;
Who oft has braved, serene and free,
The pirate of the middle sea ;
And dreads Atlantic storms no more
Than billows on Oswego's shore ;
While round him there his men essay
His honored orders to obey.

III.

Why toil they thus, those hardy men ?
Though winter winds are high ;
And stretching o'er the rocky glen,
The heavy branches sigh ;
Laden with weight of clustering snow,
That bends the hemlock's branches low ;
Beneath whose sheltering arch the roe
And her warm partner lie ;
While shrieking birds are crowding round,
Whose shades grow fainter on the ground,
And in the south a cloudy mound
Is rising in the sky !

IV.

New Haven's bay is beautiful,
Tinged by the setting sun !
Her harbor now with ships is full,
Though then there was but one ;
And all along her smiling strand,
Like castles of enchanted land,
Her towers are gleaming fair ;
And thousands there of youth and maids,
Are straying in her peaceful glades,
Unharmed by fear or care.
But then along her forest glade,
The wolf and arrowed indian strayed ;
And dark her little hamlet stood,
O'ershaded by the oaken wood ;
And few and sad the dwellers there,
Who to the frozen strand repair,
Where hardy men are toiling sore,
To make a way that ship before,
That she may bound, elate and free,
Again into her native sea !
And grave and aged matrons there,
And blooming maidens, young and fair,
With warm and trembling heart,
Are gazing out with looks of love,
That long in tearful hope have strove,
On friends whom they shall see no more,
When from that bleak and icy shore
That sad ship shall depart !

V.

O, who can tell how many a tear
Has fallen on this dusky sphere,
O'er broken friendship's early tomb,
Or crushed affection's silent doom !
O, who can say how many a heart,
Worthy to bear its gentle part
In social and domestic joy,
In fond, maternal love's employ,
In all that graces human life,
In the fond sister and the wife,
Has known for years the wasting form,
First blighted by the ocean storm !
O, who can point how many a dome,
Of love and joy the peaceful home,
Whose fire has ceased to burn,
As desolation's wasting hand
Entered to quench the cheerful brand,
When some brave ship, with pennon free,
And warm hearts beating merrily,
Has sailed into the endless sea,
Ah ! never to return !

VI.

The group is gathered on the bay,
That little group of men and maids,
In one small plat of open day,
Surrounded by the forest shades.
And gentle eyes are dim with tears,
And anxious hearts are full of fears,

And age and youth that ship around,
By one strong tie of love are bound !
But now through every heart a thrill
Of terror runs ; and then a chill,
Like that which tracks a thunder stroke,
Came on, as thus a maiden spoke ;
A slender maid, of manners free,
And colored like the ebony ;²
Who many days had silent been
Spectator of the anxious scene ;
As if she brooded o'er some hate,
That pressed her with its giant weight :

VII.

‘ Ah, toil ! ye tyrants of the wave !
Foredoomed to be your righteous grave !
Your ship is all with curses full ;
In mast and plank, in sail and hull !
In every rope, and block, and spar :
In anchor, and in cable bar !
Each faithless trunnel of her side
Shall let in ocean torrents wide ;
And every cord upon her deck
Shall twine around a seaman’s neck,
And drag him down to depths of fate,
Less dreadful than an Afric’s hate !
I was a princess of the brave,
Ere your dark vessel crossed the wave ;
And no gazelle more free and bland,
E’er bounded o’er Dar Koulla’s sand !

The shadow of my father's dome
Was peace and love's ecstatic home !
My soul was gentle as the dove,
In union with a brother's love ;
And every chord sustained its part
In music with a sister's heart !
Those ties are rent — those bonds are torn —
Those feelings are to ruin borne !
Ye left me not a single hope,
With the dark ills of earth to cope !
But home, and friends, and all the ties
A thrilling human heart can prize,
Ye wrench'd, as with a thunder stroke,
And trampled on the heart ye broke !
And now an Afric's doom of gall
On your dark vessel's path shall fall !
A curse is clinging to her sails
Would sink her, e'en in summer gales !
And many a widowed maid shall feel
The pang which turned this heart to steel,
And crushed a soul which might have known
Joys, bright as e'er on Afric shone !'
She said, and scornful turned away
From the stunned listeners on the bay.

VIII.

There is in truth a holy force,
That wakes the kindlings of remorse
In hearts that spurn a human flame.
And owe to man, nor dread, nor shame !

But soon the seaman's wonted cheer
Dashed from their hearts the thrill of fear.
They said 't was foolish to be frayed
By wild words of a negro maid !
And soon the ship began to go,
While louder came their 'yo, heave ho !
At intervals was heard anew
The farewells of the tender few ;
Oft stifled by the ice-plain's cracks,
That trembled to the falling axe !
And now the last wide flake gives way,
The ship has cleared the fettered bay,
 And breaks into the sea ;
She flings aside the ocean spray,
 And joys that she is free !

CANTO II.

I.

One month the vessel kept her way
Right onward through the sea,
And every heart was warm and gay
 Of that small company.
The wind went down, the cloud rack passed,
 As to the south they came ;
And the deep ocean, still and vast,
 Was one wide field of flame !
The sailors sang their songs of cheer,

The good men knelt to pray ;
And seemed each thought of ill and fear
 Forever passed away !
Behind them were their chosen homes,
 Before, their father land ;
And oft in dreams they saw its domes
 Rise o'er the distant strand.
The wind came fresh, the feathered spray
 Flashed off from billows free ;
And still that vessel kept her way
 Right onward through the sea !

II.

As when a lonely traveller
 Through some wild forest goes,
And hears the leafy branches stir,
 To win him to repose ;
Then leans against the shady fir,
 Or plucks the desert rose :
When sudden, from above his head,
 Where the wide stretching boughs are spread,
The mountain panther drops on him,
 And fiercely rends him limb from limb !
Thus sprang the ocean tiger-storm
 Upon that vessel's joyous way ;
And every bosom late so warm,
 Became its sudden prey !
One moment stayed that vessel brave,
 Surrounded by eternal space ;
And rolled upon the dizzy wave,

In the dark storm's embrace !
That moment's anguish, who can tell ?
When, loud above the billows' swell,
Uprose the wild and sudden yell
 Of hearts in mortal fear ;
Mingled with quick and earnest prayer,
From every pious bosom there ;
With the shrill shriekings of despair ;
 And some short farewells dear !
That moment passed, and o'er the place
 The ocean tempest blew ;
And in its journey left no trace
 Of vessel or of crew !
All, all were gone ! — and when the morn
 Looked out upon the sea,
The billows, late so tempest torn,
 Were sinking silently !

IIR.

How many a hope of human joy
 Did that dark tempest wave destroy !
For in that brave and hardy crew,
Was many a noble heart and true ;
To which was linked, by dearest ties,
What friendship and affection prize !
The husband, in his ocean sleep,
Left her, who loved him well, to weep ;
The father found his earthly doom,
Where no fond child may build his tomb ;
The brother there his pillow made

By no kind sister's hand arrayed ;
And there the lover and the friend
Left lonely hearts through life to wend !
Thus many a breast, with hope elate,
A single wave may desolate ;
And winds that wide o'er ocean blow,
May fill remotest realms with woe !

IV.

'T is ever thus ! — what dreams of bliss
Sleep in the ocean's dark abyss,
Which sheds no tear and heaves no sigh
Save those of scorn and mockery ;
But when its reckless rage is o'er,
It smiles as sweetly as before ;
Unmindful of the wealth that lies
Deep shrouded with its mysteries !
The thunder rolls, and of its place
The bright blue sky retains no trace ;
But there the fleecy cloud reposes ;
And the sun shines on beds of roses,
As fair, as if the lightning stroke
No links of human love had broke !

V.

Months passed, and to New Haven bay
No vessel found its joyous way ;
And anxious eyes looked out in vain,
To trace at morn the liquid plain ;
And watched each slowly rising star,
That glimmered o'er the waves afar,

In hope its light would gild at last
The summit of the wished-for mast !
And long, beside the widowed hearth,
 And in the temple's sacred dome,
The prayers of piety and worth
Besought the God of all the earth
 To bring that ship in safety home !

VI.

'T is summer on New Haven's hills,
 And on her sunny bay ;
And down through all her gushing rills
 The rain-flood finds its way ;
For scarce has passed a single hour,
Since rolled along the thunder-shower.
The sun is sinking in the west ;
His glory forms Monadnock's crest ;
And o'er the Indian's forest home,
Roll waves of light in amber foam !
The scene was beautiful as eye
 Upon a summer day may view ;
When clouds in richest beauty lie,
With which no painter's art may vie,
 And keep the tints to nature true.

VII.

Far onward as the eye can see,
 Upon the ocean's utmost verge,
Where the blue heaven's kiss the sea,
 A ship is sailing on the surge ;
And gently, at the close of day,

Comes gliding up New Haven bay.
Her sails are set, her masts are true,
Her form is pleasant to the view,
And seems the very ship to be
That erst had braved the winter sea !
But what was wonderful to spy,
And fixed each gazer's anxious eye,
The breeze that stirred the ocean spray
Was breathing hard against her way ;
And the strong tide, so late at head,
Was sinking to its ocean bed ;
And seemed it strange that ship should sail
Right onward still against the gale,
And safely up the harbor glide,
In very spite of wind and tide !
And anxious hearts are burning there,
Along the sunny strand,
As that brave ship, with pennon fair,
Has almost reached the land !

VIII.

When first they saw that ship appear,
They deemed full well their friends were near ;
And lips were warm, and eyes were bright,
And hope was at its utmost height ;
But as her way the vessel strains,
And just the inner harbor gains,
Her faithless topsail melts away,
Like vapor in the morning ray !³
Her sails fall off — her masts are gone —

The hull is floating there alone !
And, ere their wonder turns to tears,
Nought but the empty wave appears !
Yet long their anxious eyes they strain
Ere they will own their hopes are vain.
At length the last pale sunbeam died,
And twilight glimmered o'er the tide ;
Then knew they that their friends were dead,
Dark sleeping in their ocean bed ;
And the sad mourners turned away,
And sought their homes, to weep and pray !

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon brook, that trills its winding way
Through shaded glens, with fern and roses gay,
Freed from the task of learning's stern control,
The pensive teacher takes his evening stroll.
A graceful form comes forth to meet him there,
With cheerful footstep, and a forehead fair.
She seems a seraph from instruction's train,
Sent to reward him for his hours of pain.
At her approach, his thoughtful visage glows,
A warmer current round his spirit flows,
The flowers look brighter by the shaded stream,
And day goes down with more resplendent beam.

I sing the teacher's care, his daily pains,
The hope that lifts him, and the task that chains ;
His anxious toil to raise the gentle mind,
His skill to clear the path for youth designed,
His faithful watch o'er life's expanding ray,
To guide young genius up improvement's way,
His unprized worth in freedom's happy state,
And all the glories on his path that wait.

Deep were the shadows on the mind that lay,
Before instruction poured her heavenly ray,
Creation smiled in all its native light,
But clouds were gathered o'er the mental sight ;
And incomplete was nature's holy plan,
Till God himself came down to talk with man.

In the deep stillness of the gloomy night,
His spirit shone with its unclouded light ;
The prophet bard received the secret ray,
And rose to pour it on the people's way.

Along the Gihon's banks the teacher walked,¹
While God familiar with his spirit talked,
His mind, enlightened by the word divine,
Sent forth its lustre o'er the land to shine.
Virtue from him derived an impulse new,
And vice deep shuddered that his words were true.
The young received instruction from his care,
And age perceived superior wisdom there.

Thus passed his days of intellectual worth,
Pouring the light of heaven o'er the dark earth,
Till the glad hour when God in kindness came,
And bore him upward in a car of flame.

Then sacred wisdom framed her genial rule,
And shone resplendent in the prophets' school.²
There the pure mind its strong conceptions brought,

There the benignant laws of heaven were taught.
There the young Levite fanned the censer's fire,
Or waked to sacred harmony his lyre.
There the wrapt minstrel, owning heaven's control,
Waited in deep devotedness of soul,
Till God should come, in his o'ershading hour,
And clothe his soul with inspiration's power.

On Shinar's plains the light of science rose,³
The light which now o'er kindred nations glows,
There, when still eve had closed the gates of day,
The seer came forth along Euphrates' way,
To count the stars that o'er Chaldea glowed,
And trace sedate the comet's blazing road.
He marshalled forth the hosts of shining flame,
And gave each star its station and its name ;
He marked the hour each orb should set and rise,
And taught mankind the knowledge of the skies.

But bright, O learning ! shone thy morning star,
When Memnon's hand removed obstruction's bar,⁴
And poured through Egypt's halls the genial ray,
That soon should brighten to meridian day.
His glowing pen the mystic signs portrayed,
Which all emotions of the mind obeyed ;
And, like Prometheus, when the senseless rock
Gave forth its lustre at the sudden shock,
He struck a latent spark of mental fire,
That ran like lightning o'er electric wire.

Divine instruction ! from Rameses' rill
Thy lustre shone to brighten Grecia's hill.⁵
There sage philosophy unveiled her store,
And spread her treasures of enchanting lore.
Learning in all her majesty appeared,
And Athens' courts were by her presence cheered.
Her groves were sacred to instruction's power,
And song and science ruled the genial hour.

Immortal Greece ! well might the poets feign
That gods presided o'er thy happy reign !
There sacred wisdom was to Thales given,⁶
Who taught his scholars how to measure heaven ;
There sage Pythagoras proclaimed his rule,⁷
And spread his morals through Crotona's school ;
While the bright muses sought each hill and shore,
And piled the volumes of their classic lore.

But sad, O Athens ! was the fatal day,
Mourned by the muse in many a pensive lay,
When o'er thy weeping hill the parting sun
Took his last farewell of thy wisest one !⁸

Say, was it nought that he espoused thy cause,
When Sparta sought to give thy people laws ?
Was it in vain, that when his arm sunk low,
He saved thy leader from the reckless foe ?
Snatched thy historian from the battle plain,
And bore him safely o'er the heaps of slain ?

Maintained thy honor on the senate floor,
And taught thee wisdom all unknown before ;
Declared that virtue was a high reward,
That vice should be by all the good abhorred,
Informed thy youth the path to heaven designed,
And taught the immortality of mind ?
Such were his kindly deeds performed to all ;
And thy reward — the hemloc, and the pall !

Yet, Athens ! thy repentance came at last,
When from his hand the fatal cup had passed !
Then thy instructor's worth was fully known,
And frowns were on his dark accusers thrown.
The brazen statue rose, to spread its grace
In silent grandeur o'er the hallowed place,
Where once the living teacher taught the crowd,
And aged heads before his precepts bowed.
The worth and wisdom of that single breast,
Has bid thy fame in endless glory rest !
The name of Socrates will live and glow,
When brass has perished with his nameless foe.

Celestial Plato !⁹ thine too be the fame
To stand immortal with thy master's name !
To gentle spirits who thy worth revere,
The mention of thy garden-school is dear !
There, in the secret groves romantic shade,
Devoted scholars were around thee laid.
Far from the world's disturbing din, they sought

The pure instruction which thy wisdom taught ;
And as thy lips conveyed the sacred lore,
And spoke with eloquence unknown before,
How glowed each soul, in virtue's power arrayed,
To hear its immortality displayed ;
While indignation passed from side to side,
When listening how thy murdered master died.

Nor, Aristippus, be thy name forgot,¹⁰
Whose cunning saved thee from thy master's lot !
When fortune frowned, he bent not to the tide,
Or earth had lost the lesson when he died ;
But thou, more passive, caught the fashion's hue,
And wore the face thy patrons loved to view !
Yet wast thou formed without deception's guile,
To win the scholar's love, the people's smile ;
And long thy wit and wisdom shall remain
To raise the laugh, and point the moral strain.

ⁿ Nor, island prince, would we thy fate bemoan,¹¹
Who for the teacher's chair exchanged thy throne ;
Haply disburdened from thy dangerous care,
The recompense of noblest minds to share.
Unlike the lesson modern times evince,
When the good schoolmaster is made a prince !¹²

Philip and Dionysius, sons of state !
How like your station — how unlike your fate !
One for the diadem lays down the rule,

One leaves the princely chamber for the school,
These mutual changes may this moral bring,
How near allied the teacher and the king.

Oh ye, whose feeling souls indignant burn,
Your honest claims when evil natures spurn ;
Whose injured spirits must for years sustain
Toil's weary load, and poverty's dark chain ;
Condemned alone to wake each anxious morn,
To meet neglect, and to encounter scorn ;
To wear your strength, your very life away,
In thought by night, in earnest care by day ;
To spend the long and patient hour in vain,
To rouse the slumber of some dunce's brain ;
And see your best endeavors unconfest,
E'en when success attends your learning's test ;—
Ye who must toil, till life's best hope shall fade,
And find your task with stinted hand repaid ;
Compelled to take the boon which just will bear
To save the fainting spirit from despair,
Nor leave the means to feed the soaring mind
With the rich treasures for its growth designed ;
Who still must follow life's receding ray,
Yet see your early visions pass away !—
Think of the great and good, whose kindred soul
Endured the pains which now your thoughts control.
You tread the sacred path Confucius trod ;¹³
You walk with Plato on the classic sod ;
Yours is the holy sky where Newton gazed :

Yours the far orb where Herschell's genius blazed.
With Kepler's rule you measure heaven's broad space,
And all the laws of earth with Euclid trace.
Yours is each science which the truth ensures ;
Christian and heathen, all the arts are yours !
Yours all the wisdom Socrates has taught,
Without the fatal cup which envy brought !
Yours all the pride of hearts with worth endued,
Yours the rich recompense of doing good ;
Yours the reward of pointing lofty minds
To paths which honor, learning, genius finds ;
And more than all, yours the ecstatic glow
Of fellow-worker with your God below !

Thus by thy stream, Kinross, with pensive mind,
Thy poet teacher o'er his lot repined !¹⁴
Doomed in life's early morn to see the shade
Of secret sickness all his views pervade ;
And while misfortune's pains his feelings wrung,
Thus o'er his woes the sad enthusiast sung.
“Now spring returns, but not to me returns
The vernal joy !” So in the secret urns
Of memory is many a treasure hid,
And many a high hope sleeps beneath the coffin lid !

A different fate, ethereal Milton ! thine ;¹⁵
Whose lofty genius bade instruction shine.
'T was thine alone through heaven's wide fields to
roam,

And bring elate its secret treasures home ;
'T was thine to bid the youthful genius soar
To realms thy mind delighted to explore.
Yet sorrow darkened o'er thy earthly fate,
Domestic troubles, and the ills of state ;
And, ah ! more sad, that woe the muses mourn,
'T was thine to be through utter darkness borne !
To find day's vital lamp exist in vain !
While thus we hear thy lofty muse complain.
" Seasons return, but not to me returns
The sweet approach of morn ! " So genius burns
Alike beside the lonely woodland rill,
And the bright stream that flows from Sion's hill.

Some shade of woe o'er every lot is thrown ;
Some secret pain each human heart must own.
Yet, sons of learning ! it is yours to rise
Above earth's ills, to seek your native skies.
There, with congenial stars your worth shall shine,
And form a galaxy of rays divine !
And though awhile outshone by some bright sun,
Yet still ye glow when his clear course is run.
As yonder splendid cone of torrid light ¹⁶
Gleams with rich lustre on the dome of night,
And marks the path where day's bright orb has past,
So, hallowed genius ! shall thy memory cast
Its pure effulgence o'er the shade of mind,
To light the path for future worth designed.

Here the glad muse her tribute pays to thee,
Taylor, thou Shakspeare of divinity!¹⁷
From humblest scenes thy genius bade thee soar,
The brightest realms of virtue to explore.
Raised from the teacher's to the bishop's chair,
Life's purest honors waited on thee there :
And youth and age, by thy instructions blest,
Enshrined with tears thy everlasting rest.

Nor shall a poet and a teacher keep
His tears unshed above the minstrel's sleep.
Immortal Beattie ! thee I see recline¹⁸
On the tall cliff where foaming torrents shine.
Woods, winds, and waters, gave thy bosom joy,
And the muse owns thou wast "no vulgar boy!"
Kincardine long shall boast thy honored name,
The brightest star that lights her scroll of fame.
The schoolboy oft the "breezy hill" shall trace
Where their kind master chose his resting place ;
And they who would life's highest blessings prize,
Shall practice thy pure precept, and be wise.

Nor have the friends of science failed to show
The gratitude to Ruddiman they owe.¹⁹
Long of his worth shall Scotland's annals tell,
Who led her sons up learning's path so well.
And long, O Knox ! thy memory shall stay,²⁰
Like the pure pleasures of an autumn day,

Thy useful extracts, elegant and chaste,
Fill the young mind with knowledge and with taste.

But not alone on Europe's strand are found
The honest hearts where worth and truth abound.
Some honored names America can boast,
And learning's flame shines bright along her coast.
Of sterling worth her early records tell ;
Her flowers are found in many a humble dell !
Here Corlett's worth has many a bosom felt,²¹
And learning spread her rays where Cheever dwelt ;²²
Here Dwight has reared an obelisk of fame,²³
And with his song repaid the muse's flame.

Thy praise, immortal Wilson ! too, hath shone
In every clime where thy bright birds have flown !²⁴
While wandering in many a secret glen,
Thine eye found sweet employment for thy pen.
No lay of heaven's sweet songsters passed unheard ;
Without thy gaze no summer leaflet stirred.
Thy footstep light found out each hidden vale
Where whooped the owl, or sung the nightingale.
And when thou slepst, what broke thy woodland
dream ?
The morning lark, or the shrill eagle's scream !
Thou sought'st each cliff, known but to some bright
wing,
Where sudden songs made the still forest ring,
On lake or ocean shore, no warbling throat

Without thine ear, poured forth its joyous note ;
No varied tint of feathered race could shine,
Without thine eye had made its color thine.
Thus while thy happy school engaged thy care,
Each woodland songster trilled its favorite air ;
And oft some wild bird's shriek, at midnight hour,
Has called thee forth, to note its novel power.

Since first the Indian saw the white man's flame,
And cried "Oh welcome !" as the stranger came,
How blest the change this happy land has viewed,
To glad her shores, and cheer her solitude !
O'er half the world the shades of nature lay.
Art lent no glow, and science sent no ray.
The whirlwind rushed through endless groves of oak,
And savage voices on the silence broke.
From early time, through days and years unscanned,
That rolled their circles round this gloomy land,
O'er which the sun diffused his wasted light,
And wild flowers bloomed, with useless beauty
bright ;
Devoid of culture, unimproved by taste ;
The Indian ruled o'er nature's boundless waste,
O'er trackless forests and extended plains,
Where mighty rivers roll through fair domains ;
O'er cloud-girt mountains, and by sandy shores,
Whose rocks ne'er echoed to a white man's oars ;
Whose waves beheld no broad white sail expand,
No civic dome along the barren strand ;

Here, in his pride, the child of nature scowled,
Wild as the wolves that round his dwelling howled.

A bark came o'er the bournless waters far,
Impelled by hope, and led by freedom's star.
Her wanderers land upon the desert shore,
While waves dash high, and storms around them roar.
With winter's rage, and sickness they contend ;
But wilds, no shelter, and but heaven, no friend.
Through weary years, with unblenched hope they
bear

The wild man's torture, and the wild wood's care ;
Till o'er the waste a new creation smiles,
And hamlets throng through nature's dark defiles ;
Till in the desert spreading towns arise,
And the tall spire mounts up to greet the skies.

Along the waste her throne oblivion kept,
While silence lingered, and while darkness slept.
The muse beheld — unbound her azure zone,
And claimed the rayless region for her own !
The sea bird bowed to greet her as she came ;
At her approach, the wild-deer's steps grew tame ;
The eagle stooped from cold Monadnoc's peak,
And dropt the oak branch from her curving beak.
O'er the dark woods a wreath of light she flung ;
Her power inspired the wild bird as it sung ;
The forest bowed obedient to her skill ;
E'en savage hearts were moulded to her will !

And through the realm, so late a desert wild,
Religion bloomed, and sacred virtue smiled.

Now glance the eye along these peopled plains !
What trace of savage empire here remains ?
The ocean rolls, as it has ever rolled,
And mountains rise majestically bold ;
But far have fled the savage and the bear,
And nature blooms beneath instruction's care !
Its rich abundance the glad earth resigns,
The sea its treasures, and the wild its pines.
Now glows each scene with virtue's hallowed fire ;
Science comes forth, and bids her sons admire.
Where once the wigwam gloomed among the trees,
Some lofty vane is wavered by the breeze !
Where the wolf howled, angelic beauty kneels,
And pours to heaven the piety she feels !
Where once the waters bore the birch canoe,
Proud navies float, and ships their trade pursue ;
And schools are taught by learning's gentle care,
Where once the bison made his midnight lair !

Suns rose, years rolled, and time its lustres brought,
Adding fresh worth to swell each manly thought,
Till these dark rocks saw freedom's banner wave,
And souls leaped up, a tyrant's power to brave.

Then first America in glory rose,
And stood triumphant o'er her tyrant foes !

A thousand heroes hailed with heart and voice,
The patriot chieftain of a nation's choice ;
Fame shouted forth new deeds of valor done,
And earth produced her peerless Washington !

Deep was the feeling of that gallant day,
When mighty spirits met in proud array !
And, as they strode o'er carnage covered fields,
Felt the pure glow which love of country yields ;
The flame that lends its spirit-stirring sway
To patriot souls, and bards of martial lay !

A thousand years may speed their feathery flight,
And elder nations sink to endless night ;
But future heroes of immortal name,
Shall rise to swell our country's scroll of fame ;
Her glory's tide shall roll majestic on,
And Bunker's Hill be named with Marathon !

Instruction's power bids other scenes unfold,
And calls her sons to view the might of old !
The glorious rays, that with such lustre shone
On the tall colums of the Parthenon,
Now full with splendor not less pure and bright,
On nearer scenes of glory and delight.
Learning descends from Athen's hill of fame,
On England's cliffs she lights her deathless flame,
Then flies through storms across Atlantic waves,
To gild the plain stones of our fathers' graves.

'T is to the lustre of her genial light,
We owe the splendor of our nation's might.
Without her aid, man could but half possess
The gifts of heaven, this scene of happiness ;
And when her lamp shall cease its light to pour,
The land will sleep in darkness as before !

And who was she of whom at first I sung,
When twilight hues were o'er the valley flung,
That by the stream, along the flowery glade,
In youthful loveliness delighted strayed ?

That bright fair being, unadorned with care,
And from her very negligence more fair !
No studied fineness in her dress appeared,
But its propriety her form endeared ;
No costly jewels flaunted round her neck ;
She showed no art her symmetry to deck ;
Her hair was wreathed with gracefulness and taste,
And a slight girdle bound her slender waist ;
A purple mantle flowed around her feet,
And all she wore was negligently neat.
But yet the most observant eye could find
No fault that showed a carelessness of mind.
All was appropriate, yet all was plain,
No gaudy ribbon, and no tinsel vain,
Yet if one trait might more attention suit,
It was the striking neatness of her foot.
Her eye was quick, and a slight pensive ray

Spread o'er her cheek, which told she was not gay ;
While every word she spoke, or stifled, proved —
With every look — that Mary Eaton loved.

And she was loved in turn — her gentle mind
Failed not a noble recompense to find.
'T is seldom one so purely good and fair,
Gains equal love in this cold world of care !
Yet was it hers that happy lot to meet,
Which blesses life, and renders home sweet.

She was a farmer's daughter. On the banks
Of the bright Merrimac her artless pranks
Of youth were played ; and there beside the stream,
Her gentle mind indulged in many a dream
Of coming happiness. Her early hours
Flew like bright birds along the sunny flowers.
For her the white birch budded, and the pine
Shaded the moss where she would oft recline,
At summer noon, beside the woodland pool,
Soothed by sweet sounds, and fanned by breezes
cool ;
And there in humble joyfulness she grew,
Like some wild flow'ret nursed by sun and dew.

As years passed on, they stored her growing mind
With lofty views and sentiments refined,
Along the vale no humbler maid than she
Drove the blithe sheep, or hived the humming bee ;

Nor sought she e'er her parents' care to shun,
Whate'r they ordered instantly was done ;
But still the maid, along her joyous way,
Saw all things fair, herself as pure as they.
The purple morn, the flow'rets, bright with dew,
The stars were fair — the clouds had beauty too ;
And oft alone she silently would stand,
And trace bright realms along their golden land !
'T was joy to her to see the moonlit sky,
Or hear the midnight storm careering by.
All spoke of Him who fashioned all things well,
And called their music forth, as from a shell.
Books too were hers, the purest and the best,
Where not in vain she roamed in wisdom's quest ;
And taught in all the female heart should be,
To fit for life and happiness, was she ;
Possessing honest worth and pure good sense,
Fair, but not proud, and learned without pretence.

There is a beauty in the female mind,
To which no heart of human mould is blind ;
There kindness dwells, as in its native dome,
And chaste eyed virtue finds its proper home.
But when that mind is found in truth's embrace,
And learning lifts it to its destined place ;
When honor bids it soar above the crowd,
Nor stoop to pride, nor be by envy bowed,
Nor sink to shame in passion's wild control,
But, in undaunted loftiness of soul,

To rise above the realms to frailty given,
And while on earth to feel it dwells in heaven,
We own this world is yet the home of grace,
And find an angel in a mortal's place.

Such was the form in Henry Otway's view,
That came, her gladness o'er his path to strew,
To cheer with smiles his pensiveness of soul,
And train his feelings to her love's control.
When first the teacher to the village came,
They saw, admired, and felt a mutual flame.
No words declare this feeling to each other,
But still they loved like sister and like brother.

The young instructor, trained by wisdom's hand,
Was grave, but graceful—lofty, and yet bland.
His searching mind through learning's realm had
strayed,
Climbed many a hill, and traversed many a glade.
Rich in the stores of Greece and Rome, he sought
To spread around the excellence they brought.
His mind was like a classic temple, graced
With all that make it elegant and chaste.
The basement stones were virtues, pure and strong ;
The arts, in lofty pillars ranged along,
Graced the rich pile round which their shafts were
raised,
And fair above the dome of Genius blazed.
His useful days in learning's toil were spent,

And all his mind to youth's improvement lent.
His scholars loved him for his gentle skill,
And their soft minds were moulded to his will.
Their pliant nature soon his virtues caught,
While his expressions waked each nobler thought.
Oft at his words their youthful eyes would glow,
And down their cheeks spontaneous currents flow,
As he the mines of classic lore revealed,
Or some pure fountain of the mind unsealed.
Each day his school some new instruction found,
And his ideas spread improvement round.
Science from him, stood more revealed to view,
And purer manners in the village grew.
He spread a silent grace where'er he moved,
By all around respected and beloved.²⁸

And oft, as daylight's tints began to fade,
They sauntered there, the teacher and the maid,
In pleasant talk beside the peaceful brook,
That down the vale its noiseless journey took.
It was a sweet refreshment from the care
Which all day long his mind was doomed to bear,
To meet with one so gentle and so pure,
Who knew his toil and helped him to endure.
The hard of heart, the worldly, and the cold,
Cheered by the tinkling harmony of gold,
Or lured by noisy vanities of state,
Know not the soulfelt pleasures that await
The happy child of genius, blest to find

And share the treasures of a kindred mind !
Life has a thousand charms, and all are fair,
Dear as the light, and grateful as the air ;
But far above, beyond the highest scope
That bosoms unrefined may dare to hope,
Far from the worldly thought as pole from pole,
Is the enjoyment of a lofty soul !
'T is as if one, redeemed from realms of ice,
Fled to the blissful bowers of paradise !
With this delight, the scenes of earth are gay,
And pain and grief pass heedlessly away ;
Without it, life itself seems vainly given,
And the soul pines to find the bliss of heaven !

Ye, who the pages of romance have scanned,
And think to find such at the poet's hand ;
Know that refinement springs from lofty thought,
That life's best pleasures are by virtue brought ;
That warmth of heart and excellence of mind
Are in devotion's sacred charm combined ;
This is the joy that bows to heaven's control,
This the exalted pure romance of soul.

Mary had beauty, virtue, neatness, taste,
Each word and action proved her spirit chaste ;
Nought was impertinent, and nothing rude,
But with the purest prudence, was no prude.
With an affection, delicate and true, .
She loved young Otway, and cared not who knew !

Full oft she met him when the day was done,
Like emanation from the setting sun ;
And when the pale moon darker shadows threw,
And gave her lustre to night's dusky hue,
A fairer form among the shadows shone,
And lent the night a beauty not its own.
In such an hour, with purest grace indued,
Upon the margin of the stream they stood,
The scene around was such as Poussin drew,
With pencil dipped in nature's deathless hue.
The tranqnl water glowed like polished glass,
And moonlight slept upon the dewy grass ;
The green trees, tinctured by the yellow light,
Looked softer in the mellowness of night.
All seemed so holy in the fragrant bowers,
They almost feared to crush the sleeping flowers,
Lest their rash step should give some spirit pain,
That since the twilight in their cells had lain.
So full of silent gladness was the time,
It seemed like Eden in creation's prime,
As if some heavenly being filled the place,
And spread throughout the grove a dewy grace,
That all the scene might glow as warmly bright,
As the pure thoughts which filled them with delight.

There stood the maid, like an embodied charm,
Gracefully leaning on her lover's arm,
While glancing from the water to the sky,
To his remark she made her fond reply.

"On such an eve as this," exclaimed the youth,
"The purest spirits well might pledge their truth."

She bent her head, and looked into his face,
With half delighted, half confiding grace,
And slightly smiled — as if she could divine
His secret thought —

"And wilt thou then be mine?"

With firm but gentle voice the lover said,
When her face colored to a crimson red,
And on his bosom sunk her drooping head !

A moment there to hide her blush she kept,
Then raised her eyes which from pure gladness wept,
And round his bended neck she threw her arm,
And their lips met in rapture long and warm.
It was an holy hour! — from her high throne
The conscious moon with deeper lustre shone ;
And, as in sympathy, a rising breeze
Sighed forth its joy to the delighted trees,
That waved their heavy foliage of green,
And rustled to the night their pleasure at the scene !

And they were married — 't is a heavenly word —
Fit in the holiest mansions to be heard.
And then the teacher's rooms were neatly kept,
And white the downy pillow where he slept,
And sweet the tears that fell when he was sad,
And burning kisses given to make him glad.

Each day some studied elegance appeared ;
Some gentle flow'ret, by her fondness reared,
Stood in his study or his window seat,
And threw around a fragrance doubly sweet.
When health was his, all things could joy confer,
And life was more than life when shared with her ;
And when some slight or casual sickness fell,
How dear her care to make her husband well.
The proud may smile, but of all treasures given,
This is the dearest boon bestowed by heaven ;
And man has need of such, with him to share
The lot, which he alone but ill could bear ;
And most the teacher — he whose anxious heart
All day in learning's toil has borne its part,
Until his mind is heavy with the strife,
Whose daily weight is wearing on his life.
By such the “evening stroll” is dearly prized,
And doubly so, if he has realized
The social charm, above all others dear,
And unsurpassed but in some higher sphere.

The teacher's lot is filled with pain and care,
Which but devoted hearts are fit to bear.
His rank and worth in freedom's cause are great,
Surpassed by few that bless the public state.
His is the task to fit the youthful mind
For all the stations by its God designed !
His too should be the blissful recompense
To share the joys which freedom can dispense.

Benignant heaven ! what hallowed gifts thy hand
Has heaped in plenty on this happy land !
Here liberty with such deep lustre glows,
That her pure light to distant nations flows,
And in her morn the sleeping millions wake,
Her smiles to share, and of her gifts partake.

Here too religion wakes the sacred flame,
That shone in Bethlehem when Messiah came ;
And through the forests of the breezy pine,
The hallowed spires of pure devotion shine.

Nor, land of bards ! shall thine be all the praise,
When holy genius lights her deathless blaze.
Here poets, bright as thine own clime hath known,
For years of silent darkness shall atone,
And pour such numbers from each forest vale,
As half shall turn the shade of Shakspeare pale !

Wake, learning, science, poesy, awake !
A voice is heard from ocean shore to lake !
Come forth and plume the wings of genius free,
Soar o'er the land, and be what ye should be !
Teach man how pure is honor's virgin ore,
And wake bright scenes like happy days of yore,
When open hearted knighthood pledged the glove,
And dared the lion for his lady's love.
Bid our tall cliffs, that rise to meet the sky,
Rejoice in song, and with Parnassus vie ;

And let our senates greet a purer flame
Than once of old from high Olympus came.
Let other statesmen with our Webster stand,
To raise the honor of our chosen land ;
Let other poets with our Bryant soar,
And visit realms which Spencer trod of yore ;
Let other Hemans wake devotion's lyre,
And with our Sigourney to heaven aspire.

And here has freedom fixed her chosen seat,
On which may time's rude tempests vainly beat.
Here may the world with admiration see
How great is man when virtuous and free ;
Here may instruction her best powers essay,
To guide young hearts up learning's honored way ;
Here may the earth in glory be renewed,
By wisdom guided, and by worth endued ;
No guilt to cloud, no foible to alloy
Its stainless virtue, its unsullied joy ;
Till hallowed fire shall to each heart be given,
And earth shall be no more, because 't is heaven !

S H A D Y G R O V E.

— *A simple theme,
Chanted in boyhood's unsuspecting hours.—MONTGOMERY.*

D E D I C A T I O N.

TO ——.

O friend esteem'd ! as we have ever been,
Since life's first dawn ; by friendship's bond allied ;
As we the varying scenes of life have seen,
And all its pleasing sports together tried.

I fain for thee my cares aside would lay,
And yield an hour to memory's sacred spell,
To sing the joys that time has stol'n away,
Those happy scenes our bosoms lov'd so well !

ADVERTISEMENT.

Thou must know, gentle reader, that the name of Shady Grove is not an invention of the poet's fancy, but the appellation of a place as fertile as the valley of Agra, beneath whose embowering trees glides a rivulet delightful as Yarrow; a scene that need only have echoed to the harp of Hafiz or of Burns, to become associated with the dearest ideas of memory and love.

The names of the fair inhabitants of Shady Grove are likewise the real, romantic signatures, adopted by themselves in their correspondence with each other.

1823.

A. L.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO I.

My gentle muse ! awake to song,
And bring thy meteor lamp along,
To light me on my darksome way,
And make my drowsy spirits gay,
While I endeavor to recite,
And place in an enchanting light,
The native joys of Shady Grove,
The haunt of beauty and of love.

Oh, had I such poetic fire
As animated Thomson's lyre,
And taught his gentle muse to sing
The beauties and delights of Spring ;
How gladly would my hope essay

To rival his ecstatic lay !
Entranc'd I'd rove through flowery glades,
Through fertile vales and pensive shades,
To paint the charms that nature loves,
And sing the passion of the groves.

When the summer sun is set,
And the stars in heaven are met,
And the moon is in the sky,
And the brook is murmuring by,
When the linnet and the thrush
Are cowering in the hawthorn bush,
And the little birds that sing
In the merry time of spring,
Quietly are slumbering,
With their head beneath their wing ;
When the sounds of day are mute,
And the owl is heard to hoot,
And the fox is on the hill,
Howling to the whip-poor-will ;
Then 'tis sweet to wander lonely,
Or with one companion only,
In a fair and pleasant grove,
Hallow'd by the voice of love,
On the margin of a stream,
Sparkling in the mild moon-beam,
Flowing softly and serene,
The green sloping banks between,

Which the mellow waters kiss,
Like the lips of love, I wis.

Then, gentle maids of Shady Grove !
Come listen to my tale of love,
And be attentive while I raise
My youthful, unaffected lays.

CANTO I.**I.**

The daylight is gone to a distant land,
To illumine the mountains of Samarcand,
And the moon rolls on her accustom'd race,
Veiling at intervals her face,
For clouds oft cross her features bright,
With silver texture of dusky white ;
The stars break from their airy shrouds,
And look between the parting clouds ;
'T is the midnight hour — and all is still,
Except the flow of the tinkling rill,
And the voice of the lonely whip-poor-will ;
And sometimes, from the adjacent rocks,
The hooting owl and howling fox.

II.

Oft have I sat on that pine-clad hill,
When the moon was up, and all was still,
And thought how sad and lonely 't would be,

Were nobody living on earth but me !
For though it is pleasant, this beautiful earth,
With its birds and flowers of heavenly birth !
And though it is fair, yon wide deep sea,
Which seemeth a thing that is living like me !
And though 't is sublime, yon dark blue sky,
With its numberless orbs that roll so high ;
And though it were pretty to wish I had wings,
To drink of their pure untasted springs,
With a thousand such bright and beautiful things ;
Yet oh, how sad and lonely 't would be,
Were nobody living on earth but me !

III.

At this lone hour — when midnight still
Is slumbering on the pine-clad hill ;
When sheeted phantoms leave the tomb,
And wander through the lurid gloom,
Some shuddering tale of woe to tell,
Or visit scenes they loved too well,
Or cross the midnight robber's way,
And shame the deeds that shun the day ;
When not a breeze is heard to sweep
The trees that sigh round Lover's Leap,¹
But clouds hang o'er the frowning steep,
Whose shadows in the valley sleep,
Where broods lone silence, dark and deep ;
At this lone hour in Shady Grove
A pensive maid is seen to rove,
Permitting the enamour'd air

To wanton with her flowing hair.
To her sad mind no pleasing thought
One solitary solace brought,
No joy its genial influence shed,
But with sad heart, and drooping head,
And tearful eye, Ermina stray'd,
To mourn the mischief love had made !

IV.

How shall the muse her charms declare,
Or tell how chaste her form, how fair
Her flowing locks of raven hue,
And her bright eye how large and blue !
Not Southey's pen, nor Byron's fire,
Nor Ossian's harp, nor Sappho's lyre,
Nor Homer's muse could ever tell
The beauties of this lovely belle !
Though Scott has painted Rokeby's maid,
In every native grace arrayed —
Though Byron tells how rich, how rare,
The charms that made Zuleika fair —
Yet Rokeby's maid did ne'er possess
Such gentle grace, such loveliness ;
Nor could Zuleika's large dark eye
With fair Ermina's ever vie.

V.

But what avails the sprightly form,
Or what the breast that glow'd so warm
With all the raptures love could give,
Or a fond maiden's heart receive ?

The sprightly form that once was gay,
Has put its sprightliness away !
The social heart, that beat so high,
Is now familiar with the sigh,
And mourns in secret for the youth,
Who leaves with her his vows of truth,
And hies him from his native pines,
To where his country's banner shines ;
While the sad maid of Shady Grove,
Thus trills her pensive lay of love.

VI.

SONG OF THE DISCONSOLATE.

The silken beams of the fair moon-light
On the silver streamlet play ;
The night-bird is singing to cheer the night,
But my lover is far away.

Though the moon looks sweetly from the sky,
Though the night-bird sings from the tree,
Though the waters are gently gliding by,
Yet they yield no pleasure to me.

The moon's rich beam may brighten the stream,
That glides through the waving trees ;
While the song of the bird is at distance heard,
As it floats on the evening breeze.

But nought can impart to the pensive heart,
That weeps for a hapless doom,
One cheering ray, like the light of day,
To brighten the mental gloom.

VII.

While thus she sung, the whip-poor-will
And the owl on the lofty elm were still,
To hear the fair her sigh prolong,
And listen to her pensive song.
At length, oppressed by love and care,
She gave her heart to dark despair ;
And now full sick the maiden gay
Must lie through many a weary day,
And many a sleepless night elapse,
With many a solemn sigh perhaps,
Ere she regain her wonted plight,
Unless Augustus greet her sight.

VIII.

Ah ! who can tell the secret woes
Which she, who loves unheeded, knows ?
Alone she seeks the cheerless glade,
And pines all day in the silent shade ;
Or haply urged in crowds to bear
The latent grief which none may share,
She fades away like a lovely flower,
Which the hidden worm has begun to devour,
While the cold, and the blast, and the absent sun,
Consummate the blight that the moth begun.

IX.

Ermina wanders by the rocks,
And hears afar the howling fox.
But vapors on her bosom press,
And night dews give their cold caress ;
Till sickness drinks her vital breath,
And life hangs o'er the verge of death.
Sleep flies before her weary eyes,
And darkness drinks her midnight sighs.
Her mind is in yon fairy realm,
Where ships sail on without a helm.
She sees a throne all dazzling bright,
Glowing with pearl and crysolite ;
And there she sits in queenly state,
While maidens round her footstool wait.
A knight comes in with crest of gold,
And stars are in his mantle's fold ;
He kneels in silence at her feet,
His kisses on her hand are sweet.
But hark ! a sound, like thunder loud,
When breaking from the midnight cloud.
The knight is gone — the pageant fades —
The maid is in the forest shades ;
Darkness is o'er the desert bound,
And hungry wolves are prowling round.
She hears a voice — its sound is sweet —
A form lies bleeding at her feet.
The starlight makes the features known —
It is the youth who sought her throne.

She binds his wounds — she lifts his head —
A scream — the pageant all is fled,
And maidens hold her in her bed.

x.

The messenger far is sent
To seek the youthful soldier's tent ;
And while he speeds his tale of love,
Come, let us roam through Shady Grove,
And drink the freshness of the gale,
And all its balmy sweets inhale ;
And view the charms that round us lie,
The silent river running by,
The cattle grazing on the meas,
The small birds singing in the trees,
The rose-buds blooming after showers,
The willows arching into bowers,
The spreading elm and poplar tall,
And grape-vine climbing over all ;
The little flowers that deck the ground,
The golden king-cups scatter'd round,
The columbine and marigold,
The dandelion bright and bold,
And one fond flower sweeter yet,
The little modest violet.
Who that beholds such beauties smiling,
In scenes so lovely, so beguiling,
Can cease to smile with nature too,
Nor yield the song that is her due ?

XI.

SONG.

How is my soul with rapture fraught,
By every sound that pleases,
When nature calls her madrigals
From birds, and brooks, and breezes ;

When all the symphonies of air,
In one melodious measure,
Are breathing out in softness rare.
A long sweet voice of pleasure.

The sun is shining in the vale, `
A thousand charms revealing ;
The leaves are stirring in the gale,
It is the hour of feeling.

Who would not seek the shady grove,
Avoiding care and sadness,
When all the charms that poets love
Inspire the heart with gladness ?

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO II.

Sweet is the wild-wood note that tells
Of Scotland's heaths and heather-bells,
Of barefoot lasses, fair and true,

With bonny lips and eyes of blue !
Sublime the songs, and sweet they rung,
The songs that England's bards have sung ;
The mighty lays that sooth have told
Of ancient feuds, and chiefs of old,
Who tilted on the battle plain,
The favors of some fair to gain ;
Of Caledonia's mountain floods,
Wide-spreading lakes and waving woods,
Her castled cliffs, monastic shades,
Romantic scenes and flowery glades ;
But dear as are these lays to me,
I'd fondly yield them all to see
Some poet of my country rise,
Fraught with her noblest energies,
To sing the scenery that beguiled
My heart, and sooth'd me from a child,
For though no lofty towers are here,
No knights with battle-axe and spear ;
No mail-clad barons on our plain,
Their haughty, war-worn coursers rein ;
Yet have we treasures dear and bland
As ever blest a foreign land ;
For ours is full as blue a sky,
And ours are mountains bold and high ;
And on our hills and valleys brown,
The moon shines full as sweetly down ;
Nor are our maids to us less fair
Than Scotland's bare-foot lassies are ;

Nor gives it less delight to rove
With some dear angel through the grove,
Where peace and love their pleasures spread,
Because no lofty castle's head
Is seen above the waving trees,
With banners floating on the breeze.
Nor is our sleep the less profound,
Because no drum's discordant sound
Breaks through the stillness of the night,
The peaceful villager to fright,
While discord sends her tocsin far,
To waken scenes of wo and war.
Oh, may our plains be ever blest !
And ever may the maiden rest,
Nor waken at the wild war-cry
Of noisy squadrons, fierce and high ;
And ever may the bard be free
To wander where his genius calls
To muse and sing with ecstacy
Of shady groves and waterfalls.

CANTO II.

I.

How sweet to wander in Shady Grove,
Arm in arm with the friend we love !
How sweet to breathe the delicate air,
When the breath of heaven "smells wooingly" there!

To sit, my friend, in the fragrant bower,
In the beauty of twilight's pensive hour,
And muse on the joys I have known with thee,
In the pleasant days of our memory.

But 't is sad to wander and muse alone,
When the friends whom we lov'd in our youth are
gone,
And think how often our hearts have bled
For the cold, the distant, and the dead.

The pleasures of youth and love are sweet,
But the pleasures of youth and love are fleet ;
And the joys of earth will fall away,
Like the leaves of the trees on an autumn day.

II.

The sun rose fair and fair it set
Thrice ere the knight and menial met,
Augustus in his chamber sat,
Musing by turns on this and that,
And humming o'er an idle lay,
To while the listless hour away.

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

"'T is said that some have died for love,"
And I believe the tale,
But sigh of mine shall never move
The lightest summer gale !

Though there is life in woman's smile,
And joy in her caress,
And love endears each selfish wile
That makes *her* sorrows less.

Yet pleasure oft attends the birth
Of pain's corroding smart,
And I have learn'd to prize the worth
Of an unbroken heart !

III.

While thus the youthful lover sung,
A lesson for the fair and young,
The news was brought from castle hill
That his enamoured-one was ill.
The youth, impelled by mighty love,
Set forth with speed for Shady Grove,
And while he passed the road along
He sung — “for still his speech was song.”

CANZONET.

The sun is set,
The stars are met,
The grass is wet
With dew,
The flowers are folded up to sleep,
The birds are sleeping too.
The gentle breeze
Among the trees

With harmonies
Goes through,
And while the moon is on the deep,
I'll fly, my love, to you !

IV.

Now had the beetle's drony flight
Proclaim'd the sixth approach of night,
Since that on which the page departed
To tell that the maid was broken-hearted !
The silver moon, with starry train,
Emerging from the azure main,
Shone out with pure and placid ray
On Lynn's fair hills and pleasant bay.

V.

Fair moon ! who look'st so sweetly down
Upon the blessed deep,
That rests beneath the mountain brown,
Like a wearied-one asleep ;
How doth that sea, which spreads its arms,
Embracing all the beauteous charms
Of mainland, cape and isle,
How doth it own thy potency,
With heaving breast—like things of clay,
That oft thy high behest obey —
And like a lover follow thee,
Enamoured of thy smile !

VI.

It is a pleasant hour,

When the moon is on the deep ;
When the owl has left her shady bower,
 To sing on Lover's Leap !
Then he whose heart has won
 Endearing beauty's smile,
May tell his thoughts to a lovely one
 And many a pang beguile ;
While he whose solitary day
Disowns the power of beauty's sway,
Must all his energies express
 To birds and trees and loneliness.

VII.

Oh, I would rather be
 The man who earns his bread,
By toiling sad and wearily,
 In a lone and wretched shed ;
Nay, I would rather take
 The pittance and the scourge
Of him whose bones are doomed to ache
 When thankless taskers urge ;
Than own the unsocial heart,
 Which cannot feel the joy
The treasures of love and home impart
 When social cares employ.
The man who toils in the stubborn field
For the scanty requital its harvests yield,
May return at night to the welcome kiss,
And smile at the sorrows that heighten his bliss ;
And even the slave who has toiled all day,

In the strength of the sunbeam's scorching ray,
Finds a pleasure at night in his humble shed,
And a balsam for wounds that have freely bled.

But he who the doom must partake
To be from affection hurled,
Who wakes to sleep, and sleeps to wake,
Alone in a homeless world,
Shall never know the joy that springs
From home and love and lovely things.

VIII.

The midnight moon was shining down
On hill and valley, stream and town ;
The stars that shone so far and dim
Were listening to the fairies' hymn ;
And on the earth, and o'er the deep,
The sounds of day were hushed to sleep ;
When to the hall of Shady Grove
The youth arrived with speed of love.
And now the knight and maiden fair
Are fondly set to banish care ;
Her hand the youthful lover pressed,
And thus the enamoured lay addressed.

IX.

SONG.

Ermina, my fair ! thou art lovelier far
Than the loveliest things in their loveliness are !
Nor is there a pleasure of earth so sweet
As the joy of my heart when together we meet.

Of thee have I thought mid the bustle of day,
Of thee have I mused in the moon's pale ray,
Nor passes an hour when my heart can declare
That the thought of thee is not sweetly there.

O rise, my Ermina ! the voice of thy love
Is singing to sooth his disconsolate dove ;
Then let not the pleasures of youth fleet by
To waken the cold sigh of memory.

Let us seize on the pleasures of youth while they last,
For the brightness of hope may be soon overcast ;
But though all our pleasures in sorrow should set,
We will still love on as we loved when we met.

x.

Now ere I pen the parting line,
What thanks, kind reader ! should be thine,
That thou hast listened to the bard,
Thy smile the poet's best reward.
The theme indeed is not so high
As those of elder minstrels,
Yet still is it to friendship dear,
And many a maid will sit to hear
The lay that tells of Shady Grove
When yet she will not list to love.
What though the minstrel has not told
The value of the ring of gold,
The splendor of the spousal day,

The dress of maidens rich and gay,
'T is that he would not all express,
Nor leave one thought for fancy's guess.
Then let not gentle maiden deem
That I have lightly closed the theme ;
For sure the stanza that can raise
The buried joys of other days ;
Or waken memory, fond and fair,
To tell how sweet those pleasures were ;
Or call again the friends of youth,
With whom we spent the hours of truth ;
Or waken rapture in the soul
Of one who owns its sweet control ;
Or fond regard and friendship prove,
Or give a joy to one we love,
Or make a single sorrow less,
Is not a song of nothingness.

xi.

The bard might well protract the song
To sixteen cantoes light and long,
Tell how delight and friendship flowed,
In many a gentle episode,
How love is sweet, and hope is fair,
And lighten many a load of care ;
Might earn perhaps a high reward,
And snatch the wreath from Scotland's bard ;
But hope less high his bosom swell,
And now he bids the muse farewell !

XII.

CONCLUSION.

Farewell, deluding dreams of fame,
And thou, my friend, farewell !
Thy bard shall quit the muse's train,
And break his tuneful shell.

Farewell the nymphs of Shady Grove !
Farewell the knight and page !
A warmer, sweeter, purer love
Shall all my cares engage.

Farewell to the hopes and farewell to the fears
That have chequered the scenes of my youthful years ;
My lay is o'er, my song is sung,
My harp on the willows shall now be hung ;
No more shall its cords a sound impart,
Except when the breeze
Which winter brings,
Shall rudely seize
On its quivering strings,
Like the cold hand of wo on my sorrowful heart.

A DAY IN SUMMER.

I.

My pleasant harp ! that through my native wood,
While sitting lone beneath the dark green pine,
Hast poured thy numbers on the solitude,
And made the echoes of the mountains mine ;
Oh be again as sweet as once thou wert,
And yield one grateful strain to gladden o'er my
heart.

II.

Oft in the sunlight of departed years,
When youthful sorrows their light shadows threw,
Thy notes have been the solace of my tears,
Mantling my cup with pleasures ever new.
Thy thrilling chords have waked my soul's delight,
Struck in the shady glen, or on the rocky height.

III.

Warm from the heart, in life's ecstatic glow,
Ere dark misfortune has her power essayed,

The lays of artless love and friendship flow,
And sweet unsullied virtue lends her aid,
To gild the lay that youthful genius sings,
While hope springs up elate on light exulting wings.

IV.

No sorrow then its dusky form uprears
To mar the melody of life's sweet tune !
Or if a sadness rise, its hue appears
Like a slight cloud upon the summer moon,
Dimming her ray a momentary space,
That then shines out anew, with deep redoubled
grace.

V.

But when the mirthful hours of youth are past,
And in the twilight of life's changing day
We pause awhile, as lulls the reckless blast,
To trace the footsteps of our morning way,
And taste the bliss which memory can bring,
Some bitter in the cup will sorrow ever fling.

VI.

Yet not for him whose hope is in the sky,
Has thought of vanished pleasure power to wake
In his confiding bosom one sad sigh ;
Nor can misfortune wound his heart, or shake
His constant faith, or add one secret sting
Of such as with remorse the secret bosom wring.

VII.

No — 't is the power of true belief to bless
The heart that treasures it with latent strength,

Which lends its firm support in all distress,
And bears the faithful soul its journey's length ;
Yielding an aid no earthly wisdom can,
Beyond romantic power of fabled talisman.

VIII.

Say — ye who best can tell — ye happy few,
Favored indeed on life's wide sea of doubt,
Mid changing faiths, and wrecks of hope untrue,
Who keep the path has borne you safely out
From all life's snares, how doth this kind belief
Pour out its healing balm o'er every human grief !

IX.

And most, my friend, say thou, with whom my feet
Have journeyed on through many a gloomy hour,
And many a happy day, oh, say how sweet
This holy hope ! — with what sustaining power
Its strength has borne our hearts congenial on,
In those dark hours of wo when earthly hopes were
gone !

X.

Nor yet alone, when most devotion's aid
Was needed, hath its power divine been proved !
Its warmth has glowed in sunlight and in shade,
Making earth's scenes all beauteous and beloved !
And friendship's joy, and love's delicious glow,
And life itself has passed more happy for the show.

XI.

Then shall this faith give solitude a tone,
For most its holy aid is with me then !

Not only have its rays on hill tops shone,
But their reflections reach the deepest glen !
In darkest hours it springs without alloy,
For truth is truth alike in sorrow as in joy.

XII.

I ask no muse but her to bless my song !
Let others seek Liakura to climb,¹
And call her maids from fabled bowers to throng,
And gild with heathen names their fancied rhyme ;
Let truth alone my warm ideas trace,
I seek no other muse my humble lay to grace.

XIII.

Then should one line of this my artless song,
Find its pure way to one devoted heart,
My toil, my sorrow it will twice repay,
To him — to me — new energy impart ;
Our life shall brighten as our path we gain,
And heaven itself look down with pleasure on the
strain.

XIV.

To thee, my friend, this votive lay belongs,
To thee, who cheered my footsteps up the steep,
And taught my heart from undeserved wrongs,
To turn, like thee, to nature's fountain deep,
And drink exalting draughts from that deep stream,
Which flows forever pure in heaven's inspiring beam.

XV.

The gloomy shades that all the livelong night
Have slept upon the mountain and the plain,

Are vanishing before the dawning light,
That comes in splendor o'er the mirrored main.
The distant stars, that shone with trembling ray,
Are fading one by one in brighter day.

XVI.

And fast and far alternately appear
The craggy cliffs, precipitous and rude,
The distant forest and the hill top near,
Whose sides are clothed with brown o'erhanging
wood ;

In eastern skies bright morn dilates space,
And darkness flies before her radiant face.

XVII.

The scene is beautiful ! — the rising sun
Shines o'er the hills and gilds the village spire ;
The birds their song of gladness have begun,
And earth is vocal with the plumy choir.
A dark green drapery clothes the forest wood,
Mingled with mossy cliffs precipitous and rude.

XVIII.

And see the tall and yellow sunflower turn
Her opening bosom to the lord of day !
Whence faithless man a lesson well might learn
Of love and homage to heaven's brighter ray.
From each devoted heart beneath the sky,
The morning orison goes up to God on high.

XIX.

And oh, if aught of gratitude there be
In human hearts, it surely must arise

On such delightful morn as this, when we
Behold the blooming earth, and sea, and skies,
All bright and fragrant, as on that blest day
When waked to being first, by heaven's creative ray.

XX.

It is a bliss unspeakable and grand
To dwell in such a world ! and were there nought
But this fair earth, formed by such skilful hand,
And azure sky, with sparkling gems inwrought,
To bless the longing sight, with spirits free
To meditate and gaze — it were a bliss to be !

XXI.

But when above, beyond those trembling fires
That light the lofty palace of the sky,
There lies a land surpassing man's desires,
Where every tear is wiped from every eye,
What feeling heart, with heaven's warm ray endued,
Would hush the sacred strain that breathes of grati-
tude ?

XXII.

This changing life is like a fitful day
Of sunshine and of storm ! The morning dawns
With misty haze, and thin clouds of light gray,
And streaks of gleaming gold — then o'er the lawns
The bright sun rises with a ruddy glow,
O'er many a goodly scene his graceful tints to throw.

XXIII.

But soon thick clouds arise, and thunder roars,
And sudden lightning's flash, with wind and hail,

And fast from darkened skies the tempest pours,
And torrents sweep along the deluged vale ;
Man seeks a shelter in some cottage warm,
While the red sun goes down in darkness and in
storm.

XXIV.

Childhood recks not of this — its hopes are fair ;
No venom bubbles in its cup of bliss !
No envy foams, no malice, and no care ;
Or if a transient sorrow come, it is
But a slight foil, like the thin cloud of gray,
Through which the bright sun shines on his first
upward way.

XXV.

Beside the spring, where life's fresh tide began,
I sit and muse on many a happy dream ;
Tracing the tiny rill, that lightly ran
By smiling flowers, that bent to kiss the stream,
Ere its full tide rolled over the wide plain,
Which tinges oft its wave with deep and sombre stain.

XXVI.

Along the path of youth, from the sweet hour
When first I plucked the columbine, till when
My eye was on a larger, fairer flower,
Whose pure surpassing beauty pleases men,
I cast a retrospective glance, and there
Life's streamlet bubbles joy, each scene is bright
and fair.

XXVII.

There are who doom the infant to despair !
That little, lively, sparkling, cherub thing,
All fresh from its creator's hand — so fair
So lovely — so elate — so blossoming —
Oh God, for words to paint it as it is —
So like the seraphs basking in their bliss !

XXVIII.

Am I too warm ? Oh say, what is the theme !
The new made gem of an immortal soul,
Destined beside the throne of God to beam
When suns have set, and systems ceased to roll !
A treasure lent to earth — a living gem —
The fairest, holiest star in nature's diadem !

XXIX.

The tide of life rolls on — the tiny stream
Has swelled into a brook, upon whose bank
A little boy is playing, in the beam
Of the bright sun, with many a childish prank ;
And now his little boat upon the wave
He launches fearless forth the rippling stream to
brave.

XXX.

Emblem of that poetic skiff, which soon
His hand shall trust upon a deeper tide,
Freighted with hope, to bring of praise the boon,
Among the rocks and shoals of fame to glide ;
Perchance its fate upon the banks to find,
Or sail into the sea of latest human kind.

XXXI.

That hope is yet unborn, and in his breast
No deeper thought of future ill has room,
Than that some light gale floating from the west,
May bring his little bark its transient doom.
Oh happy state of youthful life! — to know
No depth of present ill — no dream of future woe.

XXXII.

And now I see him as the bright star burns,
Standing with holy look beside the knee
Of an indulgent parent, while he learns
Some gentle hymn of pious infancy.
And now he smiles, and kneels beside her chair,
And clasps his little hands to say his evening prayer.

XXXIII.

My mother! such the task thy goodness taught;
And surely heaven will recompense thy care,
And mid the ills by age and sickness brought,
Thy kind paternal love in memory bear.
May God regard thee on his judgment day,
And wipe with kindly hand thy many tears away.

XXXIV.

Now all abroad the bright revolving sun
Of summer pours his warm and genial ray,
Gilding the streams that down the mountain run,
And making fertile hill and valley gay.
The little bee, along the fragrant fields,
Inhales the liquid sweets the honey-suckle yields.

XXXV.

'Tis sweet at morn to drink the balmy gale,
To hear the music of the tinkling rills,
To see displayed the beauties of the vale,
The patient cattle, grazing on the hills,
The swallows darting through the lambent air,
And many tinted flowers that make the landscape fair.

XXXVI.

But soon the sun ascends a loftier sky,
And throws to earth his brightly burning ray ;
The feathered tribes to shady coverts fly,
While in the vale the breezes die away.
The little insects, in the sultry air,
Throng round in thousand bands, and play their antics rare.

XXXVII.

The heated laborers their toil suspend,
And stretch themselves along the grassy bank ;
The cattle from the burning hill descend,
And seek the shadows of the willows dank ;
Beneath the sun, a streak of dazzling light
Divides the glassy main, and tires the gazing sight.

XXXVIII.

We pass the polished beach of smooth hard sand,
Which from the shore curves out into the sea,
And, like a giant causeway, joins the land
Of fair Nahant, that towers so gracefully,
Standing unrivalled in the watery plain,
By all the isles that grace the wide Atlantic main.

XXXIX.

The waterfowl are wading in the wave
That spreads its thin edge o'er the shelving beach,
And unconcernedly appear to brave
Our near approach ; but as we almost reach
Their careless haunt, they run along the shore,
And from the shining sand on lazy pinions soar.

XL.

Then on we pass through flocks of screaming gulls,
That flap their flagging wings above our head ;
While from the wave the noisy lapwing culls
The tender shell-fish for her youngling's bread ;
And far beyond the farthest breaker's foam,
The quiet sea birds keep their safe and peaceful
home.

XLI

And see ! yon gull has found a bivalve shell,
Replete with life, and flown into the air ;
And now descends to find it where it fell
Upon the sand, and lies well opened there !
Who taught that sea-born wanderer to soar,
And break her shelly prey upon the rocky shore ?

XLII.

Pleased with the joys of our romantic ride,
We drive our horse into the deep salt wave !
Fearless he plunges in the refluent tide !
The wave returns — the rising billows lave
His foaming sides — we turn him to the land,
For female fears aloud portend a fatal strand !

XLIII.

Along the wave white breasted swallows skim,
 And in the lofty sand bank make their homes,
 Whose top is far above the water's brim,
 And at its foot the restless ocean foams !
 But chief they love to dwell in yonder cave,²
 Through which the rushing tide rolls with its roaring
 wave.

XLIV.

It is an arching passage in the rocks,
 Through which, as through a bridge, the rushing tide
 Rolls to and fro with perturbating shocks ;
 Yet there the beauteous wanderers love to hide
 Their little nests, secure from truant boys,
 Who search the Swallow's House for childish toys.

XLV.

Here too the black-duck and the dappled brant,
 The teal, the plover, and the wild curlew,
 With many more, have fixed their favorite haunt,
 Yielding rich pleasure to the sportsman true ;
 Here too the old-wife,* with her wailing cry
 Of vocal sounds, alarms the passer by.

XLVI.

At noon, along the grassy bank reclined,
 Which on the steep cliff's edge its carpet spreads,
 We drink the freshness of the balmy wind,
 And feel the joy its vital impulse sheds.

* *Larus Marinus.*

The cool breeze wakes from ocean's secret springs,
And blooming health is borne upon its fragrant
wings.

XLVII.

Let Grecian bards pour forth their classic verse,
To sing the glories of Parnassus Mount ;
Let all the maids of Helicon rehearse
The sweets that flowed from Aganippe's fount ;
The pleasant shores of eastern climes can vaunt
No dearer joys than thine, sublime and fair Na-
hant !

XLVIII.

What lovely géms are scattered at our feet,
Of varied colors and of texture fine !
Here we the stainless chalcedony meet,
And see the rocks of sparkling crystal shine ;
And oft we pause, as the soft ripple swells,
With a light silver sound, o'er heaps of tinkling
shells.

XLIX.

Beneath the surface of the lucid wave,
That dashes in the fissures of the cliffs,
The little fishes sport around, and brave
The patient angler, while the sea plant lifts
Its long green arms, and waves its purple flowers,
Above the sparkling gems that pave the ocean
bowers.

L.

There, in the clear deep water, where the storm
Rages in vain above the shelving rocks,
The sea anemone expands its form,
And shakes the spangles of its dark green locks.
There too the sea-star and the sun-ray shine,
To light the silver halls that stretch beneath the brine.

LI.

A little boat is resting on the shore,
Half lifted up by the returning wave ;
We enter in, and with an easy oar
Push from the beach, nor dread a watery grave ;
The sea is smooth, the skies above us fair,
The wind is low, and we devoid of care.

LII.

Our sail is set, and fair the breezes blow,
Hastening our way — 't is but a little mile
In our frail bark that we essay to go,
To gain Egg-Rock, a small adjacent isle ;
Yet in that little mile some latent wo,
Unknown to us, may leave us dark and low.

LIII.

It stands alone, a white and rocky isle,
Where wild fowl wont of old to build their nest ;
Now timid sheep upon the lofty pile,
On green and flowery couch securely rest.
The ocean waves may roll around their home ;
Yet safe they dwell above the storm-sent billows'
foam.

LIV.

But now dark clouds are in the western sky,
And faintly swells the distant thunder's sound !
To their wave-girted home the sea-gulls fly ;
We leave the rock, and run our boat aground ;
Its curving side grates on the sandy shore ;
We furl the fluttering sail, and ship the dripping
oar.

LV.

The wind is rising in the thunder cloud,
That fast approaches up the dark'ning sky ;
And now the sun is hid — and now aloud
The thunder roars and the keen lightnings fly.
The waves are tipt with foam, and far away
The white sails darken fast along the stormy bay.

LVI.

Now heavily descends the dashing rain,
And heaven is darkened by the cloud, that soon
Shuts down its eastern edge upon the main ;
While far away is heard the curlew's croon,
And fishing smacks, beneath the sudden gale,
Are scudding for the shore, with drenched and close
reefed sail.

LVII.

And see yon toiling ship upon the wave,
With top-sail and top-gallant all aback,
Brailing her mizzen to the mast, to brave
The hurricane, and hold her destined track.

Unharmed by dangers mid the tempest's force,
Along the windward shore she keeps her straining
course.

LVIII,

Yet here the foreign bark hath oft been blown,
By adverse winds upon the rocky shore,
In stormy night, and hapless seamen thrown
Upon the beach, to sleep forever more ;
While anxious friends have looked with longing
eyes,
To see the welcome morn of their return arise.

LIX.

But now the sun breaks from the western sky,
The shower is past, the cloud sinks in the sea ;
A glorious rainbow, beautiful and high,
Spans the dark wave, and fills the heart with glee,
To think that mercy yet extends her sway,
And this fair earth no more shall fall to wrath a prey.

LX.

Then come the social joys of summer eve,
The pleasant walk along the water side,
What time their task the weary boatmen leave,
And little fishes, from the silver tide,
Elate with joy, leap in successive springs,
And spread the wavelets round in fast diverging
rings.

LXI.

High over head the stripe-winged nighthawk soars,
With loud responses to his distant love ;

And while the air for insects he explores,
In frequent swoop descending from above,
Startles with whirring sound the timid maid,
Who haply wanders lone along the twilight glade.

LXII.

Around the vale, the bat, on leathern wings,
In airy circles wheels his sudden flight.
The whip-poor-will, in distant forest, sings,
Her loud unvaried song ; and, fond of night,
The boding owl, upon the evening gale,
Sends forth along the hill her melancholy wail.

LXIII.

'T is sweet at moonlight's tranquil hour to stray
Along the margin of the sparkling deep,
When on the shining beach the billows play,
And shelly murmurs round the ledges creep :
When stars are gleaming on the seaman's home,
And far among the rocks the ninth wave sends its
foam.

LXIV.

But then 't is not so sweet to stray alone !
Some gentle friend should hear our fond remark,
And answer to us with confiding tone,
Made dearer by the distance and the dark,
Or rather dimness of the silent night,
When souls are more awake than in the flaming light.

LXV.

Then we converse with God, and God with us,
And starry realms are opened to our view !

In ancient days and eastern climes, 't was thus
That heavenly influence came down like dew,
On those who went in solitudes to pray,
In forests and by lakes, far from the noise of day.

LXVI.

The first sweet hour of gentle evening flies
On downy pinions to eternal rest.
Along the vale the balmy breezes rise,
Fanning the languid boughs ; while in the west
The last faint streak of twilight fades away,
And night and silence close the summer day.

M O R N A.

"A Tale of the Times of Old."—*OSSIAN.*

Duchomar came to Tura's cave,
As fast the evening shadows fell,
And the white foam on Lego's wave
Had bade the setting sun farewell!

Beside the youthful warrior hung
His polished sword, for battle meet;
His graceful plaid was o'er him flung
And trailed around his buskinned feet.

And on his way did foam and fret
His lank grey dogs, that knew his call,
He there the beauteous Morna met,
The blue-eyed maid of Tura's hall.

“ Daughter of Cormac ! ” cried the chief,
“ Thou fairer than the fairest maid !
Art thou consumed with pining grief,
That thou shouldst seek this rocky shade ?

“ The wind is high in yon dark cloud,
That gathers o’er the evening sky ;
The distant streams are murmuring loud,
The troubled lake is foaming high.

“ Thy circling wreaths of dark-brown locks
Are like the mist on Cromla’s brow ;
Thy breasts like two smooth polished rocks,
Round which the waves of Branno flow.”

“ Oh, why,” exclaimed the fair-haired maid,
“ Dost thou again beset my way ?
Thou know’st I would not that thy shade
Should darken Tura’s walls of grey.

“ Why, gloomy chief ! in blood arrayed,
Oh, why, Duchomar ! art thou here ?
Dark are thy brows to Tura’s maid,
And red thy rolling eyes appear.”

“ To thee,” the chief replied, “ I flew
From yonder dark-brown hill of hinds ;
Three have I slain with bended yew,
And arrows fleeter than the winds.

“ My bounding dogs, that love the chase,
Have slain for thee one stately deer ;
High were his horns with branching grace—
Ah ! happy chance to meet thee here ! ”

“ Duchomar ! ” calm the maid replied,
“ Thou gloomy man ! I love thee not ;
Dark frowns are on thy brow of pride,
Like clouds that over Cromla float.

“ But Cathbat is a gentle one,
And Morna loves his manly form ;
To her he is the beaming sun
When breaking through the gloomy storm.

“ Morna waits for Cathbat here — ”
“ And long shall Morna wait ! ” he said,
“ Ere to her sight will he appear ;
For Cathbat wanders with the dead.”

“ And is the son of Torman low ? ”
Exclaimed the maid, with bursting tear ;
“ Young Cathbat with the breast of snow,
So lovely on the hill of deer ! ”

“ No longer now my suit oppose,
Fair maid ! ” the youthful hunter said ;
“ He sleeps upon the hill of roes ;
Behold ! my sword with blood is red ! ”

“Oh, give the sword to me, my foe !
I love the blood of Cathbat dear.”
He bowed before the maiden low,
And gave the sword to Morna’s tear.

She pierced the warrior’s manly breast,
And like a river’s bank he fell ;
His bosom was with rage opprest,
And murmured like the waves that swell.

“ Daughter of Cormac, strong-armed chief !
Thy hand hath done a deed of might !
Oh, give my corse to Moina’s grief,
Duchomar was her dream by night.

“ Her hand will raise my tomb of rest,
For thou hast slain me in my pride ;
But draw the sword from out my breast,
The steel is cold within my side.”

She came in all her tears and drew
The weapon from the warrior’s breast ;
He pierced her fair white bosom through,
And sent her gentle soul to rest.

Her groans ring through the cavern wide,
Her fair locks on the ground are spread,
Her bursting blood sounds from her side,
And her white arm is stained with red.

She fell in darkness like a star
That shoots across the evening sky ;
The traveller views it from afar,
And mourns its lost beam with a sigh.

Fairest of all green Ullin's maids :
Thy father mourns the fatal shock
That sent thee to the gloomy shades ;
Calm is thy sleep within the rock.

Thy friends shall raise the tall grey stone
That marks thy house upon the heath ;
The maids of Lochlin will bemoan
And bards shall sing thy song of death.

Thy voice was pleasant as the gale
That sighs upon the hunter's ear,
When music murmurs in the vale,
And spirits of the hill are near.

Once in thy hall did warriors bow,
And minstrels raise the festal ode ;
But narrow is thy dwelling now,
And dark the place of thine abode.

Around thy stone shall warriors crowd,
And strike their shields of sounding brass ;
The moaning winds shall murmur loud,
And rustle in the tall dry grass.

Weep, father of fair Morna, weep !
 Blue-shielded chief of Tura's hall !
 Deep is thy daughter's silent sleep,
 No more her steps shall greet thy call.

Oh, rise, ye winds of autumn, rise !
 And blow upon the darkened heath ;
 Moon ! hide thy pale face in the skies,
 For Morna sleeps the sleep of death.

Ye youthful hunters in the chase,
 That roam o'er Cromla's misty side,
 Oh, rest awhile to view the place
 Where Cathbat and Duchomar died !

The grey stones mark the narrow grave *
 Where Cathbat sleeps upon the hill ;
 And by the side of Branno's wave
 Duchomar slumbers dark and still.

The son of Torman, in his pride,
 Was like a sunbeam on the plain ;
 And thou, Duchomar ! like the tide
 That rushes to the stormy main.

Peace to the chiefs of other days !
 Peace to the spirits of the brave !
 Tales of the times of old we raise,
 And deeds that sleep not in the grave.

*Among the ancient Scots, four stones, placed upright, marked the extent of the grave.

FOREST FLOWERS.

*Pale flowers! pale, perishing flowers!
Ye're types of better things!
Types of those blessed moments,
That fit, with life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings! — MRS. SOUTHEY.*

THE FROSTED TREES.

One of the most surprising and beautiful appearances of nature was presented on the morning of the tenth of January, 1829. A heavy mist had fallen on the preceding evening, and when the sun arose, the whole expanse of hill, plain and forest presented the most enchanting and dazzling pageant of glittering frost, which continued undisturbed for three days.

What strange enchantment meets my view,
So wondrous bright and fair!
Has heaven poured out its silver dew
On the rejoicing air?
Or am I borne to regions new
To see the glories there?

Last eve, when sunset flecked the sky
With wreaths of golden light,
The trees sent up their arms on high
All leafless to the sight,
And sleepy mists came down, to lie
On the dark breast of night !

But now the scene is changed, and all
Is fancifully new !
The trees, last eve so straight and tall,
Are bending on the view ;
And streams of living daylight fall
The silvery arches through !

The boughs are strung with glittering pearls,
As dewdrops bright and bland ;
That gleam in gold and silver curls,
Like gems of Samarcand :
Seeming, in bright and dazzling whirls,
The work of seraph's hand !

The green twigs of the cedar shine
Like emeralds of fire !
The tall birch and the graceful pine
In shafts of light aspire ;
Like some cathedral's arch divine,
That crowns the radiant choir !

Each branch is bending with the weight,
Which makes it nod and swerve ;
As if some viewless angel sate
Upon its graceful curve ;
Causing its heart to glow elate,
And strain each secret nerve !

It seems as if the robe of God
Had been spread out below !
As if his hand had stretched abroad,
Where midnight breezes go ;
To make the mind of nature awed
With his most glorious show !

TO A FLOCK OF WHITE SNOW BIRDS.

Beautiful birds ! with snow-white wing ! ye have
come, through the thin, cold air,
To gladden my dwelling, this winter morn, with your
visit, lovely and rare !
Ye have come from the realms of endless frost, where
desolate winter reigns ;
And the fir and pine tree towering stand, on the car-
peted, snow-white plains ;
Where the rocks are split by the frosted air, and peal
like the war ship's gun !

And the mountains, that stand on their mid earth
base, are jarred by the thundering stun !
Ye have come o'er the bright and mirrored sea, that
was glassed by a secret hand !
And your forms shone fair in the polished deep, long
miles from your native land !
Ye came like a cloud, through the bright, cold air ;
like a banner of stainless white ;
Like a radiant troop of angel guards, that traverse
the plains of light !
Ye flutter around with your message of love, like
journeymen from the sky ;
Who have come to woo me from earth's dark thoughts,
to the delicate joys on high !
I gaze, till my eyes are filling with tears, at the beauty
your forms display ;
And think, perhaps ye are spirits of those, who should
now be far away !
Yes ! yes ! ye have come from the orient sky, with
your wings of radiant white ;
To tell me that spirits can never die, as ye break on
my raptured sight !
Ye are fair as the visions of poet's dreams ! ye are
white as the noon tide ray.
Ye are spotless as robes which angels wear ; and
methinks ye are as pure as they !
The sorrows and sins ye have never known ; that
come to the ways of men !

And your songs are sweet, as the seraphs' notes,
 when they steal through the moonlight glen ;
And sound in the rapt enthusiast's ears, when he
 wanders at eve alone ;
And hears the soft harpings of other worlds, in the
 night-winds pensive tone !
Beautiful birds ! ye are fleeting away ; ye are gone,
 ye are lost to my sight ;
And I gaze on a waste of dazzling snow, scarce as
 spotless and as white !
Ye are gone, like the joys of my early youth ! ye are
 fled forever away ;
Like the joyous forms I have loved and lost—but
 O, ye are not as they !
Ye may come again some cold, still morn ; your white
 wings may yet return ;
But when shall I see those delicate forms, that sleep
 in the marble urn ?
Go, go, bright birds ! with your spotless souls ; ye
 are free from the chain and the rod ;
And ye wander afar, with song and delight, in the
 joyous worship of God !

THE WOUNDED WHIP-POOR-WILL.

A wounded whip-poor-will sought refuge in the grass near my cottage; but being chased thence, in terror and agony he fluttered over the waters, into which he fell; and at length, being refreshed by the salt water bath, escaped into the pines.

Sweet bird! that singest in the forest glade
So sweetly when the twilight hour goes by;
Swelling the murmurs by the pine trees made,
With the loud notes of thy strange melody!

Art thou the spirit of the woods, sweet bird?
Thou speakest with so humanlike a tone!
A thousand ages has that voice been heard,
Filling the echoes of the hills alone!

Are these the thanks of men for thy sweet song!
These wounds, dear bird! that fill thee with affright!
I see thee fit in agony along,
And throbbing, fluttering, on the waters light!

The waves are kinder to thy woes than man!
They heal the wounds by human wretches made!
Their virtue has prolonged thy little span,
And we shall hear thee from the forest shade.

Thy song to-night will be the voice of truth,
When 'whip-poor-will' shall fill the moonlight
glade!

Yes, he who harmed thee should be whipt, in sooth,
With stings by agonizing conscience made.

Thou dost but suffer, gentle bird ! with all
Who sing for those who no refinement boast ;
And countless ages may this truth recall,
Who sing the sweetest often suffer most !

LOVER'S LEAP.

Lover's Leap is a cliff of purple porphyry, one hundred feet in height, on the side of a hill in Lynn. It is enclosed on three sides by evergreen trees, and is much frequented by owls, whip-poor-wills, and lovers. The following little ballad was written in answer to a question of the origin of the name. Those acquainted with Grecian history will remember that the extremity of the island of Leucas, now St. Maura, presents to the sea a tall cliff, called Lover's Leap; whence Artemisia, queen of Caria, and Sappho, the Lesbian poetess, precipitated themselves, in disappointed love.

'O, why do you stand at the window, Mary,
At this chill hour of night ?'
'I'm listening to the whip-poor-will,
On the old oak's dizzy height.'

'To me it seems so sad, mother,
Like one whose love is crost :

You know the Indians call it, mother,
The wailing for the lost !'

'O, go to your bed, my daughter,
In your little room above ;
The whip-poor-will is but a bird,
And never dies for love !

'You know your cousin Emma
To-morrow night will wed ;
And she wants you for the bridemaid,
To deck the bridal bed.

'So go to your sleep, my daughter,
And rise betimes at morn ;
For Harry Burr will then be here,
Whose love no maid may scorn !'

Then Mary went to her chamber,
To rest her aching head ;
While through her little lattice
The moon shone on her bed.

But she could not rest nor slumber
At thought of Harry Burr,
For he had given to Emma Dale
The love he pledged to her.

Then Mary Vinton left her bed,
And climbed the rocky steep ;
And at morn the shepherd found her
At the foot of Lover's Leap !

FLOWERS.

O, well I love the flowers,
That gem the verdant ground ;
And send, in summer hours,
There sweet perfume around !

If angels dwell below,
They surely live in flowers !
And breathing there, they show
Their sweet and holy powers !

Flowers are the gems of heaven !
The poetry of earth !
The bonds which God has given
As types of purest worth !

Flowers speak with living voice,
A language to the soul !
They bid the heart rejoice,
And strive for virtue's goal !

All that we love on earth,
Is typified by flowers !
Love, friendship, beauty, worth,
Sweet scenes, and joyful hours !

The tree of life in heaven
Bears flowers that never fade !
Blest hearts, to whom is given
To rest beneath its shade !

AS I STRAYED ON THE BANKS.

As I strayed on the banks of the still-winding stream,
That softly meanders through sweet Shady Grove,
I thought of the days that are fled like a dream,
When I gave the bright moments to friendship
and love.

The round moon was shining above the green trees,
As she shone when my spirits were lighter than air ;
And the elms waved their boughs in the evening
breeze,
As they waved when I strayed with a lovely one
there.

But methought that the moon from her silent abode
Threw a lustre more sad than she wont to impart ;

And the trees seemed to sigh, and the stream as it
 flowed
Was silent and dark as my desolate heart.

And surely, I cried, the same spirit who made
 The heart with a power to be ravished with bliss,
Has fixed a bright bourne where the joys do not fade,
 And vanish away, as they vanish in this ! 1822.

OH, THERE IS A BRIGHT SHINING BEAUTIFUL MOON.

Oh, there is a bright shining beautiful moon,
That blends her soft rays with the breezes of June !
And ocean's blue waters all silently lie,
And reflect the bright tints of a still bluer sky !

And who hath gazed on those bright worlds above,
Nor wished for the wings of the soft-soaring dove,
To bear him from earth and its sorrows away,
To dwell in the light of a lovelier day ?

I have mused on the past till its joys are awake,
Like the waves on the face of a stone-ruffled lake,
When circle in circle flits busily by,
In the mild-beaming light of a sun-setting sky.

Not a scene of my youth can such lustre impart,
As the pleasure that stirs in the stillness of heart,
When reason to hope doth its certitude lend,
To prove to this bosom I still have a friend ! 1823.

ON MEETING WITH A BEAUTIFUL MOSS
ROSE, IN A SEQUESTERED WALK.

How soft the texture of the sweet moss rose,
And what rich hues its opening leaves disclose !
Not all the treasures of the smiling spring,
Nor brightest gems can match that loveliest thing.

Ah me ! my muse too feeble is to tell
How dear the charms those modest folds that swell !
How bright the tints the rays of morn imbue,
And what rich graces smile at evening's blushing hue.

Choicest of flowers that drink the dew, and are
Kissed by the western gale, I would not mar,
E'en with a touch, thy charms, that to my heart
Recall the joys that bloomed but to depart. 1823.

LOVER'S LEAP.

When the mild breeze of evening steals over the
deep,

And the flower-scented bee flies elate from the rose,
'T is sweet to recline upon high Lover's Leap,
An hour ere the bright sun has sunk to repose !

When the spirit of fragrance comes forth from the
bower,

Where she slumbered all day from the hot-burning
calm ;

While the humming-bird flutters from flower to flower,
And the air is refreshed with the dew-dropping balm.

Then to stand at that hour on the brow of the steep,
With the maid that we love, and the friends that are
dear,

And to gaze on the fields, and the wide-rolling deep—
'T is the sweetest of joys that are given to us here !

For what in this world can compare with the joy,
Which we feel, when we know that we love and are
loved ?

When the beauties of nature our converse employ,
And the pleasures of friendship unsullied are proved?

How dear, in the happiest days of my youth,
Were the joys, were the friends, that this bosom
could boast !

And I fondly believe that the lovers of truth
And of virtue, were those who have loved me the
most !

And oft when I gaze on the evening star,
That gilds, with mild lustre, the land and the deep,
I think of the friends, that are distant afar,
Who have wandered with me upon high Lover's Leap.

1828.

THE FARMER'S FIRESIDE.

Is there a brighter, purer scene on earth,
Than that which winter's evening hour displays,
When by the fireside of the man of worth,
His children sit, and view the cheerful blaze ?

When honest youth at wisdom's feet reclines,
To hear some sweet, instructive tale of old ;
And as the warm and genial fire-light shines,
So the mind brightens, and the thoughts unfold.

Perchance some lay of ancient time is read,
Some history of long departed years ;
Some rich production of the mighty dead,
That fills the eye of innocence with tears.

Then round the hearth the social circle crowd,
To drain the bowl, and join the sweet repast ;
The voice of youth is garrulous and loud,
And age enjoys again its pleasures past.

This done, a chapter in the book is read,
Which tells of better worlds and joys on high ;
With reverent gesture then the prayer is said,
And all appear prepared to sleep — or die.

On scene of tranquil bliss, of thoughts refined ;
How warm your pleasures press upon my soul !
Such hours have I enjoyed ; and to my mind,
Few joys on earth more sweet reflections roll.

1831.

THE NEW ENGLANDER AT THE SOUTH.

The sugar groves are sweet,
The lotos leaves are fair,
And the Edisto at my feet
Rolls its soft waters as to greet
My blest escape from care —
I'd rather be beside the rills
Of my own loved New England hills.

The orange, mid green leaves,
Shines with its rind of gold ;

The bright oriole, that weaves
Her nest beneath the mossy eaves
 Sings love-songs sweet and bold —
I'd rather hear the sparrow cry
Beneath my own New England sky.

Bermuda's isles are fair,
 Fair as the bard hath sung —
Fleet was the bark that bore me there,
And one short hour was free from care,
 I felt that I was young !
I'd rather be upon the shores,
Where cold New England's water roars.

How could they send me here,
 Far from my native hills ?
'T is true that life and health are dear,
And bright the streams and plains appear
 To hearts unvexed by ills —
Oh, I would leave them all to strain
My loved New England friends again.



MAY MORNING.

Wake ! it is morning ! beauty, wake !
Moonlight is fainting on the lake.
Come from your chambers, gentle maids !

Ere the last pale ray of starlight fades.
Wake with the dawning, beauty, wake !
Morning is coming o'er hill and lake.

Hark to the cadence on the hill !
'T was the last dull note of the whip-poor-will ;
She has sung all night from her dewy bower,
To gladden the visions of slumber's hour.

Wake with the dawning, beauty, wake !
Morning is coming o'er hill and lake.

The lark is singing his early hymn,
And far in the west the moon looks dim ;
There 's but one lone star in the night's pale zone,
And the bright sun is coming to mount his throne.

Wake with the dawning, beauty, wake !
Morning is coming o'er hill and lake.

Flowers are springing, beautiful flowers !
Worthy to glisten in beauty's bowers !
The robin is pouring his early note,
And the spirit of health on the air is afloat.

Wake with the dawning, beauty, wake !
Morning is coming o'er hill and lake.

MAY DAY.

It is the first sweet morn of May,
Refreshed by sunshine and soft showers ;
And laughing girls at break of day,
Are hastening on their joyous way,
To gather early flowers.

Their mirth comes ringing down the vale,
Like childhood's words, devoid of art ;
And all their accents, as they sail
Like music on the morning gale,
Come thrilling to my heart.

Oh happy days of girlish glee !
When life's enchanting scenes are pure,
When every thought is warm and free,
And hopes, like white waves of the sea,
That fluctuate, but endure.

And ye have roamed the pastures wide,
And gathered flowers of many a hue,
That gleam together, side by side,
Like love, and hope, and virgin pride,
Emblems serene and true.

The celandine, with robe of red,
In your white hands I see displayed ;
The lily, with its blushing head ;

The cowslip, that its tears has shed,
Like some forsaken maid.

The lady's love, with purple hue
Deep on its golden leaf imprest ;
The violet, with its tint of blue,
That glitters in the morning dew,
Like hope in virtue's breast.

And there the white and downy flower,
Emblem of endless life and love ;
That yields its sweets in sorrow's hour,
As in the light of fortune's power,
Pointing to joys above.

And ye have bound them with a band
Of yellow and of scarlet thread,
Twined by a fair and silky hand,
As colors of the rainbow bland,
Like kindred hearts that wed.

Oh happy girls ! like you again
I'd roam the wild wood pastures green ;
Like you, I'd brave the morning rain,
To weave once more hope's flowery chain,
And be what I have been. *

For nature still to me is fair,
As in the earlier days of youth ;

And I can smile, as free from care,
As when I roamed with beauty there,
In joyous hope and truth.

1831.

THE SUN-FLOWER OF THE SOUL.

Oh fairer than the beauteous flower,
By minstrel never sing,
That blooms alone at midnight hour,
With trembling dew-drops hung ;

Oh brighter than the beaming star,
That sends its evening ray
Upon the seaman's bark afar,
To guide his doubtful way ;

Oh sweeter than the sweetest leaf
Of mountain celandine,
That bends its modest head, like grief,
When worth and virtue pine ;

Oh fairer, brighter, sweeter, than
All joys in earth's control,
That spread their soothing charms for man,
The sun-flower of the soul.

1831.

THE FADED WATER-LILIES.

These lilies left the crystal tide,
To glow within thy bosom fair ;
But blushed to find themselves outvied
By fairer lilies there.

SEA SHELLS.

*And thus they wandered forth
Over the shining pebbles, and the shells.—BYRON.*

NAHANT.

Nahant! fair diamond of the ocean flood!
Thou gem of waves! thou maiden of the sea!
Standing like Venus, when at first she rose
From out the foaming tide, in all her smiles!
Whose dark rocks, burnished by the midnight moon,
Rise like the castles of enchanted land,
Gemmed with the spray of ocean as with pearls!
Above thy frowning battlements, the bird
Of ocean soars, like a white flag aloft,
Streaming in air. And when the ocean storms
Come from the east afar, and dash their waves,
Like squadrons of an endless multitude
Of armed and white plumed warriors, on thy rocks,

That rear their iron towers impregnable,
And then fall back resurgent, the loud roar
Sounds like the thunder of a nation's war !
And when the storm retires, and the vexed waves
Are murmuring their defeat, a mournful sound,
Like the lone gun, that every minute comes
From the lost bark at sea, is heard to break,
And send its subterranean thunder out,
As the wave gurgles in the caverned rock !
When winter winds, those tyrants of the north,
Have swept the foliage from thy emerald glades,
Thy white pavilioned mounds are then as drear
As desolation's dwellings ! The cold blasts
Howl through their caverns like the sullen yells
Of frightened demons, flying from the wrath
Of some o'erpowering spirit ! And sometimes
When the cold winds, and the high breaking waves
Have spent the livelong night in their rude sport,
The rising sun shines on a fairer scene
Than e'er of old romantic poets feigned
To rise at touch of a magician's wand !
Bright palaces appear, such as in sport
The northern empress reared upon the banks
Of the cold flowing Neva. Colonnades
Of brightest silver sparkle in the sun ;
And gleaming towers, and the burnished helms
Of mailed warriors on the battlements,
Send out their dazzling lustre on the sea ;
Which nods its sparkling plumes of icy foam,

That triumph in their pride. But when the hosts
Of Sirius have won thy citadels,
And the loved west wind sends its balmy breath
From the pure founts of health, thy ancient rocks,
On which of old the Indian lover sate
And wooed his dusky bride, become the scene
Of joys as dear as those which once were known
To Grecia's sons, upon the classic banks
Af Aganippe, or the sacred rocks —
Sacred in song — which crown the Egean wave.
Here maids, as fair as those of Helicon,
Print their light footsteps on the sandy beach,
Or glide along the summit of the crags,
And lend their inspiration to the bard,
Who loves their virtues and their graceful forms !
Here, too, are other joys. The verdant groves,
Deep in the dark blue waters spread their charms,
Which often tempt the gazer from the rocks
To leap and grasp their beauties ! Purple flowers,
Such as the earth has not, with long green stems
And graceful sweep, are waving with the tide ;
And sparkling coracles, and crystal gems,
Rest on the sandy floor ; while thick around,
The shining perch dart through the yielding waves.
O happy he ! who, free from public care,
And private grief, with some dear friend retires,
To thy pure scenes, and thy dear joys, Nahant !

NAHANT SONG.

Nahant is lovely ! away we go,
O'er the polished beach, when the tide is low ;
And we mark the gleam of our horse's feet,
Deep mirrored, as in a crystal street !

We flit along o'er the shining sand,
Far out in the tide, away from land ;
And we seem in the middle air to go,
With the sky above, and the sky below !

The sand street shines like a path of glass,
Where the visions seem doubled as we pass ;
And beautiful scenes to our eyes unfold,
Like pageants that eastern bards have told !

The white gull floats in the bright blue air,
Her scream is loud as we pass her there ;
And the small birds run, with motion fleet,
On the line where the sand and billows meet.

White sails are gleaming far on the tide ;
The shy wild fowl o'er the surges ride ;
The seal comes forth from his home in the deep,
On the kelpy ledge of the cliff to sleep !

The thin wave is striped with the long sea sedge,
The star-fish comes to the water's edge ;

And the green sea plants, and pearly shells,
Float up to our feet when the billow swells !

Nahant forever ! — the scene is fair ;
The Swallows' Cave and the Grot are there ;
And the Spouting Horn, when full waves come,
Sends out its thunder in sparkling foam.

We sit on the rocks, and we sport in the wave ;
We gather the shells which the surges lave ;
And we drink pure health in the floating breeze,
That is poured from the urns of the rolling seas.

MY BIRTHPLACE.

My native town ! my cherished home !
Thy shores are dear to me ;
Thy beaches, lashed by ocean's foam,
When storms are on the sea !
Thy sunny hills, along whose cliffs
The red deer used to pant ;
Green Swampscot, with its tossing skiffs,
And thy dark rocks, Nahant !

Give me the woods, the fresh green woods,
Where flits the wild bird free ;

The mountains, with their merry floods,
And ever-sounding sea !
O, who o'er ocean's burning line,
For joy would seek to roam,
When such delights endearing shine
Bright o'er his native home !

PLEASANT HOURS.

I would be with thee, when the sea
Is foaming up in mountain shocks
Round old Nahant !
How glorious then to us would be
The billows, o'er the iron rocks
That writhe and pant !

I would be with thee, when the wave
Is rippling o'er the pearly shells,
That gem the sand !
We'd seek the lonely Swallows' Cave,
That many a tale of beauty tells,
And friendship bland !

I would be with thee, when the gold
Is gleaming on the sunset cloud,
To poets dear !

We 'd converse of the days of old,
When knights were brave, and ladies proud,
And love sincere !

I would be with thee, when the sky
Is radiant with the midnight moon,
Bright orb divine !
Then the dark rocks that round us lie,
Should listen to some quiet tune
From voice of thine !

MY COTTAGE HOME.

In my snug little cot, by the ocean side,
I sit and list to the roar of the tide,
As the storm-wind rolls it in sullen shocks
Against the dark barrier of wave-worn rocks,
That in rude and majestic masses stand,
And frown o'er the beach of shining sand !
'T is an awful scene, in the midnight hour,
When the tempest rages in all its power,
And the mighty wave, by the strong wind driven,
On the craggy cliff is rent and riven,
And writhes and foams, as 't is torn asunder,
And roars with a rage that mocks the thunder !
Then the storm-tost ship no shelter finds,

But dashes and plunges before the winds ;
While the sails are rent, and the leaning mast
Bends, breaks, and splits in the angry blast ;
And the sailors, their last fond hopes who cherish,
Cast their boat adrift, to sink and perish !
Such scene I saw, as the morning light
Dawned heavy and slow on a stormy night ;
And the ship, that for ten long hours had striven,
On the iron cliff was rent and riven ;
And the helpless sailors, a weary band,
Lay strewn in corses along the sand !
Yet safe we slept in our little cot,
In a humble, perhaps, but a quiet lot ;
And we love to look on the boundless sea,
When it sleeps in the sunlight pleasantly ;
And the day goes down, with cheerful smiles,
On the beach, and the cape, and the ocean isles !
Then the billows, they sing a rippling tune ;
And the moon comes up, the bright, sweet moon !
And her light is spread o'er the shining bay,
Where the seal, and loon, and wild duck play !
And they look like specks in the silver sea,
Whose margin reflects the rock and tree.
And often I wish thou wert here with me,
That we might these beauties together see ;
We 'd thank him who gives the refinement of bliss,
In a life of devotion and love like this !
I 'd love to enjoy it with one as I 've known,
But now I must breathe it in silence, alone !

Yet I am not alone, for my children are here
By my side, whom I love and cherish dear ;
And the kit, as she sits upon Arthur's knee,
Partakes the delight as well as we ;
While Llewellyn reads in his book a tale
Of the shipwrecked bark, with its riven sail !
Thus we together partake delight,
At the dappled morn and the dim twilight ;
And the evening taper sheds its beam
On the converse sweet and poet's dream ;
For here full many a tale is wove
Of friendship, and truth, and trusting love ;
Which haply, when I am gone to my sleep,
Will cause some gentle one to weep ;
And hearts will sigh o'er the poet's song,
To think of his cold neglect and wrong.

SEA SHELLS.

Ye shelly tribes, that love to hide
Beneath the sparkling sand ;
Where, laved by the returning tide,
Your secret homes are planned ;
Say, have ye all a language there
Your hearts can understand ?

Do ye delight in friendship dear,
Beneath the rolling wave ?
Have ye, like human hearts, a tear,
Your secret woes to lave ?
And do ye love, and hope, and fear,
Within your sandy cave ?

Your polished treasures have supplied
A nation's wealth of old ;
When they, the council-fire beside,
The wampum-belt unrolled ;
And glittering on the Indian bride,
Have been her gems of gold !

Your glowing tints of purple fine
Could emperor's robes endow !¹
The pilgrim to Jehovah's shrine
Has borne you on his brow !
And on the Caffre's arm ye shine
As bright and lovely now !

The heart to nature's joys inclined
Views you with pleasure bland ;
'T is sweet your polished whorls to find
Among the sparkling sand,
When, scattered by the tempest wind,
Ye grace the ocean strand.

THE HARP SHELL.

Sweet child ! within that mazy shell
Thou hear'st a sound like ocean's waves ;
When, rising with a measured swell,
They murmur in their winding caves !

So may the spirit from above,
When thou would'st seek the ways of sin,
Come to thee, with its voice of love,
Thy heart from error's path to win !

When thou hast need of watchful care,
So may thy mother's memory come,
To save thee from the fatal snare,
And win thee back to love and home !

—
ODE TO THE SEA SERPENT.

Very like a whale ! — SHAKSPEARE.

Hail, mighty serpent ! who dost come ²
From thy dark ocean cave, as some
Great monarch of the water !
Art thou a mild, pacific thing ?
Or dost thou seek, like earthly king,
To dye the waves with slaughter ?

He who shall dare, with hook and line,
To snare thee on the foaming brine,
 May chance, perhaps, to rue it !
But say, what art thou ? art a whale ?
Or mighty sunfish, with a tail
 Of fifty fathoms to it ?

I marvel much if thou 'rt the same
Old serpent so well known to fame,
 Which tempted Eve to wander,
And leave her own dear husband's side,
Lured by thy dark and scaly hide ;
 A thing that makes us ponder.

If so, then haply thou mayst tell
How such a wondrous thing befell,
 And leave no more to doubt it ;
Say, didst thou kiss her glowing cheek ?
If thou hast any language speak,
 And tell us all about it.

Since that old time, where hast thou been ?
Hast tempted other maids to sin ?
 Or was the first sufficient ?
And have the rest, as preachers say,
In error's path still gone astray !
 In virtue quite deficient ?

It may be, thou 'rt the fish that crammed
The prophet Jonah, when he shammed
 The famous proclamation !
Or haply — take my low salaam ! —
Thou art the monarch of the Mam-
 mouth Cod Association !

Perhaps thou art the mighty snake,
The Roman army did o'ertake,
 Upon Bagrada's river,
Which made, as ancient story says,
Of Regulus, for three whole days,
 The chosen cohorts quiver !

Perhaps then thou art the kraken, seen
On Norway's frozen coast, between
 Kiel and Copenhagen ;
The sailors viewed with vast surprise
Thy dark protuberances rise,
 And fled, to save their bacon !

In northern seas, great whales are found,
And mighty sharks and dolphins round
 The shores of California ;
And on the borders of the Nile
Is many a scaly crocodile,
 With sides full thick and horny.

Great Cook, and Banks, and Bouganville,
And Raleigh, whom they used so ill,
 Those famous navigators,
Have counted all the fish that swim,
The long and short, the thick and slim,
 From eels to alligators.

But ne'er from Congo's burning strand,
To frozen shores of Newfoundland,
 In south or northern ocean,
Was such a mighty monster seen,
Of wondrous length, and power I ween,
 To raise a vast commotion !

Since last we saw thy famous phiz, —
For me I wonder where it is ! —
 Say, whither hast thou wandered ?
Hast journeyed round the southern isles,
Where nature in her beauty smiles,
 And lavish gifts are squandered ?

Or has thy long and slender shape,
Glided around Malacca's cape,
 To Pekin's yellow waters,
And seen the 'Mistress of the seas'
Add some few thousands of Chinese
 To her long list of slaughterers ?

Or hast thou roamed, sedate and slow,
Through the deep Gulf of Mexico,
And seen a Christian nation
Proclaim the worth of gospel grace,
By dealing to the Indian race
The friendly sword's salvation ?

Hast thou been down among the store
Of gold and gems, to view the lore
Treasured by stormy oceans ?
And seen the piles of wealth arise ?
And peered into the dead men's eyes,
To read death's dark emotions !

Returning from thy watery jaunt,
Again thou visitest Nahant,
Right jovial and hearty :
And men from city and from town,
To see thy phiz, are hastening down,
In many a social party !

Sea monarch ! why dost thou love so well
To ramble round Nahant hotel ?
Is there some secret treasure ?
Or hast thou tasted the good things
Which Mister Drew each season brings
For folks of wealth and pleasure ?

And now, old water snake, beware,
Of Swampscot fishermen take care ;
 Or they may chance to catch thee !
Thy body, well I ween, would reach
Quite the whole length of the Long Beach,
 If on it they should stretch thee !

THE BEACON TREE.

Thou art strong, lonely tree ! that for ages hast stood,
To guide the lone mariner over the flood ;
Thy boughs are bleached by the bleak northern
 blast,
And torn by the tempests of centuries past !

How oft has the crow on thy top stayed her flight,
And the eagle been rocked through the long winter
 night ;
While, perchance as the wind rent the branch from
 her feet,
Has her scream made the heart of the traveller beat !

How few are the days of desultory man,
How brief are the moments that eke out his span,
When compared with the years thou hast stood on
 yon height,
And braved the rude tempests of winter and night.

And firm is thy root yet unscathed by decay,
Though time from thy trunk lops the branches away ;
Though scorched by the sunbeam and bent by the
storm,
Thy head still is lofty, thy heart still is warm.

Thus unmoved may I stand in the tempests of fate,
By the woes and misfortunes that on me await ;
Thus firm be my heart when my loved ones decay,
And from life's shining circle the gems drop away.

ON THE SEA SHORE.

Along thy sandy margin, level sea !
I wander with a feeling more sublime
Than ever yet hath blest my heart, since time
Unfolded nature's glorious pageantry !
And in deep silence while I gaze on thee,
Thou living picture of a mighty mind !
The joys of hope and memory combined
Send their soft raptures through my thrilling heart
The kindred scene recalls the memory
Of friends with whom it was a pain to part,
Of dear and early hours — then, with a start,
As the wave ripples on the moonlit shore,
I think of that high world, where pain shall dart
Her arrows through my heart and veins no more !

STORM AT NAHANT.

Call up the spirit of the ocean wave,
And bid him rouse the storm ! The billows roar
And dash their angry surges on the shore !
Around the craggy cliffs the waters rave,
And foam and welter on the trembling beach !
The plovers cry, and the hoarse curlews screech,
As, borne along by the relentless storm,
With turned-up wings they strive against the wind.
The storm-tost ship can no sure haven find,
But black-browed death, in his most horrid form,
Strides o'er the waves and bars her destined way.
The wild winds in her shrouds their revels keep !
And while the sailors seek the sheltering bay,
Their last cry mingles with the roaring deep. 1831.

SACRED MELODIES.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

PSALM CXLX, 54.

INVOCATION.

Sweet muse ! who from my earliest day
Hast guiled with songs my pensive way,
And taught my youthful heart to prove
The impulses of hope and love ;
Oh teach my rising thoughts to soar
This dark terrestial prospect o'er,
And fix my hopes within that bourn,
Where wearied wretches cease to mourn !

Awake, my heart ! awake, my tongue !
With inspiration in thy song ;

And let me raise to yon high station
The thought of grateful adoration,
To him who caused this heart to beat,
And planted memory in her seat,
And gave me feelings that can prove
The joys of friendship and of love ;
What though the ills that oft entwine
Their sorrows round this heart of mine,
May every finer feeling shake,
And all its noblest chords may break,
Yet still it feels the latent glow
Which cannot yield to deepest wo —
And when the light of morn doth bring
Its lustre to the pensive mood
Of cold neglect and solitude,
Can like the harp of Memnon ring !

1823.

THE INEFFABLE.

I see thy power, eternal God !
Engraved upon the dark blue sky ;
The trees that on the mountains nod,
Thy name in whispers sigh !
The sun, that rolls through burning space,
Illumes with gold thy temple's dome ;
In all thy varied works I trace
Marks of thy secret home !

Thy dwelling is yon distant star,
Which burns with scarce perceptive ray ;
The comet is thy flaming car,
Careering on its way !
I view thee in the splendid arch,
That shines upon the summer cloud !
I hear the footsteps of thy march
In storm and thunder loud !

The lightning is thine eye's deep glance,
That looks upon the world below !
And when the northern streamers dance,
Thine is the lustrous glow !
The flaming night-arch shows thy skill ;
Thy breath impells the tempest's roar ;
And as I learn thy potent will,
I tremble and adore !

God ! thou art everywhere ! I see
Thy beauty in the deep-hued flower ;
Thy strength is shown stupendously
In the dread earthquake's power.
I view thy varied hand in waves,
That gently kiss the pebbled shore ;
Or, rolling o'er their ocean graves,
In wrathful anguish roar !

The dark green pines that feel the breeze,
Talk of thee to the forest rill !

And mighty torrents, when they freeze,
Display thy wisdom still !
The birds, that raise their morning hymn,
Feel, as they chant, an impulse proud ;
They catch the fire of seraphim,
And speak of thee aloud !

But most thy goodness I admire,
When I behold the wondrous plan
Which formed the soul of vital fire
And bade it live — a man !
Illume, O God ! with wisdom's ray,
The soul that longs to know thee more ;
And teach my glowing heart the way
To love thee and adore !

SUNDAY MORNING.

How calm and beautiful the sky appears !
Without a cloud to dim its bright expanse ;
And ocean slumbers like a sunny lake,
When not a zephyr stirs its glassy sleep.
All nature is serene, as on the morn
When he, who turned the golden compasses
To circumscribe this fair and fertile globe,
Rested from all his works. No sound is heard

But nature's genial breath, from waking birds,
And lowing beasts, and the low, distant dash
Of yonder moaning sea. 'T is a fit hour
To worship the invisible, who sits
Enthroned amid the rolling worlds, and guides
The high and holy destinies of man !
O, how sublime the thought ! how full of joy !
That he who dwelt, and dwells forever, through
Interminable space, and time, and thought,
And far beyond thought's farthest, utmost reach,
Pervading all, and with a single glance
Surveying all, and from remotest time,
With unexerted power, upholding all ;
To whom sublimest worlds are but as drops
Of atomy spray which glitter in the sun ;
Should condescend, for no reward but praise,
For no return but gratitude, to be
Our father and our friend ! Then let our praise
And gratitude unceasingly ascend,
In humble and expressed devotion, morn,
And eve, and sunny noon, and depth of night,
When all the twinkling stars are glowing bright
With unexhausted lustre, to shine forth
Their silent portion of the praise of God !

O, what exalted rapture must have filled
The breast of kingly David, and the line
Of holy prophets, who, by Jordan's wave,
Gave out the word of promise, when the morn

Of their most holy day arose, and sound
Of harp, and lute, and psaltery was heard,
Calling the people to the house of God ;
And priesthood's holy voice, and maiden's song,
Went up in sweet accord from Sion's mount ;
How lovely are thy tabernacles lord !
How blessed are the courts of the most high ! '
'T was thus they sung ; and then the soft response
Came forth — ' How glad was I to hear
The people, with consenting voices say,
Come, let us worship in the house of God !
Peace be within thy walls, Jerusalem !
Prosperity within thy palaces ! '

O, where are they, who, upon Sion's mount,
Poured forth their hymn of praise ? those beauteous
maids,
Who were as rainbows to the gladdened eyes
Of Judah's valiant sons ; dazzling their path
With emeralds, and living sapphire stones !
And where those black-eyed, valiant youths ? and
where
Those gray-haired sires, who fought the Amalekite ?
All to the earth gone down, with the dry grass
Which rustled to their footsteps. On the hill
Of Lebanon the giant cedars stand,
And rear their forms, and spread their verdant arms,
As in the days of old ; But Judah's maids,

And Judah's valiant sons, have all lain down,
And mouldered silent to their primal earth.

But those days passed away ; and then came on
That holy time, the christian sabbath day,
When in the freshness of their ardent faith
The early christians met, to celebrate
The resurrection of that holy one,
The immaculate Son of God, in Bethlehem ;
Who was ordained by heaven to be a light
And beacon to the nations. On that morn
The assembled people met upon the side
Of hallowed Jordan, or along the flood
Of Galilee, or by Gennesaret,
Or more remote, upon the mountain top,
Or in some lonely grove, retired and sweet ;
And there the humble prayer and holy hymn
Arose, like incense from Solyma's shrine.

Blest morn ! with such regard we welcome thee,
In this beloved land ! There is no land
Like thee, New England ! no more happy shore !
We wake in peace, from sweet repose, and hear
The joyous sound of Sabbath bells, which send
Their welcome peal through every vale and wood,
And up the mountain side, and far away
Through the resounding vales and rocky dells,
Calling the dwellers of the distant cots
To meet within the sacred church, and bow

Before the holy font, or at the side
Of hallowed altar, to receive the signs
Of our most holy faith. O, happy day !
Blest be thy sun, which pours its hallowed ray !
Blest be the winds, which bear thy summons o'er
Green plain, and woody vale, and rocky shore !
Blest be the souls, who bow in holy prayer
Before thy shrines, with true devotion's air !
Blest be the hearts, that lift the holy hymn,
In emulation of the seraphim !
Blest be the voice, which lends its hallowed breath,
To save immortals from the paths of death !
And O, more blest than all, be He, who came
From Bethlehem's vale to light the holy flame,
Which should illumine the nations with its rays,
In every clime that sees the day-star blaze.
Blest morn ! devoted to religion's shrine,
What joys on earth, what joys in heaven are thine !

JERUSALEM.

'O, Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee — how often would I have gathered thee.'

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
 Think of thine early day ;
When the glory of a thousand years
 On thy proud summits lay ;

Before whose glow the Son of Man
Passed in his grief away !

The splendor of thy storied faith
In that sad hour grew dim ;
Shorn of the brightest of its beams
By thy cold scorn of Him,
Whose living glance so far outshone
Thy boasted cherubim !

He came in mercy and in love,
Thy darkest woes to heal ;
To the pure realms of joy above
The pathway to reveal ;
And thy reward, each torturing pang
The human heart can feel !

Thy temple walls are in the dust,
Thy nation but a name,
While that scorned outcast's crosses o'er
Ten thousand cities' flame,
And million hearts would bleed, to share
His glory and his shame !

THE DAY OF THE SACRAMENT.

When he, who tore the palm of victory
From death's reluctant hand, felt the last hour
Of his immortal strife with the strong hosts
Of sin's dark empire coming, he became
As one who has a duty to fulfil,
Before he makes his pillow in the dust,
Which must not be neglected. O'er his soul
A sadness came, as o'er the tranquil sky
A deep dark cloud is spread, while all beneath
Is saddened with foreboding. Then he knelt
And prayed to him who holds the universe
In his right hand, to nerve him for the hour.
He knelt—and by his side an angel stood,
With long bright hair, and radiant countenance,
And robe elate with life ; and in his mien,
He bore the strong indubitable sign
Of one who came from God. He bowed his head
To the sad form, who knelt beside him there,
And spoke the words of strength ; and he arose
In dignity sublime, and full of grace,
Prepared to suffer all. 'T was on that night
When those who loved him gathered round, and
heard
His last command ; '*Do this—Remember Me.*'
Then took he bread, and brake, and gave the wine,
With his rich blessing, to the chosen few,
Ordained to speak the words of life to all !

So through all time his faithful followers
Hold his command as sacred. Round the board
They come upon the festal day, and eat
The hallowed food, which yields the strength of life.
Their piety, the incense of their prayers,
Goes up, as from a censer, to proclaim
They have obeyed the mandate. To their souls
The blessing comes ; and if they keep the word
The promise of immortal joy is theirs,
And a bright seat beside their worshipped lord.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We thank thee, O Eternal King !
For all the joys thy seasons bring ;
For summer's warmth, for winter's cheer,
For spring and autumn's blessings dear.

We praise thee, that to us is given
The freest land beneath thy heaven ;
That all the treasures which are strown
Through loved New England are our own.

We bless thee, that the woes of war
From our wide shores are banished far ;
That peace and plenty do not fail
To smile on every hill and vale.

We thank thee, that the gift of health,
More dear than coffers filled with wealth,
Is poured from thy benignant hand,
In rich abundance o'er our land.

We praise thee, that before thy shrine
Our hearts may bow in joy divine,
And proffer thanks, unmixed with fear,
For all the blessings of thy year.

We bless thee, that thy hand doth guide
The reckless wind, the rolling tide ;
That wheresoe'er our feet may roam,
O'er land or sea, thou art our home !

SACRED MELODY.

This life will soon be over,
With its sorrows and its fears !
Its laughing hours of sunshine,
And weary days of tears !
Our images will pass away
From busy thoughts of men ;
And we shall be upon the earth
As we had never been !

As we had never been ? — O no !
Our gracious deeds will last ;
Linked to the gentle and the good,
In the memory of the past !
And all that we have done on earth,
Like spirits shall arise ;
Or odors of a sacrifice,
In incense to the skies !

In incense to the skies, where friends
Have haply gone before —
Then twine the chaplet of delight,
And the wine of friendship pour ;
And let the song of gladness
And the voice of mirth rebound ;
While our grateful spirits shall expand
With the joy that we have found.

With the joy that we have found on earth,
In love's delicious band !
And the thrilling grasp of pleasure
From friendship's gentle hand !
And the calm delight that fills us
As we gaze at night abroad
On the sweet repose of nature
And the glorious works of God !

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

O, holy Mary ! maid and mother kind !
Whose name alone can purest thoughts impart ;
Thou bright perfection of the female mind,
To whose pure soul was joined a woman's heart !

Thou, who on earth didst suffer human pain ;
Thou, who in heaven dost know the bliss supreme ;
Thee we invoke ; let not the hope be vain,
Which stirs so high, so eloquent a theme !

Pray for thy kind ! pray for the million souls,
Like what thou wert, woman, and lost in chains .
O'er whose worn heart man's car of anguish rolls,
Crushing sweet life from all their bleeding veins !

O, pray to him, who came on earth in love
To break all bonds and set the oppressed free ;
That woman, with a soul like thine above,
May not be last to share truth's liberty !

O, may love's daughters, may the pure in heart,
Unite with thee, to pray thy blessed Son,
That wrong and evil may from earth depart,
And all our kindred hearts be linked in one !

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

There is a star no gloom can shroud,
A hope no woe can sever ;
A ray that through the darkest cloud
Shines smilingly forever !

Then, humble christian, fearless go,
Though darkest woes assail thee ;
Though dangers press, and sorrows flow,
This hope shall never fail thee !

HUMBLY I BOW.

Humbly I bow before thy throne,
Almighty maker true !
And yield that praise to thee alone,
To thee alone is due.
Thy anger at thy chosen land
Hath sunk my spirit low,
Yet still I bless the tender hand
That deals a heavy blow.

The happiness that I have known
In childhood and in youth,

The pleasures that were round me strewn
When every joy was truth,
Are vanished like the morning dream
That brightened o'er my way,
Whose hope was but a meteor gleam
To lead my feet astray.

My soul hath been inclined from birth
To idols false and fair,
But mercy's hand hath stooped to earth,
And broke the fatal snare —
The laughing light of joy is flown
With days of other years,
And now my heart is left alone
In darkness and in tears.

But not in darkness am I left
If thou, my God, art nigh ;
The heart of earthly hope bereft
Hath then a hope on high —
The humble soul that loves the lord
Shall in the storm endure,
And he that trusts his holy word
Shall find his ransom sure.

THE VISION OF DAVID.

II SAMUEL : CHAP. XXIII.

I rose ere the darkness did depart,
And a song to the just one sung,
For the spirit of God was in my heart,
And his word was on my tongue.

To me the mouth of the vision said,
The restorer of Judah see !
Who bleeds like the slain among the dead,*
Yet is fetterless and free.

“ And he shall be like the light of the sun,
When he breaks through the morning clouds,
And walk with the strength of a mighty one
Through the darkness that enshrouds.

“ The hearts of men shall rejoice at his birth,
And their hopes shall rise full fain,
As the tender plant springs out of the earth
By a shining after rain.”

And though my home be not with the lord,
But in places far away,
Yet still my heart shall trust in his word,
And wait for the dawning day.

* Ps. 88: 5.

And though the plant which his hand hath set,
Should droop in the desert low,
My hope shall await its flourishing yet,
Though he make it not to grow.

1828.

—

BEFORE THY THRONE.

Before thy throne, my God, my king !
Behold me humbly bow ;
My only solace thou wilt bring,
My only saviour thou.

My heart hath long been led astray
By pleasure and by sin,
And earthly joys had found the way
Immortal hopes to win.

But thanks to that exhaustless love,
Which taught my soul to feel
The impulses that from above
Eternal joys reveal.

Earth shall no more my heart divide,
Nor shall its pleasures see
The hour that turns my soul aside
From Christ, and heaven, and thee. 1828.

OH, FOR A HUMBLE HEART.

Oh, for a humble heart and clean
A faithful heart and true,
A heart that will not turn to sin,
For all that sin can do !

A tender heart that feels the force
Of counsel from above,
That looks for virtue to its source,
And dwells with God by love.

Then pleasure to my heart shall come
By courses fair and free,
And virtuous joy shall swell the sum
Of sacred sympathy.

And should the sorrows I have known
Again my steps invade,
Some friendly angel from the throne
Would fly to give me aid.

1828.

HOW HAPPY IS THE HUMBLE SOUL.

How happy is the humble soul
Whose hope is in the sky !
How sweet to own the blest control
Of majesty most high !

When all the pleasures earth can yield
Are vanished from the breast,
The soul hath then a spacious field,
A heritage of rest.

A thousand sorrows o'er the heart
Their heavy wheels may roll,
The keenest pangs they may impart,
But cannot crush the soul.

Sweet hope shall come in sorrow's hour
And fan the vital spark,
Destined to brave oblivion's power
And shine when suns are dark.

1823.

THERE IS A STAR.

There is a star no gloom can shroud —
A hope no wo can sever —
A ray that through the darkest cloud
Shines smilingly forever !

When nature spreads the shades of night,
With scarce one hope of morrow,
That star shall shed serenest light,
To gild the tear of sorrow.

When melancholy's silent gloom
Enshrouds the heart with sadness,
That ray shall issue from the tomb,
To fill the breast with gladness.

Then humble christian, fearless go,
Though darkest woes assail thee ;
Though dangers press and troubles flow,
This hope shall never fail thee.

1823.

MORNING.

FROM PRUDENTIUS.

Darkness, and mists, and the clouds of night
Confusing and covering the earth, are sped,
For the morning dawns, and the heavens are bright —
So Christ appeared and delusion fled.

1823.

THEY HEARD HIS WORDS WITH SCORN.

They heard his words with scorn, and cried “ Is this
not Joseph’s son ?
And whence hath he the wondrous power to be some
mighty one ?

Are not his brethren here with us, and who hath ever
seen
The day a noble deed was done by servile Nazarene?"

The humble sufferer bowed his head, and passing
through the crowd,
With patience saw their scornful smiles, and heard
their tauntings loud ;
He saw the ox returning to his owner's nightly shed,
But found no friendly dwelling there to rest his weary
head.

He passed along where Cedron's brook divides the
humble vale,
And heard their sounds of revelry come down the
evening gale ;
He entered then a garden lone, whose gate invited
there,
And kneeling spent the tedious night in solitude and
prayer.

Hark ! heard ye not the dreadful cry that rent the
yielding air ?
And saw ye not the gathering gloom on faces of des-
pair ?
And mark ye not the astonished dead, slow-bursting
from their graves,
Beneath whose kindling feet the earth heaves high
like rolling waves !

And who is he on yon white horse, whose eyes are
eyes of flame ?
And on his head are many crowns, and on his thigh
a name,
And he is clad in vesture red, dipped in his own best
blood —
He *was* — the trembling nations cry — he *is* the Son
of God !

1823.

THOU WHO FROM THY THRONE ABOVE.

Thou who from thy throne above,
Send'st around the smile of love ;
Listening to the holy hymn
Of enraptured seraphim :
Thou, who rulest all things well,
All in heaven, in earth, in hell ;
Deign to make our wants thy care,
Hear, oh hear thy children's prayer !

Thou who left thy throne above,
Bearer of eternal love ;
Leaving all the joys on high,
For our souls to bleed and die ;
Thou who rising from the grave,
Proved to man thy power to save ;
Thou who all our sins didst bear,
Saviour ! hear our humble prayer !

Thou, who leadest those who stray
From the true and living way,
Dwelling with the humble soul,
Yielding to thy mild control ;
Thou, whose pure and gentle part
Is to heal the broken heart ;
Thou who savest from the snare,
Holy spirit, hear our prayer !

God of christians ! thee we pray,
Lead us in the chosen way,
Where the lion cannot harm,
Where the serpent cannot charm ;
Keep us from the paths of sin,
Keep us from the joys that win,
Save us from the hunter's snare,
God of mercies hear our prayer !

1823.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY.

Oh God ! how glad the spirit glows
By thee preserved from ill,
When round it grace her vesture throws,
And teaches it thy will ;
Sustaining it o'er earthly woes,
Thy purpose to fulfil !

The pride of lore — the hours of mirth —
The things the wealthy prize —
The sweetest scenes of sea and earth —
The glories of the skies —
In that pure hour, have their true worth,
In faith's exalted eyes.

To stretch the sight beyond the place
Of the remotest star —
To see, across the realms of space,
The gates of life unbar —
Must all the joys of time deface,
And all earth's beauties mar.

The pains the soul is doomed to feel,
And oft must bear alone —
The shocks when earth's deep thunders peal,
And ocean lifts its moan —
Will be repaid, when we shall kneel
Before thy burning throne.

1831.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

What star is that o'er Bethlehem,
So lovely and so lone,
That shines like a celestial gem,
Or blazing sapphire stone?

It is the star which God has sent
To point the sacred place,
Where sleeps an infant innocent,
Born to redeem our race.

And who are they, with shining wing,
That gleam along the sky ?
They are an heavenly host, who sing
“Glory to God, most high !”

“This day is born, in Bethlehem,
A Saviour, who shall be
The wearer of the diadem,
When Sion shall be free.”

The shepherds leave the pastures wild,
Where with their flocks they strayed,
And haste to see the holy child,
Within the manger laid.

And then was heard the song again
Along the distant sky ;
“Peace to the world ! good will to men !
Glory to God, most high !”

THE MOURNING OF RIZPAH.

II SAMUEL, XXI, 8.

What maiden is that on the mountain brown ?
Is it a spirit from heaven come down,
To wander and weep for the woes of men,
Till God shall receive her to bliss again ?

And why does she kneel on the earth so bare ?
And what does she do with that sackcloth hair,
Which she folds over somewhat the earth cannot
hold,
As if she would cover a treasure of gold ?

The season of gleaning is come in the land,
And the harvest of barley is ripe for the hand,
But the ears of the grain are all scattered and thin,
And the reapers are downcast, and loth to begin.

For the sky o'er their heads is a cloudless one,
And the fields, they are parched by the heat of the
sun ;
The grass is all burnt upon Gibeah's crown,
For months have gone by since the rain came down.

'T is the daughter of Aiah, the handmaid of Saul,
That mourns for her sons, in their sorrowful fall,
Who were slain for their father's unfortunate feud,
When the men of Chephirah demanded their blood.

And their bodies now lie on the brow of the hill,
When the sun-beam is hot, and the night air chill ;
And their mother spreads by them the sackcloth hair,
And weeps for her children, late blooming so fair.

Oh what with the love of a mother can vie ?
The longest of loves upon earth that can die ;
Even death in its saddest and shamefulst form,
Cannot chill an affection that burneth so warm !

The vulture at noon-day soars over her head,
And screams for her share of the unburied dead,
And when night with its darkness has blackened the
air,
The eyes of the wolf and the jackal are there.

But with love undismayed and unwearied still,
She sits there alone on the brow of that hill,
To watch and to weep o'er the perishing dead,
'Till the shower-drops of heaven shall fall on their
head.

For she deems that the bones of her children will lie
Unblest in their grave, if the peaceable sky
Pour not down its rain drops in mercy before
Their desolate forms are with earth covered o'er.

“ My blooming Armoni, my beautiful boy !
How quenched is the flame of thy fond mother's joy ;

The hyena has come from his lair in the wild,
For my first born, my darling, my beautiful child !

And thou, whose fair hair clusters round thy cold
brow,
Like a golden edged cloud o'er a mountain of snow,
How vain are the hopes I had cherished for thee ;
How perished the honors that never can be.

No more can ye wander by Galilee's wave,
Or join the delights of the young and the brave ;
The daughter of Aiah must mourn like the roe,
Which the hunter has chased, and whose young are
laid low.

Oh, when will the sweet rain of heaven descend,
That my watch of the wolf and the vulture may end ?
Less dreadful than man, in their hunger they spare
To the heart of a mother the child of her care ! ”

1831.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

Oh blest redeemer of mankind !
Whose deep, untiring love
For souls immortal, lost and blind,
Once brought thee from above ;

A sad and painful life to lead,
For us to weep and die,
Till from thy last sad anguish freed,
Thy soul went up on high.

The gifts of earth we covet not,
Nor seek to shun its care,
Contented with thy humble lot,
And but thy strength to bear.

To thee our humble prayer ascends,
Let not our hope be vain,
That when this earthly conflict ends,
Of sorrow and of pain;

When all the ills of life have ceased,
It was our lot to see,
From all our mortal cares released,
Our souls may dwell with thee.

1831.

ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP HOBART.

He stood upon the holy wall,
That guards the christian land ;
He fell, as good man e'er should fall,
With the cross in his right hand.

His mortal race is now outworn,
He sleeps beneath the sod ;
And well, for he has bravely borne
The banner of his God.

Weep we for him ? — we do not weep !
The good man cannot die !
Devoted hearts his virtues keep,
His spirit seeks the sky.

For years he dared the holy fight,
Assailed by death and hell,
And like a warder through the night,
He kept the city well.

The spirits of the martyred brave
Received him as he rose ;
And high their crimson banners wave,
Rejoicing o'er his foes.

Delighted memory has hung
A wreath upon his name ;
And warm from many a christian's tongue
Flow praises to his fame.

1881.

SACRED MELODY.

I have dwelt long enough on the past,
Sweet hope ! let me turn now to thee !

Though the pleasures of youth cannot last,
 Yet the favors of heaven are free.
Though the soul may be cheerless and dark,
 And the bosom be tainted with sin,
Yet grace holds a branch from the ark,
 To welcome the wanderer in.

There's a pleasure unspeakably pure,
 To the soul that is ardent and true,
When the mercies of heaven allure,
 And brighten the spirit anew.
Though the friendships that lighten the heart
 In this wearisome life may be flown,
The redeemer will never depart,
 Nor leave us to struggle alone.

1881.

RACHEL'S TOMB.

And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath,
which is Bethlehem.

And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar
of Rachel's grave unto this day.—*GENESIS XXXIV, 19, 20.*

Along the wild and lonely way
 That stretches from Ephratah far,
The pilgrim stops at close of day,
 Ere glows the silent evening star,
While summer flow'rets round him bloom,
 To rest his steps at Rachel's tomb.

It soothes him in that desert place,
And gives a pleasure to the scene,
Some mark of human life to trace,
And be where dwellers once have been.
The loneliness has less of dread,
Even with the presence of the dead !

The Saracen and Christian there
At noontide hour securely rest ;
Forget their hatred and their care
In mutual vision of the blest.
They think but of the Hebrew bride.
The gentle mother there that died.

The beautiful devoted wife,
Who made her husband's exile dear,
In that lone place resigned her life,
And shed her latest human tear.
There as the Arab wanderer kneels,
A softer feeling o'er him steals.

That simple tomb upon the plain
Longer than cities shall abide !
The love of Rachel will remain,
When memory of kings has died.
So holy is affection's tear,
That nature keeps it ever dear.

NAHANT CHURCH.

The night of untold ages slept upon Nahant's dark rocks ;
The sea in mournful murmurs wept, or rolled its thunder shocks ;
The only temple was the cave, which God's own hand did form ;
Its anthem, the resounding wave, in the dark ocean storm !

A pilgrim band, from distant land, for freedom's worship sought ;
The cross they bore to this lone shore its mighty lesson taught —
The worship of the one true God, whose all was dark before ;
And christian churches blest the sod, once drenched in human gore.

To-day, O God ! to thee we bow, with grateful hearts to praise ;
O bless this goodly temple now, which to thy love we raise ;
Here may thy truth, to age and youth, pour forth its heavenly light ;
And if we err, thy grace confer, humbly to find the right.

As in thy ancient temple, Lord, thy blest Sechinah¹
dwelt,
Here may thy glory be adored, thy presence still be
felt ;
And when each heart has borne its part of worship
here below,
Receive each soul to that blest goal, where joys eter-
nal flow.

HARVEST HOME.

We thank thee, God of harvest home ! for what thy
love bestows ;
For all the varied providence that from thy bounty
flows ;
We thank thee for the vernal showers, that fertilized
the ground ;
We praise thee for the genial suns, that all man's
labor crowned.

We thank thee, God of harvest home ! for all our
wealth of grain ;
For the tall wheat, whose waving moss, like ocean
filled the plain ;
We thank thee for the fruitful store of bright and
yellow corn,
Whose golden heaps luxuriant our fertile fields adorn.

We thank thee, God of harvest home ! for all thy
fruit so fair ;
The apple with its yellow cheek, the ripe and mellow
pear,
The downy peach, the luscious plum, the purple-clus-
tered vine,
And the bright show of radiant flowers that in our
gardens shine.

We thank thee, God of harvest home ! far more than
we may tell ;
We thank thee for the fragrant hay that fills our
barns so well ;
We praise thee for the varied gifts that form our har-
vest feast,
And the choice store of healthful roots, sweet food
for man and beast.

We thank thee, God of harvest home ! that while in
other lands
Pale famine stalks and sweeps away their fever strick-
en bands,
Our homes are blest with health and love, with plenty
and with joy,
While social and domestic peace yield bliss without
alloy.

We thank thee, God of harvest home ! for all that
we partake ;

Then let our hearts with gratitude their hymn of praise
awake ;
And when, our day of labor past, death's harvest
hour shall come,
May all our souls, like ripened fruit, be safely gath-
ered home.

THE SECOND ADVENT.²

Age after age had rolled away,
The lamp of truth grew dim ;
The cup of sin, increasing aye,
Was filling to the brim ;
How *could* I come to such as they ?
Not mine their vesper hymn.

Age after age still passed away ;
I looked for truth and love ;
Few were the hearts to heaven to pray,
Few sought for light above ;
The spirit's flame was quenched alway,³
Failing cold hearts to move.

I sent my servants oft of yore ;⁴
How many have ye slain ?
Ask of the hill-tops dyed with gore !

Ask of the purple main !
From forest cane to temple floor,
Their red blood flowed like rain !

And are ye ready *now* for me ?
Burn not your lamps yet dim ?
Will ye *again* prepare the tree ?
Again extend the limb ?
I sent my messenger to see —⁵
How have ye treated him ?

When shall I cease for sin to groan ?
Cold echo answers — When ?
I 'm weary still on heaven's throne,⁶
Waiting the thoughts of men —
When shall I come to claim my own ?
When earth is ready — Then !

EARLY PIETY.

'T was on the twenty-ninth of March, in eighteen
forty-six,
Two gentle maidens humbly knelt before the crucifix,
The image of their offered lord, whose mild, resplendent face,
To faith's strong eye, transcendantly, with glory filled
the place.

Those maids were fair, of beauty rare, by pleasure
unenticed ;
And there they knelt, where glory dwelt, beneath the
feet of Christ ;
And as the bishop's hands were raised, their youth-
ful sins forgiven
Through him who died, the crucified, gave up their
youth to heaven.

It is a sight of pure delight to angels in the sky,
To see the fruits of early faith brought to the throne
on high ;
To see young hearts, ere youth departs, obey the
will divine,
Yielding the soul to love's control before heaven's
holy shrine.

Sorrow may come to those young hearts, and trials
dark and dread ;
Their paths in life, through years of strife, may be
by ills o'erspread ;
Their dearest hopes on earth may fail, their joys by
tears be dewed ;
But there's one friend, till heaven shall end, will
keep his promise good.

REPLY TO A KIND INVITATION.

"He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

He came unto the tribe he loved,
And they received him not ;
But with the pure and truthful
Who knew his humble lot,
He found a cheerful welcome,
In cottage and in grot.

Solyma's splendid halls could yield
No place to lay his head !
Even while he wrought their welfare,
They gave him stones for bread !
Yet when like wolves his life they sought,
For them he freely bled !

How much more right and noble
Are ye in these good days,
When truth and love are taking place
Of those old selfish ways !
And kindness o'er all the earth
Extends her genial rays !

For all the love and kindness
Which ye have lavished free,
The rich reward of Jesus Christ
Your recompence shall be ;
For what ye did the least of these,
Ye did it unto me !

LINES WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.

Within the pages of this book,
Lady, a sacred treasure lies ;
Blest is the heart that loves to look,
While he who shuns and scorns it, dies.

'T is not while youth and health are thine,
That thou this treasure most wilt love ;
When beauty's charms around thee shine,
And joys thy passions move ;

But when misfortune's blast shall blow,
And youth and beauty's charms are gone ;
When age shall shed its wintry snow,
And sorrow's trials shall come on ;

Then if thou here hast fixed thy love,
Thou wilt its priceless value see ;
With it, thy hopes immortal prove ;
Without it, what would all things be ?

INDIAN SONGS.

INDIAN DEATH SONG.

Sassacus, the last great Sachem of the Pequod Indians, was killed in 1637. The following death song is supposed to have been sung by the Mohawk warriors, after they had slain his murderer.

Great Sassacus fled from the eastern shores,
Where the sun first shines and the wide sea roars ;
For the white men came from the world afar,
And their fury burnt like the blazing star !

His sannaps were slain by their thunder's power,
And his children fell like the blighted flower ;
His wigwams are burnt by the white man's flame,
And the home of his youth has a stranger's name !

His ancestor once was our countryman's foe,
And the arrow was placed in the new-strung bow ;
The wild deer ranged through the forest free,
While we fought with his tribe by the distant sea !

But the foe never came to the Mohawk's tent,
With his hair untied, and his bow unbent,
And found not the blood of the wild deer shed,
And the calumet lit, and the bear-skin bed !

But sing ye the death-song, and kindle the pine,
And bid its broad light like his valor to shine ;
Then raise high his pile by our warrior's heaps,
And tell to his tribe that his murderer sleeps !

THE SACHEM'S DEATH.

The ocean rolled in its beauty and pride,
And the fair moon shone on the waters wide,
When an indian maid on the shadowy shore,
Stood watching the gleam of her chieftain's oar.

It rose and fell in the waters blue,
At the glimmering side of the birch canoe ;
But 't was still as if rowed by a spectre hand,
Till the light keel struck on the sparkling sand.

Then stepped on the shore a stately form,
And he clasped the maid to a bosom warm ;
And long on his neck that loved one hung,
While their talk was low in the indian tongue.

'To-morrow,' she said, 'thou shalt go to the fight,
To-morrow, at dawn ; but, O, not to-night !
'T is long, Onnahahton, since last we met—
O, stay but an hour, till the moon be set !'

'Ere that moon shall set,' the warrior replied,
'Thou must fly with me o'er the favoring tide ;
We will bear our children and parents afar,
Where white men can no more our happiness mar !'

'They have taken the realm our ancestors gave ;
They have thrown their chains o'er the land and the
wave !

The forest is wasted with sword and with flame,
And what have we left but our life and our name ?

'Our name ! the great spirit has cursed it, they say,
Because that we build him not houses as they !
And our lives ! even now they have brightened the
spear,
And their band, ere the sleep of the moon, will be
here !'

They turned—for a scream, as of murder, arose !
And then came the shout and the thunder of foes !
And a flame, than the moon more broad and bright,
Went up, as she set, in the darkness of night !

They looked on the home of their happier days,
Their parents, their children were food for the blaze !

They knew it was vain to their succor to fly,
They must gaze on their last mortal anguish or die.

They fled to their boat, where it lay on the sand,
But the ball had been aimed by too fatal a hand !
And the chief, where he fell by his birch canoe,
Was pierced by their cold steel bayonets through !

And long on the sand there that fond mother lay,
While the tide washed the blood of her chieftain
away ;
Then she arose and looked round on that desolate
place,
And went far through the forest, the last of her race !

THE LAST OF THE SAUGUS TRIBE.

It was the custom of an aged Indian woman, the last of the Saugus tribe, the feeble remnant of whom had removed to a spot on the banks of the Merrimack river, now the site of the city of Lowell, to visit the place of her nativity, near Nahant, in the autumn of every year; when, having gathered shell-fish and eaten, she would walk slowly and sadly away.

The fields in their autumn tints were dyed,
And the forest was clad in its robes of pride ;
The oak in brown and purple was dight,
And the walnut's mantle was yellow and bright ;

And O ! 't was a beautiful sight, to see
The scarlet leaves of the maple tree !

The birch was spotted with paly blue,
And of brownish red was the ash leaf's hue,
And the crimson berries in clusters hung,
That glowed as the branch in the sunlight swung ;
And the purple moss, with its mellow locks,
Like a cushion lay on the shaded rocks.

But the beautiful cedar, and lofty pine,
In whose shade the evergreen loves to twine,
Changed not their robes with the fading scene,
But kept on their mantle of summer green ;
Like virtue and friendship, that alter not,
In the varied scenes of our earthly lot !

An indian woman, with looks of woe,
Came out from the forest, sedate and slow,
The weight of years on her brow was spread,
And she seemed like a messenger from the dead.
She stood on a hill, whose treeless brow
Looked down on the ocean that rolled below.

Beside her the fields in their beauty glowed,
Whence the farmer was bearing the harvest load ;
And she thought of the time when over the ground
She had seen the red deer of the forest bound ;

When every leaf of the wood was stirred
By the unscared foot of the joyous bird !

Before her Nahant in its beauty lay,
And its shadow was stretched o'er the sunny bay ;
And the scene rose bright on her thoughtful mind,
Of the years which time had left behind ;
When one whom she loved, from the shadowy cliff,
Each morning went forth in his birchen skiff.

And then came the time when her children played
Mid the beautiful flowers of the forest glade ;
Or over the beach in their joyfulness run,
As glad as the birds in the showers and sun ;
But all whom she loved or remembered were gone,
And she stood in her age and her sorrow, alone !

Then she went to the shore, and with faltering hand,
She dug in the damp and the shining sand ;
And she chanted a lowly song, and smiled
When the beautiful shells beside her were piled ;
For she thought of the days when she drest the food
For her hunter, who came with his bow from the
wood !

And then on the beach, where the storm-tide and
blast
The fragments of wrecks in their fury had cast,

She sought the dry fuel, and kindled the blaze,
And feasted and sung as in happier days.
Then slowly and sadly she went from the shore,
And her footsteps were seen in the forest no more !

LEGEND OF HUMFREY'S POND.

By the pond, with lilies laden,
 Long time ago,
Dwelt a lovely Indian maiden,
 Purer than snow.

Her dark chieftain from the highland,
 Long time ago,
Oft she met on that lone island
 Where lilies grow.

But the white men's bark came over,
 Long time ago,
And they slew her dusky lover,
 Ah me, the woe !

Still that faithful love she treasured,
 Long time ago,
Till her weary hours were measured,
 Where she lies low.

O'er the mound above their ashes,
 Long time ago,
Drooped a birch tree's fragrant lashes,
 Slender and low.

But the birch tree, that has perished,
 Silent and slow,
Like the love she fondly cherished,
 Long time ago.

SONG OF AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

The camp's rude sounds were hushed in sleep,
And not a star-beam lit the deep !
All silent, save the frequent wave,
That rippled round the sailor's grave ;
All, save the watchful warder's tread,
On the dark heights of Naugus' head,
And the dull water from the oar,
As the slow barge approached the shore.

In rest from duty of the day,
The soldier on his pallet lay,
No more with wo his bosom bled,
His thoughts of war and death were fled.

In the sweet spell that fancy twined,
Bright as her day-dream, he reclined
In gentle arms, and heard the tale
Of love, in his dear native vale !

Heard ye the sound that broke his dream ?
Was it the night bird's boding scream ?
The coming billow's sudden swell ?
Or hour-call of the sentinel ?
Loud through the valley pass it rings,
Shrill o'er the slumbering lake it sings,
Breaking the soldier's dream of beauty,
And calling him from sleep to duty.

The cannon's voice is loud and hoarse,
And fast the musket volleys pour ;
The morn shall see the foeman's corse
Lie weltering on the sandy shore !

An indian troop, at set of sun,
Stood where the forest waters run,
Deep in the silent hemloc wood,
The forest's darkest solitude ;
And there the secret plan they lay
To sweep the white men from the day !

When midnight drew his mantle's fold
O'er silent lake and mountain bold,
Their boats were launched, their band was lead

Beneath the steep cliff's rocky head ;
And there a dark eye watched to tell
The moment when the warder fell.
But his accustomed ear was quick,
And caught the sound of crackling stick.
A moment more — a single one —
The forest echoes to the gun ;
And, springing up, the warrior band
Stood ready on the mountain strand.
Flash followed flash, with echo deep,
That broke the panther's distant sleep.
The little band stood gathered there,
And fought in darkness and despair !
Nor could they see the foe to quell,
Save when the rain clouds flashes fell.
The thunder, through the rending cloud,
Rolls like an earthquake long and loud,
And from the gulf the blinding flash
Goes shivering through the mountain ash ;
The flame mounts up sublime and tall,
And fast the crackling branches fall.
It shines across the forest lake,
Aiding the band their aim to take ;
And the bright morning sun could tell
How many an Indian hunter fell.
Their youthful chief in silence found,
In that night his fatal wound ;
And bleeding on the forest shore,
Was heard his death song thus to pour.

Oh, tell my tale, ye winds of eve :
That the maids of Arracon may grieve.
No more the maidens shall rejoice
At the sound of Matinaldo's voice.
To-morrow the sun of my fame shall set,
O'er the sun-bright waters of Arolette.
No more these hands shall bend the bow,
And bring to the earth the mountain roe ;
No more my arrows, fleet and true,
Shall pierce the soaring eagle through.
The chiefs of Mohegin will raise the song,
And the warwhoop shall sound through the forest long.
The foe shall sing on the battle plain,
And the sannaps of Uncas exult o'er the slain.
My hatchet shall sleep in an unhonored grave,
Nor ever be dyed in the blood of the brave ;
I shall die in my youth, in the morn of my fame,
And earth will forget Matinaldo's name.
Yet thy son, oh my father ! exults in his doom,
And dauntless shall seek Miantonomo's tomb.

SLAVE SONGS.

LAMENT FOR THE SLAVE.

Behold the sun, which gilds yon heaven — how beau-
teous it appears !

And must it shine to light a world of warfare and of
tears ?

Shall human passion ever sway this glorious world
of God,

And beauty — wisdom — happiness — sleep with the
trampled sod ?

Shall peace ne'er lift her banner up ? Shall truth
and reason cry ?

And men oppress them down with worse than an-
cient tyranny ?

Shall all the lessons time has taught, be so long
taught in vain ?

And earth be steeped in human tears, and groan
with human pain ?

See yon dark Afric lift his brow against the burning
sun,

And plead with God to take his life, ere yet the day
be done !

Behold that female falling faint with ceaseless stripes
and toil,

And breathing out her burthened life on freedom's
blood-drenched soil !

See slavery raise her iron hand to cause a sea of
tears,

To which her ills in ancient time a slender rill ap-
pears !

And see the red man flying far before his christian
foe !

Whose causeless vengeance overwhelms his father-
land with wo.

They 've seized the realm, they 've drawn the sword,
they 've shed the red man's blood —

They 've poured the tears of Afric's sons in one dark
deadly flood —

They 've placed their foot on human hearts ! The
cup of wrath is red,

And darkly dashing down will come on every guilty
head.

Will he who sees the sparrow fall — who hears the
orphan cry —
Stand still, and look with pleasure on, while souls
by thousands die ?
Souls that are rending heaven with groans, and cries,
and ceaseless tears !
And bleeding fast beneath the stripes and gathered
ills of years !
Is this a time for triumph's shout, or passion's rank-
ling spite,
When woes are gathering o'er the land, darker than
Egypt's night ?
Is this a time to call the shades of ancient party up,
When a bright angel stands alone, with his hand
upon the cup,
Ready to reach its mantling brim to those who have
caused the pain
Of million hearts, and given the dregs for their
parched lips to drain ?
Should not knees be bent — and hearts be joined —
and men unite to pray,
That the gathering ills o'er this lovely land may
speedily pass away ?
Let all, who duty and truth regard, unite, with an
honest aim,
That virtue be nought but a meteor light, and free-
dom an empty name.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

The following ballad relates an affecting incident which literally occurred in Kentucky, in the year 1831. Let no one say that slavery is endurable, when it produces such awful effects as these.

*Let none these marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God! — BYRON.*

The day had not begun to dawn ;
The sun behind the hills
Had far to journey, ere his rays
Should gild the mountain rills.

A woman with three little ones
Came from a lowly shed ;
And by the hand, with tender care,
Those little ones she led.

The mother seemed forlorn and faint,
From wounds that late had bled ;
They seemed, as they were passing on,
Like shadows of the dead !

The eldest was a slender boy,
Some six warm summers old ;
The others were two little girls,
All lovely to behold.

‘Where are we going, mother, now?’
The little brother spoke ;

‘Oh, I was dreaming a sweet dream,
Just as we all awoke !’

‘We’re going but a little way,
My children, come along ;
You cannot think a mother’s hand
Would lead her loved ones wrong !

‘When I was old as you, my son,
I can remember well,
How I was brought across the sea,
With wicked men to dwell !

‘They tore me from my mother’s arms,
And brought me here to toil,
And every day my tears and blood
Have dewed this hated soil !

‘Last evening I was beat again,
Though faint as I could be !
No, children, such a wretched fate
You shall not live to see !’

They stopped beside a crystal spring,
That in the valley flowed ;
Just as the first faint gleam of dawn
Along the valley glowed !

The morning showed those little ones
Were like the sable night ;
But well the wretched mother knew
Their gentle souls were white !

She took her little, darling babes,
And put them in the spring !
It would have grieved a human heart
To see so sad a thing !

She held her children in the spring
Until they all were dead !
But though her heart was wrenched outright,
Yet not a tear she shed !

Let none who knows not suffering
That mother cruel call !
It was that she had felt so much,
She did not feel at all !

She laid her little loved ones there,
Three children cold as clay !
And there, beside the meadow spring,
She kissed them where they lay !

The wretched mother turned away,
With none her griefs to heed ;
Then up the valley she returned,
Again to toil and bleed !

AHMED AND ZAYDA.

*By Afric's wrongs, strange, horrible and foul,
To thee the past, to thee the future cries! — COLERIDGE.*

Their parting hour was come. The rolling wave
That bore them fettered from their native land,
Was pouring on their ear a heavy sound,
The mockery of freedom ! Once that voice
Was joyous, as the song of mother's love
Over her sleeping child. Once the glad swell
Of waters, and of ocean winds, that struck
The cliffs and reedy fringes of their shore,
Gave out a voice of liberty. But now
Those weeping waters told that they were slaves !

Oh, what a world of wretchedness is cooped
Within the limits of that little word —
A slave ! The ills of earth are numerous —
Pain, sickness, sorrow, poverty, and wrong,
Dark calumny, heartless neglect, the pang
Of broken friendship, crushed affection, sense
Of vanished pleasure flitted from the grasp
Of hope's recall — but what are these, or all
That poetry may image, or the heart
Of human anguish suffer, to the deep,
Dark, desolate, immedicable wo
Of slavery, bound on the soul for life !

They felt that they were slaves ! — for how
Could they but feel when round their naked limbs

The driver's lash was curling! — every stroke
Followed by blood, which down the shrinking form
Of female innocence — that never knew
The taste of tears, till severed from her home —
Flowed in red courses to the greedy sand!

Yes, they were slaves ; but still their very woes
Made them but dearer to each other's heart !
They thought upon the days, when joyously
They wandered in Dahomey's happy groves,
And listened, in the red morn's glowing hour,
To the cicala's song ; or heard the gush
Of rippling waters, and of cooling winds,
While from the bosom of the glittering sea
The bright round moon went up. Oh there was joy,
And peace, and innocence. But now the hand
Of tyranny had wrenched their bleeding hearts
From all they loved — from all, but from themselves !
And they must now be severed !

What must be

The anguish of the heart, when all its joys,
And hopes, and fears, and fondest memories,
And burning expectations of delight,
Are all concentrated in one living form,
One life, one thought, one breath ! and then to think,
To know, to feel, the sad reality,
That *that* must part forever ?

Such the grief
Which rent young Ahmed's heart, when round the
neck
Of Zayda, for the last, last time, he threw
The manly arm, that in the wood had torn
The tiger's jaws, and saved her from his rage !
But vain was now that sinewy arm to keep
The lash from curling round the tender form
He loved far more than life ! He bore it long,
Resolved to linger in a last embrace,
Till hope could breathe no more. Each way he
turned
To save her from unfeeling, tyrant rage,
Which would not spare one little fleeting hour
Of parting, from their murdered life of love !

The driver's voice was loud, and faster fell
The heavy blows, till he could bear no more.
He turned, and threw one pleading look to heaven,
Another of defiance at the wretch
Clad in human form, resolved to move
No more from the last thing on earth he loved !
A blow down sweeping from the loaded whip
Came on his throbbing temple, and he sunk,
Stunned, bleeding, lifeless, at his Zayda's feet.
She stood — but shrieked not — gazing — till she fell
Across his bleeding form — heart-broken — dead !

SONGS OF FREEDOM.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Columbia ! land of liberty !
How bright thy mountains rise,
In all their native majesty,
To the rejoicing skies !
I love to climb thy sunlit cliffs,
O'er which the eagle soars ;
And view the joyous tossing skiffs,
That bound along thy shores !

To me how dear the melodies,
Thy wild birds wake at morn ;
Which winds are wafting through the trees
And o'er the yellow corn.

Nor would I, as I brush away
 The dewdrops with my feet,
Molest the violets, that lay
 So lovely and so sweet !

I love the valleys filled with bees,
 Along this blooming land ;
And all the rustic cottages,
 That in their beauty stand !
Within those loved and peaceful domes,
 So quiet and so fair ;
How many sweet and joyous homes,
 And happy hearts are there !

And O, how beautiful the sight,
 Above the grove of pine,
To view, in morning's golden light,
 The village steeple shine !
The fane, where in my early youth,
 Was made the solemn vow ;
When holy drops, with words of truth,
 Fell on my artless brow !

Here too, the loved and lost have dwelt,
 With whom 't was sweet to roam ;
Who oft, in peaceful hope, have knelt,
 Within our happy home !
And here the loved and living dwell,
 The faithful and the few ;

Who bound by friendship's holy spell,
Are ever warm and true !

My native land! from out this heart,
Where gentlest passions move,
Each nobler feeling must depart
Ere I forego thy love !
Thy wood-girt lakes, thy joyous rills,
Thy wild and rocky shore,
The glorious freedom of thy hills —
I prize them more and more !

MY COUNTRY.

I love thee, my country ! the land of the free,
Where the pleasures of life in their plentitude reign,
Where freedom looks over the dark-rolling sea,
To greet the lone exile from tyranny's chain ;
Where the blessings of peace with religion entwine,
And the rights of the poor are acknowledged divine.

Where truth and devotion have taken the place
Of the gods that distracted the nations of yore,
While dark-thoughted bigotry shrinks in disgrace,
And sorrow and slavery fly from the shore ;

Where life in its honor and value appears,
And the fond smile of beauty its pleasures endears.

Go, ask the sun, as he rolls through the sky,
If ever he shone on a lovelier clime ?
If the mountains of Attica tower more high,
Or the rivers roll on more deep and sublime ?
If the gardens of Iran are brighter in bloom,
Or the roses send forth a sweeter perfume ?

Oh surely there is not a clime upon earth,
Where scenes are more dear, or where joys more
divine,
Than the home of my fathers, the land of my birth,
Where freedom, and peace, and contentment com-
bine
To banish the spectres of sorrow and strife,
And scatter love's flowers through the journey of life !

1828.

THE LAST SONG OF THE GREEKS

AT MISSOLONGHI.

Before the destruction of the fortress of Missolonghi, by the Turks, in 1826, the Greeks celebrated their own obsequies, and the venerable bishop Joseph administered to them the sacrament, and performed the service for the dead.

Morn came — and the war drum at dawning was beat,
And its notes found the heroes untired on their feet !

For through that dark midnight, the last they should
keep,
They had stood by their cannon unwelcomed by
sleep.

The first gleam of day showed the crescent afar,
And in the broad sunrise it glowed like a star,
Whose baleful effulgence should light to the grave
The best of the sons of the loyal and brave.

For weeks, and for months, they had famishing stood,
By the bomb-shattered wall that was red with their
blood ;
And the lances of christendom rusted afar,
With inglorious ease in that perilous war.

And now it was come — the last morn — the last
hour —
That the red-cross should float o'er the Moslem's
dread power ;
And the last hold of freedom on Grecia's wide strand,
Must succumb to the rage of the infidel's hand.

The staff of their freedom stands fast in the ground,
And the heroes undaunted are gathered around ;
And the bishop of Jesus, that white-haired old man,
Gives the last rite of faith to the patriot clan.

The words of the sacrament slowly are read,
And the bishop has offered the prayers for the dead

And lo ! at the cross each armed warrior bends ;
They rise — and the sweet solemn anthem ascends.

And now, ere the first peal of thunder has roared ;
The last song of perishing freedom has poured ;
It peals from the lips of the dauntless and free,
And the long notes roll out o'er the Levantine sea.

“ We will die ! we will die ! See our flag — ‘ t is on
high !

And yet freely it floats in a glorious sky !
‘ T is unsoled by the touch of a tyrant or slave,
And if it must fall it shall sleep on our grave.

They may tell us ‘ t were better to yield or to fly ;
But we ‘ ve sworn for our homes and our freedom to
die ;

Our fathers at Leuctra and Salamis bled,
And ne’er shall they say that their children have fled.

The armies of christendom round us are brave,
But they come not — they fly not — to shield and to
save ;
They may talk of their freedom in loud swelling
words,
But it sleeps with their valor — it rusts with their
swords.

We must perish as ever have perished the brave,
From Thermopylæ’s pass to Salonica’s wave !

'T is in vain, 't is in vain, with the mighty to strive,
For fate and the Turk and Zatana must drive.

But we've lifted our banner, we've planted our stone;
We will triumph in glory, or perish alone;
Our flag yet floats free o'er the Moslem's dark power,
And we've valor and strength to defend it an hour."

That hour is gone by, and the best of the Greeks
On the earth's crimson bosom have pillow'd their
cheeks;
And the baleful bright crescent, and broad Turkish
sword,
Are uplift o'er the cross of their Master and Lord.

1881.

ANTHEM.

SUNG JULY 4, 1827.

Our fathers came over the wide rolling sea,
To build them a home where their souls might be free.
They built them a home, and though tyranny came
To trample in darkness the new risen star,
Yet the spirit of liberty kindled a flame,
That will burn till it ransoms the nations afar,
Then let freedom rejoice from the hills to the sea,
And the people repeat, we are free! we are free!

Rejoice ! and let discord be banished away
From the lustre and love of this festival day !
Let the good and the brave in their praises unite,
And their orisons rise to the God of the soul,
That all chains may be broken of darkness and might,
And our spirits go forth as the waters that roll ;
Till our children shall shout from the hills to the sea,
And glad millions repeat, we are free ! we are free !

THE FLAG OF FREEDOM.

The flag of freedom floats in pride
Above the hills our fathers saved ;
It floats, as in the battle tide
Above the brave and good it waved.

It wakes the thought of other days,
When they, who sleep beneath its shade,
Stood foremost in the battle blaze,
And bared for us the patriot blade.

High o'er its stars our spirits leap,
To gratulate their deathless fame,
With them the jubilee to keep,
And hail our country's honored name.

Above the plains, above the rocks,
Above our fathers' honored graves,
Free from a thousand battle shocks,
Our striped and starry banner waves.

What was the price which bade it ride
Above our loved and native plains ?
And are there men would curb its pride,
And bind our eagle fast in chains ?

Spirit of Washington, awake !
And watch o'er freedom's chartered land ;
The battle peal again may break,
Again in arms thy children stand !

1831.

RESPONSIVE CHORUS.

The following stanzas were recited, July 4, 1827, by twenty-four girls, tastefully dressed, belonging to the second district school. The first section of thirteen bore a white silk banner, with the words "Original States;" the other section of eleven bore a banner with the inscription "New States."

ORIGINAL STATES.

We stood in the battle when tyranny came
To mantle our dwellings in slaughter and flame,
And who shall reproach us with ill ?

NEW STATES.

We have sprung from the soil, and the blood of the
free,
That was poured when you planted fair liberty's tree,
And our eagle first soared o'er yon hill.

ORIGINAL STATES.

We went forth to the shore when the tide was at
flood,
And our footsteps were marked by our children's
best blood
On that dark and that perilous day.

NEW STATES.

We have marked with delight the bold course you
pursued,
And would gladly be found with true virtue endued,
To follow your perilous way.

ORIGINAL STATES.

To speak our own praise may not haply be well,
But Bunker, and Yorktown, and Monmouth can tell,
That our hands were not slack in the fight.

NEW STATES.

Our years may not equal the strength of our love,
But Erie, and Plattsburgh, and Orleans can prove
That we will not abandon the right.

ALL.

Then hail to the land which gave liberty birth !
And hail to our country, the proudest on earth !
May no tyranny trample its shore ;

May its course be the march of the brave and the
free,
And our eagle soar high over mountain and sea,
Till the earth and the waves roll no more.

ANTHEM.

SUNG JULY 4, 1828.

Hark ! from the plains where our warriors have bled
A voice, as of millions, comes forth from the dead !
“ Sons of the free, who in battle have perished
For rights which the God of our being bestowed,
Guard well the flame that so long ye have cherished,
Nor bow your free necks beneath slavery’s load ! ”
Gladly we listen to accents so dear,
And cherish the lesson they leave to us here.

Sons of the free we were born, we were bred,
And free will we be till we dwell with the dead.
Then o’er the mounds where our ashes shall slumber,
Should tyranny trample our soil to deface,
Forth from our graves would we rush without number,
To rouse from their sleep our degenerate race !
Free e’en in death will our spirits remain,
Nor slumber in peace beneath tyranny’s chain.

God of our spirits ! to thee we appeal,
To sanction the glow which our bosoms must feel !
Proudly our country has borne the endeavor,
To gain her ascent with the nations of earth ;
Never may discord her union dissever,
Or anarchy triumph o'er virtue and worth !
Firm be our hearts, as the rocks of our shore,
In freedom to live, and in truth to adore.

THE UNION.

Good men and true ! who watch o'er freedom's fires !
The well-taught sons of brave and honest sires !
Here ye in rules of law and order dwell ;
Here life and liberty are guarded well ;
By wholesome fruit your garden now is graced ;
Let no rude hands combine to lay it waste !
Your soil a rich and fruitful harvest yields,
Now spreading far o'er all its thirty fields.
Pluck not the barriers of those fields away,
Giving their fruits to the wild beasts a prey !
Remember well the parable of old —
The thirty rods bound in one common fold,
Which could resist all strength to them applied,
But bent and broke at once when singly tried !

THE UNION AND FREEDOM.

Come to the rescue, come !
Our gallant ship of State
Lies beating on the Piercing rocks,
Where she has foundered late !
Her flag, all rent and soiled,
Is trailing in the flood !
Her patriot deck, so long unstained,
Is red with Sumner's blood !

Freedom and Fremont now
Shall be the battle-cry —
All faithful hands on board resolved
To conquer or to die !
Give to the wind once more
The star-flag of the free !
The flag that gallantly of yore
Floated triumphantly !

Though strained in every plank,
Battered by slavery's shocks,
The timely ground-swell coming in
Shall lift her from the rocks !
And bravely as of old,
When true souls manned her deck,
Right onward shall she safely float,
Secure from storm and wreck.

Man all the guns once more,
Each bravely at his post,
And let proud freedom's thunder roar,
Or our good ship is lost !
Of good live oak her frame,
Her captain true and brave,
Our gallant Constitution yet
Shall proudly crest the wave !

Come, like the men of old,
Who scorned a tyrant's rod,
And freely gave their warm heart's blood
To liberty and God !
Freedom and Fremont now
Shall be the battle-cry !
All faithful hands on board resolved
To conquer or to die !

Up with the gallant flag —
The good old flag of yore !
Her stars and stripes rude hands may drag
Through floods of patriot gore ;
Our souls they shall not crush,
Nor quench the patriot flame,
Nor give the pilgrim heritage
To slavery and shame !

FREEDOM'S SUMMONS.

Sons of freemen ! ye whose sires
Lighted freedom's early fires ;
Hear the song her voice inspires ;
Rouse ye at her call !

By the blood on Bunker shed,
When the bravest bowed his head,
When the noble Warren bled,
Forward, one and all !

Seek we not the battle ground,
Need we not the slaver's hound,
Stir we not the bugle's sound,
Strike we not the drum ! —

In the name of Washington,
In the might of Mary's son,
Be the deed of glory done —
To the rescue come !

*Come, as did the men of old
When their dearest rights were sold !*
In the strength which made *them* bold,
Let *our* hands be strong !

By the light that Israel led,
For the truths our fathers spread,
For the God they worshipped,
Will we right the wrong !

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
 We will break the tyrant's power,
 Though their blackest frowns may lower
 Over land and sea !

In the night of truth we stand,
 Freedom's true and fearless band ;
 Well we love our favored land,
 And it *shall* be *free* !

FREEDOM'S CALL.

Tune, "The Drum."

I.

O wake at the sound of our nation's appeal !
 'T is the loud voice of freedom that calls !
 Shall her sons fall asleep with the rust on their steel ?
 Shall the quick pulse of life no emotion reveal ?
 While the slave driver reigns,
 With his scourge and his chains —
 While the slave driver reigns in our halls !

II.

'T is the voice of the brave who at Lexington bled,
 That calls on their sons to be brave !

'T is the blood of our brethren at Leavenworth shed,
'T is the life-stream that flows from our senator's head
 When our Sumner is beat
 At an oligarch's feet—
When our Sumner is beat as a slave !

III.

Not the Afric alone to the tyrants must bow,
 But the fetters are over our souls !
The proud Anglo Saxon is manacled now !
And our daughters and sons, at the loom and the
 plow,
 The dark slave driver's lash,
 With its knot and its gash—
The dark slave driver's lash now controls !

IV.

The bandits have brandished the dirk and the cane
 O'er the noblest and best of the land !
Sweet woman is doomed to the whip and the chain ;
And he is shot down who but dares to complain
 Of the oligarch band
 That rule over the land —
Of the wrongs of the oligarch band !

V.

Shall our country, that boasts of her honor and worth,
 Resign her proud liberty's claim ?

Shall autocrats trample the glory to earth,
Of the nation that gave the great Washington birth,
 And exults at the sound,
 As 'tis wafted around—
And exults at the sound of his name ?

VI.

If we falter and fail, and to tyranny quail,
 Without boldness for freedom to speak,
We shall merit the fate of the recreant Gael,
And deserve that ourselves and our children should
 wail

 Where the ballot is vain,
 And the whip and the chain
Are held up in disdain o'er the weak !

VII.

Shall we slumber on now, when an arrogant band
 Would send us enthralled to our graves ?
Shall we timidly shrink, with the sword in our hand,
And leave to our children this beautiful land,
 Which our forefathers won,
 In the light of the sun,
As the heirdom of cowards and slaves !

VIII.

No ! a fame more exalted shall bless our free states,
 While we honor the chief of our choice !
Brave Fremont shall hasten to liberty's gates,
To ward off the blow that our Union awaits,

And the hearts of the free,
From the lakes to the sea—
And the hearts of the free shall rejoice !

IX.

His crown with the gems of our love we impearl ;
To his worth and his valor we bow !
O'er his head the proud flag of the free we unfurl,
And a garland of glory shall gracefully curl,
In a wreath to adorn,
While 'tis gallantly worn —
In a wreath to adorn his fair brow !

X.

Then our land shall repose in the glorious light
Of her fame and her liberty won !
The genius of freedom shall stand on her height,
And wave back the tempest of discord and night,
With the wrongs that invade
The repose we have made,
And the clouds that now shade freedom's sun !

LAND OF OUR BIRTH.

Land of our birth ! when freedom rose,
Waked from her sleep of years,
She bade thee triumph o'er thy foes,
And banish all thy fears.

Then pointing to religion's shrine,
Her sons she bade repair,
To make her service all divine,
With their holy worship there.

High was the call, from heaven it came,
Borne on the wings of time,
Announced with thunder and with flame,
In accents all sublime.
For freedom's is a sacred voice,
Which they who love shall hear ;
She bids her children all rejoice,
And the mandate they revere.

She gave the word, her sons obeyed ;
Swift did they rush around ;
The Indian started from his shade,
And listened to the sound.
Long years the battle cry prevailed,
Yet firm they stood the tide,
Till the bright star of hope was hailed,
And they triumphed, though they died.

Land of our birth ! thy glory's fame
Shines in its bright array ;
Devotion shall increase the flame,
And virtue smile to-day.
The light of freedom's star is pale ;
Without religion's beam

Her boasted pleasures all must fail,
Like the pageants of a dream.

On ! be the word, till honor shines ;
On ! until all are free !

Till Afric's sons shall plant their vines
In christian liberty.

The star of hope has lit the morn,
Its rays shall bless our eyes,
Till virtue's power the world adorn,
With the freedom of the skies.

God of the throned realm of heaven !
Thou canst our way direct ;
Oh ! come through shadows morn and even
To lead us and protect.
Be thou our nation's guardian power,
Our strength in time of peace ;
And, when the clouds of war shall lower,
May thy mercy still increase.

1831.

ODE.

Raise the banner ! praise the banner !
See it waving high,
Flaunting in its ancient manner,
In the morning sky.

Lo, the glorious stripes and stars,
Sparkling gems and rainbow bars,
 Floating by the flood ;
High the glittering trophy streams,
Mingling with the orient beams,
 As it rose
 O'er the foes,
 On the day of blood.

Spirits, in the hour of slaughter,
 How your bosoms beat,
When your foes across the water
 Came with hasty feet ;
Bidding you to throng around
That proud standard on the ground,
 Where 'twas waving high ;
There to battle for your lives,
For your children and your wives,
 And to stand,
 Hand to hand,
 To rejoice or die.

And ye did rejoice like warriors
 Of the ancient time,
Breaking down the haughty barriers,
 Of oppression's crime.
Then the hearts of freedom's sons

Were their own and Washington's,
In that glorious hour ;
Now we raise the banner up,
And for freedom pour the cup,
Full of wine,
To the nine,
And our country's power.

1881.

TRANSLATIONS.

SONG OF AMINE.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Restore to my eyelids the sleep
Which affection has vanished away !
O who will my reason now keep,
Since my senses have all gone astray ?

I found, when I took my abode
With love, that my slumbers had fled !
That sleep, who an enemy showed,
Would give no repose to my head !

They called me the prudent and wise —
Who then hath enticed thee ? said they ;

I replied, seek the cause in his eyes
 Which have ravished my senses away !

But I will forgive thee my death,
 Since my love urged thee on to the deed ;
 And even, when I draw my last breath,
 Upon thee will I smile as I bleed !¹

His glance, like a beam of the sun
 On a mirror, into my heart stole
 And there the bright image of one
 Has lighted the flame in my soul !²

THE MAIDENS OF MINIA.³

FROM THE ARABIC OF LEBEID.

The dwellings of the fair are desolate,
 Where their abode was fixed on Minia's plain ;
 The hills of Goul, and Rijam's height,
 Deserted, listens for their steps in vain ;
 No waters of the blue canals remain
 In sweet Rayan, where once they fed their flocks ;
 Their channels have been levelled by the rain,
 Like characters traced on the solid rocks.

Dear ruins ! many a year has passed away,
 Since tender vows I changed with those fair maids ;

Fled many a weary month and holy day,
And still their memory every thought invades.
The rains of spring have watered all the glades ;
The morning showers have made the meadows green ;
The thunder cloud returns, the evening fades,
And hoarse responsive murmurs close the scene.

The wild eringo plants erect their heads ;
The timid antelopes bring forth their young ;
The ostrich drops its eggs in sandy beds ;
The large-eyed wild cows, all the rocks among
Gently reclined, are suckling here their young,
That soon will be a herd upon the plain ;
Their lowings frequent down the vale are flung,
But I shall hear no loved one's voice again.

The floods have swept the rubbish from the place,
Showing the spot their tent-folds covered o'er ;
As in a book the writer's reeds retrace
The faded letters and their marks restore ;
Or as the black dust lightly sprinkled o'er
The varied lines on some fair maiden's arm,
The blue tints of the woad, all dim before,
Bring out to view and renovate the charm.

I asked word of the ruins and the rocks,
Where the once lovely dwellers all had fled ?
The echoes but aroused the slumbering flocks,
As the low murmurs through the valley spread.

Upon the plain the thumam leaves are shed,
Where once a city populous arose :
The tents are gone, the habitants have sped ;
The blue canal around no longer flows.

How the affections of my heart were stirred,
When the fair damsels of the tribe departed ;
When as the dawn awoke the early bird,
They left me desolate and lonely-hearted.
In carriages of cotton they departed,
Hid like the antelopes within their lair ,
The tent-lines sadly sounded as they parted,
Leaving the naked plain to my despair.

In vehicles of cotton they were hid,
Covered with lawn and curtains finely spun ;
With pictured veils, that earnest longings chid,
And silver awnings to shut out the sun ;
A company of maidens, every one
With bright black eyes, that graceful glances flung ;
Like Tudah's fair white heifers free that run,
Or roes of Wegra gazing on their young.

Their camels hastened from the straining sight,
Till sultry vapors closed the distant gate ;
They passed through tamarisk vales with foliage
bright,
Rough with large stones, like Beisha's vale of fate.

The mansions of the fair are desolate,
Where their abodes were fixed on Minia's plain ;
Wild are the hills of Goul, and Rijam's height
Will ne'er be gladdened by their steps again.

NAWARA — AN ECLOGUE.⁴

FROM THE ARABIC OF LEBEID.

Ah ! what remembrance in my heart remains
Of fair Nawara now ! since she has fled,
And torn asunder all the golden ties,
And silken cords so brightly round us spread !
The maiden now at Faid reclines her head,
And now at Hejaz makes a brief sojourn ;
By distant springs is her swift camel fed ;
Why then for her should my desire still burn.

Now she alights upon the eastern side
Of Aja and of Selma, mountains fair ;
Now at Mohajar's hill doth she abide ;
Rokham and Ferda now her presence share ;
The fragrant Yemen next enjoys her care ;
She baits her camel on Sawayik's plain ;
Seek Wayhaf and Telkaham, she is there ;
Sure love for such a wayward maid is vain.

Break then this love so useless and so vain,
This fruitless love producing nought but care ;
Regard for her can nothing yield but pain,
Who slighted her vow and leaves thee to despair.
When a young maid is complaisant as fair,
Be ardent love with your affection mixed ;
But when her slighted are oft, her kindness rare,
Let your disunion be unchanged and fixed.

Knowst thou not, O Nawara ! I can keep
My love for thee, like morning, ever new ;
Or bid it, with the shades of midnight, sleep,
As thou dost prove toward me false or true ?
That I would break the strongest bonds in two,
Nay, leave my country for some distant goal,
No more my home or thy sweet face to view,
Though death should instantly o'ertake my soul !

Thou knowst not, O Nawara, what sweet nights
I spend in sport and mirthful revelry,
In conversation gay, with rare delights,
And pour the sparkling goblet in my glee !
I purchase the rich wine from o'er the sea,
Of highest price the merchant vessel brings ;
And the sweet lutanist I draw to me
Whose fingers delicately touch the strings.

Then, when the frosts of winter bind the plains,
And the blasts fly like swift steeds o'er the sand,

While with strong hand the north wind holds the
reins,
I welcome to my home, with accents bland,
The weary traveller from some distant land ;
He thinks he rests in sweet Tabala's vale,
And sees the fairest flowers around him stand,
With odors breathing in the spicy gale !

Then to my cheerful door approaches slow
The matron, long since past her youthful bloom ;
Worn with fatigue and burdened with her wo ;
Like some lone camel, who receives the doom
Sadly to perish at her master's tomb ;
But as, with raiment scant, she seeks my door,
And I conduct her to my warmest room,
She almost thinks that all her griefs are o'er !

My swift horse, with his girth adorned with gems,
Bears my bright armor foremost in the chase ;
He hurries o'er the ground, which he contemns,
As a dove hastens to her watering place ;
The tribe of Lebeid are a noble race ;
A spring to all oppressed with want and wo ;
Though envious censurers, devoid of grace,
To own their merits may be loth and slow.

SONNETS.⁵

FROM THE SPANISH.

I.

Feel I no touch of pain? — indeed! — for what?
For gratitude to the celestial few,
The faithful friends who, in my hour of pain
Flew to my couch, and, with their wings of love,
Drove death's dark shades away! And where wert
thou?

Dreaming of fancied ill, while the hot heart
Of him who loved thee, him who thou didst love
And shouldst have tended, burnt with fever's fires!
If thou wert where thou shouldst be, then thy place
Could not be filled by others, nor I left
To seek nepenthe in the maddening bowl,
Or pleasure in the whirl of dizzy feet.
Feel I no thrill of pain? — yes, all my soul,
By thy mute way is with one pain replete!

II.

"T is strange that thou wilt never understand —
Thou, with thy woman's heart and poet's feeling,
The burning, the intense, the great, the grand,
The incommensurably proud revealing
Of love through feigned hate! — the mystic stealing
Of the affections through the serried ranks
Of this world's hosts in mailed opposition!

We smile at tyranny that vainly clanks
In idle pride its ostentatious chain,
While our own hearts the latent power retain
To soar aloft in self-taught manumission.
There's but one thraldom in this world to those
Whose own hands shape the bond of their condition—
Joyous with friends, and smiling at all foes.

III.

"Ed usa meco ogni sorte di rigore ed inumanita." — TASSO.

"Long years, it tries the thrilling frame to bear
And eagle spirit of a child of song!"
Said Tasso, grieving in his heart's despair,
O'er his long years of calumny and wrong.
God chooses us to teach men mighty truths,
For which they hate us, bind us, and condemn.
The sordid mind may bow to Plutus' chains,
May burn his heart out with the lust of gold,
Till nothing of humanity remains
But the dull carcass and the mantle's fold,
And men will worship him, as they of old
Worshipped the wooden idol, soulless both.
But the bard lives, loves, toils, aspires, in vain ;
They make us mad, and, when we grieve, complain ;
Making it their pretext to bind anew the chain.

IV.

In answer to the question, why do I not love?

And why should I love woman? — what for me
Has woman done, but leave me, through long years,
To cold neglect, to silence, and to tears?
Have I not worshipped her? — could she not see
Love's one bright star shining down tenderly
Upon her paths, to light her heart to bliss?
Yet she could coldly pass me, leaving this
To perish in the apathy of thought;
Scorning the varied gifts bestowed by truth
Upon a poet's heart, because forsooth
Gold was not one of them! What then on her
In the exchange can my poor love confer?
Since all the wealth a poet's heart can bring
Is lighter than the down on the eupoda's wing.

STANZAS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

I'm weary of this waiting so many years and long,
'T were something better hating; 't would give a zest
to song!
I've listed for thy coming, in sunshine and in rain;
And now the rose is blooming, and June is come
again.

Can that be love which leaveth the loved one to decay?

While not one word upheaveth the spirit from its clay!

Whoever loveth father or mother more than me,
Can ne'er be worthy of me — so said the One of Three.

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVII.

But he who yields the thunder of the skies,
And holds the chords of human destinies,
Was not disposed to grant Ulysses' son
So prompt a conquest, and so easy won ;
And the wise maid, Minerva, fain would keep
The youthful hero in misfortune deep,
To teach his heart to bear the shocks of ill,
And guide the reins of government with skill.
The impious Adrastus was preserved
For the dark destiny he well deserved,
That the young hero might adorn his name
With the bright deeds that pave the path to fame.
Meanwhile the father of the gods a cloud
Together called, that with its darkening shroud
Preserved the Daunians. From its ample fold

A long, loud peal of awful thunder rolled,
That to their hostile, wavering debate
Appeared the omen of presiding fate.
It seemed as if the eternal, vaulted mound
Of high Olympus would have burst its bound,
As o'er their heads the awful thunders roll,
Whose lightning fires the sky from pole to pole.
The blinding flash obscures their dazzled sight,
Then leaves them shrouded in profoundest night ;
In gushing torrents falls the sudden rain,
And the contending armies leave the plain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMEMBER ME.

Remember me, when thou shalt twine
The fragrant flowers in sunny June ;
But let not thy remembrance pine,
Like those sweet flowers, before 'tis noon !

Remember me, when on the plain
The blushing fruit is glowing red ;
But let not memory's thoughts be vain,
As fading trees their foliage shed !

Remember me, when thou shalt kneel
Beside thy silent couch of love ;
And thy pure heart shall warmly feel
The holy influence from above !

At morning dawn, at eventide,
When happy thoughts shall come to thee,
And sweetest visions round thee glide,
Then, dearest friend, remember me !

MY MOTHER.

The relation of a mother is as the sun, for the ever of this life, that is always at its meridian, and knoweth no evening ! It may be autumn, yea, winter with the woman ; but with a mother, it is always spring.—*Mr. Cobbett's Sermon, 1656.*

My mother ! gentlest, dearest name !
The solace of my bygone years ;
Though others change, thou art the same ;
My mother still, in joy or tears !

In all the wayward scenes of youth,
Thou ever wert a faithful guide !
And never yet devotion's truth
Was like thy fond affection tried.

The friend of my maturer years,
I love thy counsels to recall ;
For ever, mid my grief and tears,
Thou wert to me still more than all.

Another's care with time may end,
Another's love with years may flee ;
But none can be the constant friend,
My mother, thou hast been to me.

O, may the lord of truth and peace,
Remember all thy life of love ;
And when thy earthly care shall cease,
Reward thee with the bliss above !

TO FRANCES.

Spirit of the past ! look not so at me, with thy great tearful eyes.
HYPERION.

From out thy cloud of dewy light,
As o'er me burns the evening star,
Come to my lonely dream of night,
And meet my soul, from realms afar.

She stands before me — God of love !
Brighter than in her day of youth ;
Radiant in vesture from above,
The heart of fire, the soul of truth !

Spirit of beauty ! art thou here ?
My loved, my gentle Frances, speak !
I 'll kiss away the frozen tear,
That stands upon thy marble cheek.

Sweet seraph ! let one smile of thine
For years of silent grief atone ;
Thy presence makes the hour divine—
Thou 'rt gone, and I again am lone !

Who now with anxious eye shall watch,
In hours of pain, my fevered sleep,
My deep, ecstatic feelings catch ;
And with me sigh, and laugh and weep ?

The joys of nature's solitudes
Henceforth my hope and home shall be ;
My bride shall be the glorious woods
My melodies, the sounding sea !

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.

*My heart is in the coffin there,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
O, a cherubim thou wert ! — SHAKSPEARE.*

Yes, thou art laid, my cherub fair,
Deep in the dark, cold grave ;
And round that little lovely head
The winds of winter rave !

How do I weep, beside this fire,
That burns so warm and bright,
To think that thou art sleeping there
This cold and stormy night !

To think those little tender limbs,
That once were wrapped so warm,
Have but a clod of frozen earth
To shield them from the storm !

That thou wilt ne'er beside me sit,
When time shall me enfold,
And read some sweet, enchanting tale,
By gifted poet told.

With what delight wouldest thou have viewed
This bright and beauteous earth ;
And O, how deep wouldest thou have drunk
Its raptures and its mirth.

How would thy soul have glowed, to gaze
On yon stupendous sky,
And see the thousand brilliant orbs
That God has hung so high !

But thou art far above that sky,
Thou cherub, pure and fair ;
And bliss, beyond this fading earth,
Is thy bright lot to share.

Life, too, has changed with me, dear child,
My angel wife is gone ;
She pined in grief for thee, and soon
Went up, like dew at dawn !

FRIENDSHIP.

He who is doomed from friends to part,
Or her he prized above the many,
Is far less wretched, than the heart
So selfish it ne'er sighed for any.

TO MY SISTER.

'Every body has a sister.'

What is there sweeter on this earth
Than is a sister's love ?
If thou wouldst find a purer worth,
Seek it in heaven above.

My sister ! with what joy do I
Our early days recall ;
When, mid my youthful pleasures high,
Thou wert most loved of all.

Thou gentle one, through all the world,
Howe'er my thoughts may roam,
From friendship and affection hurled,
Thy heart is still my home !

I 've known sad hours of pain and grief,
The world has been my foe ;
But ne'er to minister relief
Has thy kind heart been slow.

Fate may deprive my soul of mirth ;
And sorrow, yet to be,
May sever all my hopes of earth,
But not my love from thee.

ON HEARING THE SALEM BELLS RING FOR FIRE.

Those Salem bells ! — those Salem bells ! —
I hear their midnight peals !
Their tone a tale of terror tells,
As on my ear it steals ;
And every note the breeze that swells
A sigh of woe reveals !

Those Salem bells ! — those Salem bells ! —
How oft, in bygone years,

Their tones have oped the sacred wells
Of gladness and of tears ;
While sweet and saddened memory tells
A tale of joy and fears !

Those Salem belles ! — those Salem belles ! —
I 've roamed the world around ;
Yet ne'er, amid its hills and dells,
Such beauty have I found ;
With them what love, what friendship dwells,
With sweetest rapture crowned !

Those Salem belles ! — those Salem belles ! —
O, would that *one* were mine !
I 'd pour, what well to her belongs,
The heart's enrapturing wine ;
And round her brow the wreath of song's
Immortal glory twine !

TO THE MOST LOVED.

*Come, if the notes thy ear may pierce,
Submissive to the might of verse,
By none more deeply felt than thee. — WORDSWORTH.*

Wilt thou be the minstrel's bride ?
Beauteous being, young and fair !
Lovlier than all things beside,

Like a jewel, rich and rare ;
Thou shalt be the poet's pride,
Thou shalt be the poet's care.

I will love thee, like a star,
When but one is in the sky ;
Sending its bright beams afar,
To the lonely poet's eye ;
Nothing shall our pleasures mar,
I will love thee till I die.

Thou to me art very fair,
'Beautiful exceedingly !'
I have seen all rich and rare,
But not one I prize like thee ;
O, were mine that glossy hair,
What were all the world to me !

Yes, I love thee, beauteous girl,
With thy bright and soul-like eye ;
And thy teeth of radiant pearl,
And thy neck of ivory ;
While around my heart each curl
Twines itself enticingly !

Loveliest being of thy kind,
Come, and bless the poet's home ;

Peace and welcome thou shalt find,
 Sparkling in the humble dome ;
I will give thee soul and mind,
 Then my heart no more shall roam.

STANZAS.

I saw thee in thy youthful prime,
 Before thy virgin heart
Had felt the blighting touch of time ;
 And thought, how fair thou art !

A sweetness o'er thy features stole,
 So heavenly pure and fair,
It pictured on my inmost soul
 The seraph spirit there !

How many a weary, blighted heart,
 Once haply pure as thou,
Would with earth's sating pleasures part,
 To be as spotless now !

Still smile, fair girl ; and till life's even
 May that pure glow endure ;
How few who take the gem from heaven
 Will give it back as pure !

ECSTATIC MOMENTS.

There are pleasures in life, there are moments of joy,
Worth all the dull hours that pass by us in vain ;
Which earth cannot equal, nor time e'er destroy,
But are rooted like hope in the heart and the brain.

There they kindle and burn, like the undying flame
That is lit at the fount where the red morning springs ;
We scan not their texture, we ask not their name,
But they haunt us through life, like some magical
things !

'KEEP IT.'

Yes—for I loved thee—I will keep it well—
This little lock of auburn hair!—and now
Methinks I see it waving round thy brow,
And curling o'er thy forehead's gentle swell,
As when I kissed that forehead in thy youth,
And thou wert pleased through blushes that suffused
Thy cheek, to such susceptions all unused.
Years have rolled on; yet do I not, in truth,
Forget that happy moment; and I feel
Such joys as only virtue can reveal,
When memory lifts the veil of by-gone years,
And spreads her long-loved pictures to our view!
I gaze on her enchantments, and the tears,
That dim my sight, prove my emotions true!

HIGH ROCK, AT MIDNIGHT.

'T is dark below — but bright above !

The happy stars are glowing there,
Beneath the tranquil eye of Jove,

Who makes the weal of all his care !

The distant ocean rolls below,

Where his dark waves the tall cliffs meet ;
Yet harmless there the billows flow,

And come not near my quiet feet !

Thus, far above life's restless tide,

My mind its tranquil course would hold,
Aloft through purer scenes to glide,

Where nature's veil is all uprolled !

The earth resumes her wonted rest,

Save that the waves a murmur keep !

The town is wrapped in night's dark vest ;

The very houses seem to sleep !

Yet far one solitary light

Sends its dim ray across the vale ;
Where some fond mother wears the night,
And lulls her sickly infant's wail !

The living rest within their beds !

The dead are sleeping in their urns !

While far o'er their unconscious heads,
How bright yon golden planet burns !

Thus he whose spirit is awake
To nature and to truth divine,
While others meaner courses take,
O'er life's dark vale shall soar and shine !

The spirit of the north awakes,
And half the heavens are bright with day !
On high his gleaming spear he shakes,
And bright his rustling banners play !

His airy troops to battle ride,
And rush careering up the sky ;
Their shining swords are brandished wide,
And thick their fiery arrows fly !

It seems as if the band of light,
The radiant sons of parted day,
Were battling with the host of night,
To chase the noxious gloom away !

And see, they triumph ! — shadows fly,
Darkness goes down the west amazed !
While blazing o'er the middle sky,
A broad triumphal arch is raised !

So may ye triumph, sons of light,
Who war with error's hydra host ;

And clad in truth's strong armor bright,
A pure and bloodless victory boast !

O, who in dull and dreamy sleep
Would waste night's joyous hours away
When heaven's bright bands their vigils keep,
And all their secret wealth display !

THE WANDERER OF AFRICA.

He launched his boat where the dark waves flow
Through the desert that never was white with snow,
When the wind was still, and the sun shone bright,
And the stream glowed red in the morning light.

He had sat in the cool of the palm's broad shade,
And drank of the fountain of Kafnah's glade,
When the herb was scorched by the sun's hot ray,
And the camel failed on his thirsty way !

The dark maids of Sego their mats had spread,
And sung all night by the stranger's bed,
And his sleep was sweet on that desert sand,
For his visions were far in his own loved land !

He was weary and faint in a stranger clime,
But his soul was at home, as in youth's sweet time !

And he lay in the shade, by his cot's clear pool,
While the breeze came by refreshing and cool !

The look of his mother was gentle and sweet,
He heard the loved steps of his sister's light feet ;
Their voices were soft, and expressive, and low,
Like the distant rain, or the brook's calm flow !

And this was the song which the dark maids sung,
In the beautiful strains of their own wild tongue ;
'The stranger came far and sat under our tree,
We will bring him sweet food, for no sister has he !'

The stranger went forth when the night zephyr died,
And launched his lone bark on the Joliba's tide ;
He waved his white kerchief to those dark maids,
As he silently entered the palmy shades.

Then the maidens of Sego were sad and lone,
And sung their rude song like death spirit's moan ;
'The stranger has gone where the simoon will burn,
Alas ! for the white man will never return !'¹

CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

Strangers to sight, but not in soul, are we,
For taste unites the gentle and the free ;
'T is this proclaims the intellectual sun,
As green grass tells where hidden streamlets run.

THE IDIOT MOTHER.

A child of an idiot young woman, near Wyoming, was taken from her to be given to a nurse. It was sent to the other side of the Susquehanna, but the mother swam across the river to see it.

How deep and how holy, O nature ! must be
The hopes and the feelings awakened by thee !
No barrier can earth, time, or circumstance make,
The omnipotent strength of thy love cannot break !

They may send us away to the isles of the sea,
But a path will be found for the soul that is free !
No prison can keep, and no iron can chain,
The hopes of the heart, and the thoughts of the brain !

The mind in the pure love of nature is brave,
It will pass through the mountain, the river, the
grave !

Man may build up his wall from the earth to the sky,
But the strength of affection will break it, or die !

And such was the love which the idiot felt,
In the depth of the lone forest vale where she dwelt ;
No treasure of art or of science she knew,
But a feeling of soul far more holy and true !

O'er no page of the bard had she pondered and wept,
No gems of the muse in her bosom were kept,

The deeds of the mighty of old were unknown,
But hers was the heart of a mother alone !

They had carried her child o'er the river away,
And she shed not a tear in the notice of day ;
But she waited till evening its shadows had strown,
And then she went forth through the forest alone.

She passed the dark wood, and she stood by the side
Of the deep stream, that rolled down its turbulent
tide ;
The brave would have paused ere he ventured to
stem
The storm-swollen waves, but she stayed not for
them !

She saw not, she thought not, of aught but her child !
The wind shook the trees and the stream murmured
wild !
She plunged, and the stars twinkled brighter to see
How strong the pure love of a mother may be !

She has passed the deep wave, she has strained to
her heart
The child of her love, and she will not depart !
While reason awakes, with a ray from above,
For such is the might and the magic of *love* !

THE BARD.

*The three primary privileges of the bards.
Maintenance wherever they go ;
That no unsheathed weapon be borne in their presence,
And that their testimony be preferred to all others.*

TRIADS OF BARDISM.

O, would the days were come again,
The brave old days of ancient time ;
When men, uncurst by lust of gain,
Looked kindly on the poet's rhyme !

When king and peasant, prince and peer,
Confessed the minstrel's mighty sway ;
When men could worth and mind revere,
The mind that led up virtue's way.

The dagger's blade, the flashing sword,
Were sheathed, if but the bard came by ;
And haughty look and angry word,
Grew calm and soft as summer sky.

The mighty ocean heaves and swells
Less proudly than the poet's heart ;
Within his breast a beauty dwells
In which no selfish thought has part !

He sleeps, and on his waking mind
A vision full of glory beams ;
Such as of old had power to bind
The gifted Hebrew's holy dreams !

The mighty dead, the good and wise
Of ages past, converse with him ;
And light is in his lofty skies,
When all the lower world is dim !

The secret halls of paradise,
On his blest sight are opened wide ;
And all in truth's domain that lies,
Is viewed as in some crystal tide !

O, could the poet's thoughts prevail,
Would error sway the hearts of men ?
No — falsehood's deadly reign would fail,
And all be truth and love again !

VOICE OF THE PERSECUTED.

Why is it, that the souls who seek
The noble and the true,
Are always marks on which to wreak
The wrath to evil due ?
Such souls the ills which earth o'ercast
Lament, and fain would cure ;
Yet voices come through ages past,
'Pour on, we will endure !'

Ye who in that which tries the free,
Are aught but what ye seem ;
To whom love is a mockery,
Affection but a dream ;
Whose hearts and thoughts are all unreal,
Whom love cannot allure,
Who scorn the joys ye may not feel,
‘Pour on, we will endure !’

Is ‘t not enough, without regret
We bid them all depart,
The hopes as high as ever yet
Have warmed the human heart ?
The solitude which we have sought
May not your hearts allure ;
And if ‘t is not full dearly bought,
‘Pour on, we will endure !’

As in the depth of the far woods
The fowler’s steps awake
The stock-dove that in silence broods,
And bid her leave the lake ;
So have ye chased the heart, with deeds
Which kindness cannot lure ;
Yet still it echoes, as it bleeds,
‘Pour on, we *can* endure !’

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

In her own sphere I would have woman move ;
And what is woman's sphere, pray tell us, love ?
'T is easy said, replied the bard . my dear,
The sphere of woman 's a *celestial sphere* !

CONTEMPLATION.

NIGHT.

While gathering stars proclaim the speed of time,
And fill the soul with sentiments sublime,
My meditative muse essays her flight,
To view the scintillating orbs of night.
By gentle winds the fleecy clouds are driven,
Athwart the vast expanse of opening heaven ;
The bright full moon her journey has begun,
To follow and repay the absent sun ;
Above my head the milky way appears,
And in the north its head the pole-star rears,
While round its orb the faithful pointers veer,
And guide the mariner his course to steer ;
Far in the west the star of love is seen,
Shedding her smiles on hearts of gentle mien ;
The golden harp and Arcturus on high,

Brighten the chambers of the northern sky,
While lesser orbs in due succession roll,
At once the wonder and delight of soul.

Now turn our eyes to earth — here we behold
This massy globe, that has for ages rolled,
Whose corner stone was fixed by God's right hand,
When ancient chaos owned his dread command.
To farthest climes old ocean spreads his waves,
And rolls along serene, or madly raves ;
Beneath his wave the finny myriads throng,
And sportive play, or swiftly glide along ;
While beasts on earth, and birds that cleave the air,
God's praises sing, and his great power declare.

But haughty man, who was by heaven's decree,
Created sovereign of the earth and sea,
Endued with reason and superior sense,
Has dared with his creator's laws dispense !
See sanguine Europe, drenched in blood appear —
See nation against nation rise severe —
Kingdom against its fellow kingdom strives,
And man to take his brother's life contrives.
There Europe's scourge, the tyrant lord of France,
Does with his conquering myrmidons advance,
Kings overturns, hurls vengeance on his foes,
And spreads destruction wheresoe'er he goes.
There widows reft, and orphans wanting bread,
Weep for a husband or a father dead ;

Nor blooming youth, nor sacred age he spares,
But each alike with his dethroner fares.

Alas ! to me how sad the din of war,
That sends its dread alarum from afar !
Each coming day adds to the tale of strife,
And nature sickens at the waste of life.
O, that the reign of slaughter might be o'er,
And earth be drenched with human blood no more.

But see, the moon has sunk behind the hill,
The stars grow dim, and night's lone bird is still ;
The east is flecked with golden streaks of light,
And day resumes his sceptre from the night ;
My weary muse turns from her task in peace ;
Oh, could she bid the wars of passion cease,
And point the hopes of man to that blest day,
When all the ills of earth shall flee away !

1818.

TO LORD BYRON.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF HIS POEMS.

Hail, noble bard ! I know thee well !
I know thee by thy potent spell,
That twines around thy burning verse,
Imperious, rapid, bold and terse.
Dark minstrel ! well I love thy lines,

When free, undaunted genius shines !
I loved them when thy youthful muse
First drank Castalia's limpid dews,
And when through knighthood's realm she strayed,
And sung the havoc war had made ;
And when she roamed through wisdom's clime,
And viewed Parnassus' tower sublime ;
And when she strayed through eastern dells,
The clime where dark-eyed beauty dwells !
Thy numbers speak a soul divine,
Though dark as Ebli's gloomy mine !
Its thoughts abrupt as Calpe's steep,
Its numbers wild, intense and deep.
What heart of feeling does not bleed,
Who can without emotion read
Of fond Zuleika's tenderness,
Of faithful Kaled's deep distress,
Of Conrad's wild, unaltered mood,
And daring Gulnare's deed of blood ;
What bosom thrills not to its core
Thy tender lays to Thyrza o'er ?
What breast of pity does not swell,
While pausing o'er thy deep FAREWELL ?
Thy themes perchance are sometimes vain,
But thou *canst* wake a holier strain ;
Witness the glow that clad the face
Of the wandering tribes of Jacob's race ;
Witness the bright seraphic band,
Who listened to thy master hand,

What time it swept the mouldering wire
Of Judah's long neglected lyre !
And well thy hand its skill displayed
When calling satire to its aid,
It rode to crush the hydra head,
In fens of modern Lerna bred.

But howsoe'er I love the lay
That burns like Teflis' brightest day,
Still must my heart lament to see
A name so dear to minstrelsey,
A mind so noble, bear within
The dark and deep impress of sin,
And virtue bids me turn away
From such a sweet, but tainted lay.
Yet, mighty spirit ! did thy lyre,
To themes of nobler thought aspire ;
Did virtue's mandate sway thy heart,
And piety her aid impart
To guide thy verse's magic spell,
And tune thy high harp's potent swell —
Didst thou not violate each tie
Of sweet and sacred sympathy,
And outrage with ungenerous art,
Each finer feeling of the heart,
By calling vilest passions in
As ministers of shame and sin —
How would my spirit rush to greet
Thy muse, and worship at her feet !

Entranced I 'd turn with feelings high,
And even throw my Spenser by,
To welcome lays sublime and bland,
Might not have shamed a master hand,
Then well might virtue love the strains,
Where uncorrupted genius reigns.

1823.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The following stanzas were written before the first downfall of
Napoleon.

Hail, Bonaparte ! chief of the iron wand !
Trampling on human hearts with demon glee —
Disclaiming nature's every tie and bond —
Striding o'er fallen thrones exultingly !

Thou who delight'st to hold despotic sway
O'er vanquished realms, deeming thyself a god ;
Whose dread career fills Europe with dismay,
While desolation waits upon thy nod.

Say, potent monarch of a wide domain !
What fury fills thee with a thirst for blood ?
What fiend incites thee to extend thy reign,
And pour distress on nations like a flood ?

Does not the blood of hapless D'Enghein cry
For vengeance, from his dark unhousled bed?
Do not the shades of slaughtered millions fly,
And threaten round thy homicidal head?

What glorious deed can hide the foul disgrace,
Inhuman chief! of thy sick soldiers slain?
What can the scene of Lodi's bridge erase,
Or wash the blood from Jaffa's crimson plain?

Remorseless Gaul! and shalt thou reign secure?
And will eternal justice ever sleep,
Nor heed the many woes mankind endure,
When virtue supplicates, and orphans weep?

E'en now the sword of vengeance gleams on high—
E'en now thou tremblest on thy tottering throne—
Soon shall desponding millions cease to sigh,
And freedom claim the nations erst her own!

1813.

THE EXILE OF ELBA.

On yon lone island-cliff where the vulture is screaming,
And the storm-loving sea-mew has fixed her abode,
While the high waves beneath with the lightning are gleaming,
Why roams yon dark spirit all lonely abroad?

"Tis the tyrant Napoleon, now banished—forsaken—
Who once swayed the sceptre of turbulent Gaul ;
Whose nod could the sorrows of millions awaken,
Whose arts could the nations of Europe inthral.

Round the rock of his exile though wild waves are
dashing,

More wild are the thoughts that forbid him to rest ;
Though fast o'er his head the keen lightning is
flashing,

More keen is the arrow that tortures his breast.

How vexed is that breast like the storm-troubled
ocean ;

How dim is the eye that with dread could appal !—
That oft in the conflict of Europe's commotion,
Has lighted to battle the warriors of Gaul.

But gone—fallen chief ! is thy realm and thy glory !
No more shalt thou plunder the temples of Spain ;
Or thy death-dealing myrmidons, ruthless and gory,
Bathe the brand in the blood of the guiltless again.

No more shall thy arts with our counsels be blended,
Nor thy sword desolation and misery spread ;
For to heaven Iberia's prayers have ascended,
And the curses of Switzerland rest on thy head.

THE TRIAL OF FRIENDSHIP.

The heavy bell was tolling with a mournful sound
and slow,
And in the hall the weeping friends were wandering
to and fro,
And from one beateous maiden's eyes the tears were
falling fast,
When through the marble collonade a steed came
hurrying past.

A knight bestrode that foaming steed, all clad in
battle mail,
And the warm blood was gushing through his barred
aventayle ;
“O stay the lifted sword !” he cried, with hoarse and
fainting cry,
And scarce were heard the hurried words, “the vic-
tim shall not die !”

“I ’ll die !” exclaimed the fettered one, “that warrior
is my friend,
And gladly I to favor him my worthless life would
lend.”
“He shall not die !” returned the knight, “forbid it,
king ! that he,
Whose stainless life is free from crime, should suffer
thus for me.”

"Why dost thou come," enquired the king, "hast thou no fear of death ?
Or thinkest thou my firm decree is but a changing breath ?
Did he not seek thy prison cell and free the fatal chain,
And why has thou, from distant friends, so soon returned again ?"

"I come," replied the noble knight, "my forfeit word to free ;
And thinkest thou that chains and death can frighten men like me ?
Although my heart is truer to my country's weal than thine,
Yet rather would I suffer death than harm a friend of mine."

Fierce was the struggle of these knights which of the twain should die,
And thousands, crowding round, admired their friendship bold and high ;
At length exclaimed the admiring king, "bold knights ! O condescend
To take your lives, with princely gifts, and own me for your friend,"

THE SLANDERER'S GRAVE.

On a wild and rocky shore,
Covered by the dashing wave,
When the winds are heard to roar,
And the ocean tempests rave ;

Far from any lordly dome,
From the haunts of social men,
Far from any cottage home,
In a sad and silent glen ; —

There a little mound is seen,
Of small stones and gravel bare —
For the grass, around so green,
Grows not green and fragrant there —

Where no blushing flowrets grow,
Where no tree is seen to wave,
Near no murmuring brooklet's flow —
'T is the slanderer's lonely grave.

There no monumental stone
Tells the traveller the name
Of the wretch that sleeps alone,
Reft of friends and honest fame.

There no weeping friend is seen
Bending o'er the silent grave,

Bidding elm and evergreen
Round the hallowed dust to wave.

There no gentle mourner flies,
When the dew is on the grass,
Wiping tears from streaming eyes,
As her joys in memory pass.

There no stirring sound is heard,
Save the moaning of the sea,
Save the wailing of a bird,
Shrieking oft and awfully.

And at midnight's solemn noon,
When the bat in circles flits,
And a cloud is on the moon,
There they say a phantom sits.

And the fisherman at eve,
When he drops his dripping oar,
Will his bark in silence leave,
And hasten from the fearful shore.

The school-boys on their holiday,
When they seek the distant wave,
To gather shells, will turn away,
And shun the slanderer's lonely grave.

Who that has seen that lonely spot,
That little mound of barren earth,

Would wish the slanderer's hated lot,
His selfish joys — his demon mirth?

Who that believes the curse that comes
To him who wounds the virgin's fame,
Who harms the innocent, and sums
His life in tales of ill and shame —

Would wish to be the wretch whose sleep
Is cumbered by that unblest clay —
Whose only mourner is the deep —
Whose only tears the dashing spray ?

Wouldst thou behold his end, whose care
Was but to wound the good and brave ?
Go seek that silent glen, for there
Is seen the slanderer's lonely grave. 1828.

THE ALARM.

A FRAGMENT.

“—— *Quaeque ipse miserima vidi,*
Quorum pars magna fui !” — VIRGIL.

The camp's rude sounds were hushed in midnight
sleep,
And not a star-beam shone to gild the deep ;
All — all was silent, save the frequent wave
That rippled round the sailor's lonely grave ²

All—save the watchful warder's measured tread,
On the dark battlements of Naugus-head,
And the dull water dripping from the oar,
As the slow barge approached the darkened shore.

In short repose from duty of the day,
The weary soldier on his pallet lay ;
No more in scenes of wo his bosom bled,
His thoughts of battle and of death were fled ;
In the sweet spell that sleepless fancy twined
Less treacherous than her day-dream he reclined
In Ada's arms, and listened to the tale
Of artless love in his dear native vale.

* * * *

Heard ye the sound that broke his dream ?
Was it the night-bird's boding scream ? —
The adjacent billows sudden swell ? —
Or hour-call of the sentinel ?
Loud through the valley pass it rings —
Shrill o'er the slumbering deep it sings —
Breaking the soldier's dream of beauty,
And calling him from sleep to duty.

* * * *

The cannon's voice is loud and hoarse,
And fast the musket volleys pour —
The morn shall see the foeman's corse
Lie weltering on the sandy shore.

Sept. 27, 1814.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO * * *

To thee, my dear and much-loved friend,
A few poetic lines I send.
To Cowley's wit I've no pretension,
To please you is my sole intention ;
And if in this I but succeed,
And you're delighted while you read,
Then I shall think my time well spent,
Knowing I write from good intent.

While I the tiresome page am turning,
To store a fund of abstruse learning !
Endeavoring to find if c
= a — x -|- b !
Or strive in vain the root exact
Of eight times twenty to extract ;
You dress, some fond heart to allure,
Or roam abroad, the spleen to cure !
And lucubrate each maid you meet,
Till you the fair Matilda greet.
Then one might wish your joys were less,
And envy you such happiness !
But no — you throw the bliss away
And lose your fortune by delay.
Now if you wish to have success,
That she your ardent love may bless,
This maxim you must learn to con,

“ Faint heart fair lady never won ! ”
That she is fair none can deny,
Since all her beauties must descry ;
Her winning charms are matched by few,
And she is rich in virtue too.
Then let this thought possess your care,
“ None but the brave deserve the fair ! ”

May, 1812.

THE REVELLERS.

A PARODY ON CAMPBELL'S HOHENLINDEN.

On couches when the sun was low,
Murmuring lay many a dizzy brow,
For, caused by last night's drunken row,
Their heads were aching horribly.

But Bacchus saw another sight,
When the clock struck at dead of night,
Commanding tapers fast to light
The darkness of the scenery.

With cups and good cigars arrayed,
By which each ranter drunk was made,
Thrown on the chairs around they laid,
To join the midnight revelry.

Then shook the walls by bawling riven,
Then flew the cups in anger driven,
And sparkling like the lamps of heaven,
Flowed the red wine in majesty.

More bustle yet those walls shall know,
And louder still the tumult grow,
And heavier yet shall be the flow
Of Lisbon rolling rapidly.

'T is morn ! but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce cigar fumes rolling dun
Where revel-routers, full of fun,
Shout in their smoky canopy.

The band reel out with aching head,
But scarce have strength to reach their bed !
Wave, Bachus ! all thy banners red,
And shout aloud thy victory !

Ah ! few shall part as when they meet !
The mud shall be their winding sheet,
And broken goblets 'neath their feet
Attest their drunken revelry.

WHEN FIRST I TUNED THE LYRE TO
LOVE.

I.

When first I tuned the lyre to love,
 My heart was young and gay,
Nor dreamp't the woe that since has wove
 Its darkness with my day ;
The warm tide through my heart was rushing,
And on my cheek the rose was flushing,
 I had not felt the secret stings
 Of pain, and penury, and wo —
 The pang that disappointment brings —
 The tears that from reflection flow.

II.

Man's life is like the ocean tide,
 That strongly ebbs and flows ;
At morn the waters calmly glide —
 At noon the tempest blows ;
And man is like a vessel frail,
 That floats upon the waste ;
This moment fanned by gentle gale —
 The next by waves embraced ;
And I have seen the lightning flashing —
And I have heard the waters dashing —
 And I have felt the bitter pangs
 That spring from hope deferred —
 The dark despondency that hangs
 On faithless woman's word.

And now I seek for calm repose,
To rest my aching head ;
The sleep that no sad morning knows —
The slumber of the dead.

1823.

COWPER.

Is there a bard whom nature's self approves,
Whom genius honors and whom virtue loves ;
Whose gentle influence o'er his page is thrown,
Melting fond hearts to union with his own ;
Whose pensive lays, with noblest impulse fraught,
Enlarge the mind and elevate the thought ?
'T is Cowper — bard of meritorious praise,
Unsullied minstrel of degenerate days,
Whose artless numbers uncorrupted shine,
The sterling gold of nature's virgin mine.
And when the numerous bards who hold their sway
O'er this corrupted age have passed away,
His name shall shine unsullied on his page,
And stand confess, the poet of his age.

1823.

IN THIS DARK VALE OF SORROW.

In this dark vale of sorrow, when hope has deceived,
And we sigh o'er the tale we too fondly believed,
How often does memory her pleasures impart,
And shed a bright halo to solace the heart.

Even now to my view a sweet vision appears,
I catch the illusion, and joy e'en to tears !
The pleasures of memory float on my sight,
And the scenes of my boyhood are lovely and bright.

I review the sweet hours when I wonted to rove
With the beautiful daughters of friendship and love ;
I recall the days when in each joy of my heart,
And in each transient sorrow, some friend bore a
part.

It breaks — bright illusion ! oh, why hast thou fled ?
To tell that the hopes of my boyhood are dead !
Yet oft it will shine through the vista of years,
To warm this cold bosom and brighten my tears.

1823.

THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.³

I came to the home of my youth,
Where my happiest moments were spent,
When the pledge of affection was truth,
And my evenings were blest with content.

It was changed — it was changed as my heart—
 Oh, more than my heart hath e'er changed ;
For though forced for a time to depart,
 From my home hath my thought never ranged.

I looked for the tall sycamore,
 That stood where the alley begun,
And threw its broad shade o'er the door,
 To shelter our sports from the sun.

It was gone — not a relic remained,
 To point out the spot where it stood ;
And the mansion itself scarce a vestige retained ;
 But looked ruinous, lonely, and rude.

I sought the accustomed room,
 That once was the mansion of mirth ;
Its floor was o'ershadowed by gloom,
 That slept on the desolate hearth.

I entered the chamber in memory bright,
 Where I spent the long nights of December,
And read the Arabian Tales of delight,
 With one I shall ever remember.

I turned to the old oak chair ;
 It stood by the fireside still,
And spread its carved arms invitingly there —
 Rude arms it took two to fill !

But the friends whom I loved in my youth were gone,
And their footsteps trod no more
Where the light of the western sunbeam shone
On the neat, white, sanded floor.

I went out for relief to my heart,
And wandered through scenes that were dear ;
But the spell was effaced that could pleasure impart,
Every prospect but added a tear.

I looked where the sunbeams rest, . . .
When they break from their curtains at dawn,
And sought for the swallow's lone nest,
But the nest of the swallow was gone.

I strayed through the gardens and bowers,
Where I used with my sisters to walk ;
But though 'twas the season of flowers,
Not an amaranth bloomed on its stalk.

But weeds and wild roses were there,
And the desolate night-shade had spread
Its dark leaves and its red berries where
Her perfume the geranium shed.

But away with the sorrowful theme,
For hope bids me not to repine,
Though changed — as the wreck of a dream —
Is the home of my fathers and mine.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Friend of lovers, evening star !
Shining in thy bright cymar ;
Lighted by thy beams I rove
Through the bowers of shady grove,
By the brook that to the moon
Murmureth a quiet tune,
Musing on the days of youth,
When the pledge of love was truth,
When the load of life was light,
And each maiden seemed as bright
As thy radiance, evening star !
Shining in thy bright cymar.

Beauteous orb of tranquil light !
Smiling in the face of night,
Had I power to flee away,
Soon I 'd mingle with thy ray ;
'Scaping from the fowler's snares,
From the earth and all its cares ;
Finding joys I valued once,
With thy bright inhabitants,
Where the virgins in thy groves
Kindle purer, sweeter loves.
Wandering through greener fields
Than this dusky planet yields,
On the banks of clearer streams,
Visited by brighter beams :

Scenes of more exalted birth
Than the richest joys of earth.
Such thy pleasures that invite,
Beauteous orb of tranquil light !

Since the pleasures that are known
To the youthful heart are flown ;
Since mine eye is filled with tears
For the friends of early years,
In whose converse every thought
Found the happiness it sought,
When my breast with hope was high,
Heaving the impassioned sigh,
Roaming through the flowery grove,
Listening to the voice of love
Breathing the enamored tale,
Sweeter than the scented gale,
And imprinting on the heart
Thoughts that never can depart ;
Since the dream of love is o'er,
And e'en friendship charms no more,
Fain would I, O smiling star !
Seeking thy solitude afar,
Where this heart might cease to weep
And these weary eye-lids sleep.

Then perchance my spirit might
See a vision of delight,
Such as in a distant year

Came my lonely heart to cheer,
When my youthful fancy wrought
Visions of romantic thought ;
Then the form that through extremes
Long has filled my waking dreams,
Might, in wonted beauty clad,
Make my weary spirit glad.
Such a joy would well repay
The thraldom of life's weary way.

Fare thee well, O lovely star !
Smiling in thy white cymar ;
Could this bosom e'er repine
At the blessings that are thine,
Could I grieve that thou art free,
How this heart would envy thee !
From thy station in the sky,
Thou canst gaze with smiling eye
On the form that fills my heart
With the thoughts that may not part ;
And while I must turn to weep,
Thou canst look upon her sleep
Undisturbed, nor once intrude
With a glance might seem too rude.
Happy planet, gazing free,
How this heart doth envy thee !

TO ADA.

Ada, accept the simple lays
Thy bard devotes to thee !
Though far inferior to thy praise,
They flow most fervently.

A beauteous face is thine, my fair !
An eye that sparkles bright—
But though a ray of heaven be there,
'T is virtue gives delight.

Let modesty, fair maid ; be thine,
With innocence and truth ;
Then shall thy bosom ne'er repine
At faults of early youth.

Should envy's clouds around thee fly,
Or fortune frown severe,
With fervor on thy God rely,
And he will dry thy tear.

Whene'er a wretch shall mourn the snares
That laid his fortune low,
With bounteous hand relieve his cares,
And soothe the breast of wo.

And when life's last receding ray
Scarce glimmers through the gloom,
Thy Saviour shall direct thy way
To joys beyond the tomb.

REMEMBER ME.

When night's slow sands are all out run,
And fast before the rising sun
 The fleecy vapors flee,
And dew-drops vanish one by one,
 From glade, and flower, and tree,
Then — when thy morning walk is done,
 Oh ! then remember me.

When frequent in some bland retreat,
The social circle round thee meet,
 Where thoughts are pure and free —
When hearts are warm and bliss complete,
 Waste not one thought on me.

Erewhile when thou art all beguiled
In Campbell's lay, so pure and mild,
 Which seems so sweet to thee,
And reads't of fate's neglected child —⁴
 Mild be his doom — for he was mild —
 Then thou wilt think of me.

When all the toils of day are through,
And distant far the happy few
 Whose souls are worthy thee —
If thou hast nothing else to do,
 Oh ! then remember me.

When thou perchance shalt sometimes hear —
If slander's voice can reach thine ear —
 The taunt of misery —
When they shall call me mad, and say
That I am rent from reason's sway —
A darkened soul — a thing to fear —
And call me cold and insincere,
 Then — shed one tear for me.

When worldly cares are distant flown,
And thou art darkling and alone,
 From earth-born visions free,
Then — when thou kneelest at the throne —
 Oh ! then remember me.

When haply some fond youth shall pine,
Whose love is half as deep as mine,
 As warm, as pure, as free —
If thou shalt deign to call him thine,
 Oh ! then — think not of me.

But why prolong a bootless lay ?
This heart, though sad and far away,
 Shall long remember thee ;
While hope shall cheer thee on thy way
To many a bright and better day,
 That ne'er was meant for me.

WHEN SHALL I SEE HER ONCE AGAIN?

When shall I see her once again,
Who holds my heart in thrall?
The fairest form in virtue's train,
The loveliest of them all!

Whose eyes are bright, whose lips are warm,
Whose lovely shape, I deem,
Is fairer than the fairest form
Of Persian poet's dream.

Yet oh, I love her not because
Her eyes are like the star
Whose beam the smile of beauty draws
In western skies afar —

Nor yet because her form is fair,
And graceful as the roe,
That wanders like a thing of air
O'er Brunswick's hills of snow —

But oh! she has my heart because
Her mind is like a ray
Sent down by heaven's eternal laws
To smile on virtue's way.

WHEN THOU SHALT SEE THE SUN
ARISE.

When thou shalt see the sun arise
From out the level sea,
To chase the darkness from the skies
And bid thy slumbers flee,
Then think of him whose pleasure lies
In thinking well of thee!

When thou shalt wander in the grove
Where first I called thee mine,
While on thy cheek with beams of love
The stars of evening shine,
Then raise one gentle thought above
For him whose heart is thine.

1823.

—
O LADY! WHEN THINE EYE SHALL
LOOK.

O lady ! when thine eye shall look
On yonder yellow moon,
And view the stars with twinkling ray,
Shine down upon thy pensive way,
As thou beside the brook shalt stray,
On pleasant night of June,
Then think of him who erst-time took
His walks beside that murmuring brook.

Then, lady ! when alone thou art
 Within thine evening bower,
 And tears are in thy gentle eye,
 At thought of pleasure long gone by,
 While memory on thy heart shall lie
 With melancholy power,
 Remember him who could impart
 Such long-felt raptures to thy heart !

1828.



O LADY! I HAVE LOVED THEE LONG!

O lady ! I have loved thee long !
 So long I cannot well declare
 What time I loved thee not !
 And thou hast been in many a song,
 Redeemed from time, and wasting care,
 And sorrows unforgot.

And now whene'er my heart is sad,
 I think of thee, and deem thee near,
 And then I feel the joy,
 Which made my youthful bosom glad,
 When in a more propitious year,
 Our love had sweet employ !

1828.

THY BREAST IS FREE FROM SORROW.

Thy breast is free from sorrow,
Thy heart without alloy,
And each recurring morrow
Presents the cup of joy ;
Thy morning sun is shining
Thy calm blue sky is bright,
And hope for thee is twining
A wreath of rich delight.

The smile of joy is hollow,
And skilled in deepest wiles,
And thou, like me, mayst follow
The meteor that beguiles !
Thy day-star may be shrouded,
Thy health's bright bloom decay,
Thine eye with tears be clouded,
And pleasure melt away.

But though distress bereave thee
Or all that once was dear,
And earth refuse to leave thee
The solace of a tear ;
There is a star in heaven
That shines when tempests lower,
A smile of promise given
To virtue's darkest hour.

TO ADA.

WITH A WATER-LILY.

Around thy neck, my love, is thrown
 The whiteness of this lily fair ;
 Its fragrance thy breath doth own,
 Its gracefulness is in thine air.

Oh, may thy every feeling rise
 To emulate its purity !
 While sure I am its hue supplies
 An emblem of my love for thee.

1828.

—
SERENADE.

Ada, behold ! the bright full moon
 Moves slowly o'er the azure sky ;
 Through yon sweet grove the breath of June
 Stirs with a lulling melody.

Remember, love ! the joys of youth
 Are bright but once to fancy's view ;
 Then let us seize the pleasing sooth,
 While life is warm, and hope is new.

1828.

LAMENT FOR MARY ANN.

Let the weeping willow wave,
 Let our cheeks be wan !
She we loved is in the grave !
Nothing could her beauty save,
She whose charms such pleasure gave,
 Poor Mary Ann.

Now her head the green sods cover,
 Where so oft she ran ;
Pale the cheek is where her lover
Once could every charm discover ;
All her youthful joys are over,
 Poor Mary Ann.

In thy calm grave slumbering,
 Wait great nature's plan ;
While the red-breast fond shall bring
All the choicest flowers of spring,
And thy last sweet requiem sing,
 Poor Mary Ann.

1828.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, my love ! the bitter day,
 That parts us two, is come !
Sorrow resumes her wonted sway,
And tearless grief is dumb.

Who would have thought in happier hours
When virtue saw us stray
Among the green arcades and flowers
Of Charles's winding way;

When silent rapture saw us lean
Within the ancient hall,
To view the bright moonlight come in
And rest upon the wall;

Or in the 'happy valley' fair,
When, light of heart and gay,
Thou saidst thy 'Rasselas' was there,
To keep thy fears away;

When dearest joys that earth can bring
Had bound us in their spell,
Who would have thought that time should wring
From these fond lips 'farewell?'

Yet would I not infirmly shed
One tear of vain regret
For dearest joys, that as they fled
Forbade me to forget.

And all I ask to make me blest,
For love so long and deep,
For silent memory oppress
By thoughts that never sleep,

Is — not that thou wouldest give my heart
Some pledge to make me blest,
Or bid the secret care depart,
That harbors in my breast ;

But leave thy book at eventide,
When tolls the vesper bell,
And let one thought to earth denied,
Arise, thy love to tell ;

And shed for me one silent tear,
When I shall sleep alone
Within that dark and narrow house,
Whose mark is one grey stone.

1828.

TO *. *. *.

Farewell — and when in future years I weep,
Remembrance oft shall dwell upon thy smile,
And though my sorrows should be long and deep,
Not hope itself shall sadder thoughts beguile ;

Could faithful memory to the soul impart
Eternal raptures, in her silent round,
So bright an image printed on my heart,
Might heal the griefs of life's severest wound.

And when the lineaments of some fair face
Recall the form I viewed with ecstacy
In distant years, how will each kindred grace
Awaken thoughts of virtue and of thee.

Sweet were the hours when in some tranquil scene
We spent in social joys the summer day ;
And though the darkest sorrows intervene,
No time can chase their memory away.

1823.



MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

As lone I wander o'er the silent lea,
Whose surface swells with many a grassy mound,
A pensive pleasure fills my heart to see
The fond memorials that are scattered round.

The lettered stones that rise in ordered rows,
Display the frailty of man's feeble race ;
While each loved marble's sad inscription shows
Of some dear friend the last and sacred place.

To some warm heart each kindred stone is dear,
O'er some fond breast each marble holds a spell,
On many a grave the annual glistening tear
Proves that its inmate was beloved full well.

But I, sad wanderer o'er my father's rest,
Know not the place where his loved ashes lie ;
And e'en with envy deem those orphans blest,
Who mark the grave and close the dying eye.

My father, what deep gratitude is due
For all the favors of my early years !
And shall no monument arise to shew
How much a parent's fondness still endears ?

Yet though no stone adorn thy latent sleep,
Still o'er my heart thy memory holds control ;
And oft I seek thy solitude to weep,
And pour a requiem for thy parted soul.

1823.

TO MY DEPARTED BROTHER.

Young cherub ! smiling in the lofty sky,
Like a bright star-beam in the golden west !
For thee no tear bedews my gazing eye,
For thee no sigh disturbs my tranquil breast

Thine was the happiness to dwell on earth
But some few hours — one little autumn day,
One morning sun arose upon thy birth,
On thy last sleep it poured its parting ray.

And thou hast gone where pain can come no more,
 And grief, sad torturer of thy brother's heart ;
Thy little eyes were closed in sleep before
 Thy lips had tasted sorrow's deadly smart.

Yet still my tears fall fast, but not for thee,
 Thine is a thought that grief cannot molest ;
I only weep that I too cannot flee,
 That I may not enjoy thy tranquil rest.

1823.

EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

We were companions in our youth,
 Together walked we to the school,
Our language was the voice of truth,
 Our bosoms owned contentment's rule.

Together sat we at one form,
 Our studies and our tasks the same ;
Affection kept our bosoms warm,
 Our prospects were one common aim.

And oft in pleasant afternoon,
 Our pastime in the fields we took,
And plucked the lovely flowers of June,
 Or paddled in the running brook.

And on the summer holiday,
At noon we sought the neighboring hills,
To stop the winding streamlet's way,
And there we placed our little mills.

As youth advanced and childish sports
Had lost to us the power to charm—
We found new pleasures, new resorts,
But with them sorrow and alarm.

Yet still our bosoms knew one tie
Of self according love and joy ;
And friendship beamed in either eye,
Without regret, without alloy.

At length the day of parting dawns,
And he to other scenes must fly,
To pleasant groves and flowery lawns ;
To sickness and to sorrow, I.

And now his lot in distant clime,
Among uncertain friends, is thrown ;
While I essay the tale sublime,
Or, wandering in the grove alone,

Accord, perhaps to strains of truth,
The gift of verse, uncertain boon ;
Or weep for yon unhappy youth
Wrought up to madness by the moon.

Revolving seasons, sun and shade,
Alternate o'er our heads have flown,
Yet still the wreath of hope we braid,
And still the tie of friendship own.

And though no more, beneath the sun,
Enjoyment should our hope supply,
Yet when the sands of life are run,
Then shall we meet, my friend and I.

1823.

STANZAS.

I made me a little bark,
And trusted my all on board ;
And her sails were spread like the wings of the lark,
Though the storm was on, and the waves were dark,
And the winds and the waters roared.

But soon the sun looked from on high,
And stilled the stormy main ;
And before his face the clouds did fly,
Leaving behind a clear blue sky,
And the ocean smiled again.

And still my bark went o'er the seas,
With a soft and rippling tune,
Like the gentle boughs of the forest trees,
That meet and kiss when stirred by the breeze,
In the leafy month of June.

And on she went with a motion as free
As the soaring, still-winged dove,
And stooped her side to the wave as meek
As the virgin bride, when she leans her cheek
To the first warm kiss of love.

But the sun went down and the night was dark,
And the stormy wind was high,
And the ocean waves went over the bark,
That saw neither land nor beacon-mark,
Nor the star-beam in the sky.

When lo ! a bright and cheering ray
Shone over the tide afar,
And I beheld, while my heart was gay
With the hope that rose on my erring way,
The bright and the morning star.

1823.

I HAVE DWELT LONG ENOUGH ON THE
PAST.

I have dwelt long enough on the past,
Sweet hope, let me turn now to thee !
Though the pleasures of youth cannot last,
Yet the favors of heaven are free.
Though the soul may be cheerless and dark,
And the bosom be tainted with sin,
Yet grace holds a branch from the ark,
To welcome the wanderer in.

There's a pleasure unspeakably pure,
To the heart that is ardent and true,
When the mercies of heaven allure,
And brighten the spirit anew.
Though the friendships that lighten the heart
In this wearisome life may be flown,
The Redeemer will never depart,
Nor leave us to struggle alone.

1823.

WHEN SORROW O'ER THE SPIRIT STEALS.

When sorrow o'er the spirit steals,
And life has scarce a charm to show,
When sadness ev'ry joy conceals,
Or age presents the cup of woe ;

What then can soothe the feeling heart,
That finds its early joys decay ?
What power can then assuage its smart,
And chase the mental gloom away ?

There is a boon to mortals given,
A solace as through life they wend,
To sweeten care and point to heaven ;
That boon — the bosom of a friend !

1823.

STANZAS.

The pleasures of this mortal life are fleeting fast
away,
And none can call the morning back or bid the roses
stay ;
The noontide sun of summer shines with evanescent
beams,
And friends pass off like fallen leaves along autumnal
streams.

But though time bears our joys away, it carries evil
too ;
The cloud that veils the mountain-top hides snow-
drifts from the view ;
The ice within the winter brooks dissolves and dis-
appears,
And with it flies all trace of grief we knew in other
years.

Though far are gone the gentle friends we loved in
youth so well,
And broken many a tender tie, and severed many a
spell,
Yet still upon the path of life is many a lovely
flower,
And though joy's sun has fewer beams, they still
retain their power.

Nor are they lost, though far away, those friends so fondly loved,
With whom, through many a happy day, the dearest joys we proved ;
They live in deathless memory still, that never can forget,
As oft a light is in the sky, though long the sun has set.

They live in every calm delight, in every dreary scene,
On every mountain's rocky height, in every valley green ;
And though their forms be cold in death, to us their souls are warm,
In every gale their spirits breathe, and sigh in every storm.

No shady grove where we have strayed, no lightly springing flower,
No sparkling stream, no green arcade, no place, no thought, no hour,
Can lightly pass before our face, or come our hearts within,
But in its form we find some trace to tell where joy hath been.

Ah me ! what strange mysterious things — these deathless hearts of ours !

Some fond regret, some sorrow springs, through all
life's varied hours ;
Oh, when shall pass these dreary days, and we possess again
The friends we loved ? — oh God ! what praise —
what deathless pleasures then !

1881.

MILTON.

Immortal bard ! who, by the flowery side
Of hallowed Sion didst delight to rove,
And by the sunny rill, and shady grove,
To pour such lays as mightiest bards beseem ,
Such thoughts as but with lofty souls abide ;
Thee would the muse salute with some sweet song
Kindred to that which flowed the shores along,
When Lycidas sunk in the whelming tide !
But, ah ! what bard, in this degenerate day,
Can frame the stanza with indulgence due ?
No hand like thine the minstrel harp can sway,
Or breathe the symphony with cadence true.
Yet in one song thy praise is glowing warm ;
Thy own immortal lines thy noblest requiem form !

1881.

WORDSWORTH.

Is there a bard whom nature's self approves,
Whom genius honors, and whom virtue loves ;
Whose gentle influence o'er his page is thrown,
Melting fond hearts to union with his own ;
Whose pensive lays, with noblest impulse fraught,
Enlarge the mind, and elevate the thought ?
'T is Wordsworth — bard of meritorious praise,
Unsullied minstrel of degenerate days ;
Whose artless numbers uncorrupted shine,
The sterling gold of nature's virgin mine.
Thou, fit to stand where Shakspeare stood of old,
And see the secrets of the muse unfold ;
To lie reclined upon the hallowed sod,
And be the priest of nature and of God !

1881.

—
SONNET.

Sleep, lovely waters ! on this silent shore,
In your unbroken slumber, long and deep ;
Unwaked, save sometimes by the dipping oar
Of fishermen, who here their vigils keep,
Or sea-bird's lonely cry along the steep,
When roused from slumber by her stirring young.
Oh, with what joy in moonlight have I hung

Enamored o'er thee, silent sleeping sea !
And heard, through the wide spreading woodlands
 borne,
The distant tones of some sweet melody,
Which brought to my tired feelings, overworn
While combating with this world's misery,
A sweet and balmy freshness, like the bland
And holy harpings of some seraph land. 1881.

SONNET.

The earth is full of wisdom, and the sea,
The wide deep sea, can loftiest thoughts inspire .
Nor gaze we on it only to admire
Its beauty and its vastness — for to see
The stars reflected in the glassy brine,
The fair and far off stars that gem the sky,
May waken thoughts which in the mind may shine
As bright and starlike as the orbs on high.
And when the winds the sleeping billows wake,
And curl them into mountain waves, which shake
The firm set rocks that bound them in their rage,
Andwhelm the tall ship in the reckless surge —
How like are they to passions wild, that wage
Inhuman wars, and deadliest actions urge ! 1881.

TO A POETESS.

Bright thoughts come to my heart this happy morn,
Lady! in which thou bear'st a noble share;
Throngs of sweet memories on their pinions bear
The visions of past days, of beauty born,
And nursed by glowing hope — with one dear form
That breathes the emanations of a mind,
Replete with strength, and by pure thoughts refined,
In young imaginations rich, and warm
With such high thoughts as pour eternal fame
Around the best of our dear mother land,
Giving to woman there a brighter name
Than e'er was gathered by the battle brand.
O breathe the thoughts within thy breast that stir,
That thou mayst be to us, what Hemans is to her.

1831.

SLANDER.

Who can with slander's wiles contend?
Hell cannot boast a darker fiend,
Nor man deplore so foul a foe;
She o'er the land at noon-day stalks,
And in the midst of darkness walks,
Engendering virtue's overthrow.

She with the basilisk is bred,
And snaky tresses deck her head,
 As was of famed Medusa sung ;
In vain may we her arts oppose,
On every side at random flows
 The aspic poison from her tongue.

The wretch oppressed with thousand ills,
Who all my hoarded treasure steals,
 Does but purloin a sordid ore ;
But he who dares with impious aim,
To blast, my fair ! my spotless name,
 Takes what no labor can restore.

The demon that delights to spread
Her venom round fair virtue's head,
 Should ne'er with men—with angels dwell ;
Away then, slander, impious fiend !
To kindred shades of night descend,
 And seek thy dark congenial cell ! 1881.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Awake ! awake ! my harp !
 And bring thy choicest strain,
Come from the shadow of yon willow dark,
 Where thou—unstrung —

In peaceful semblancy so long hast lain,
 What time the winds of winter sharp,
Through the dry branches of the doddered oak,
 At silent midnight rung ;
While the lone traveller o'er the dreary plain,
 Hath haply heard the creeping breeze,
Low moaning mid thy chords upon the ground :
 And as thy tones in sadness spoke,
With fainting heart and trembling knees,
 Has started at the sound.

Harp of the north ! awake !
 With all thy bounding chords !
 And let the rocks,
 And the deep-echoing caves —
As the red sun in splendor burns,
 When he returns
 From the translucent waves,
Where he at moonlight hour, retired to slake
 His bright refulgent locks —
 Remurmur to thy words.

Touch the deep chords, Apollo ! now,
And wake bright music with thy powerful hand ;
 And let the graceful sister band,
 The muses, with their sparkling eyes,
 And negligent attire,
Twine, with their rosy fingers, round thy brow,

A wreath of myrtle, dipped in the warm fount,
That flows from the green mount
Of ancient Helicon, whose waters bland
Inspired the bards of old to send,
To the rapt world's surprise,
Eternal strains from the deep sounding lyre.

What youth, with golden locks,
And glittering array,
Roams in the shadow of yon high-browed rocks,
That frown like barriers of gigantic mould,
Above the extended plain,
Where ancient Saugus holds his silent way,
To the eternal sea,
Which rolls its billows for the brave and free ?
And by his side,
Behold a fair and smiling bride,
Decked with the treasures of the nuptial day ;
Around whose path a gentle train,
The sister graces with their laughing eyes,
In light transparent robes appear,
Dancing in lovely guise,
With a sweet sonnet to the new-born year.

Welcome ! ye youthful pair ! —
'T is thus, in numbers sweet, they sing —
Welcome to these o'erarching shades,
These rocks, these ancient hills, these glades,

Where the soft streamlets spring,
Whose waves the wild-flowers love,
And by whose side, in Spring's enchanting air,
Are heard the sweet notes of the forest dove.

Here, under arching rocks,
That once their echoes gave
To the resounding voices, made
By the rude Indian, and the howling fox —
Or by the peaceful wave,
Which rolls its mellow murmurs on the beach,
Or in light-tinkling ripples swells
Among the pebbles and the glittering shells,
That line the iron-barriered shores
Of old Nahant, which send their thunders far,
What time the dark wave roars,
With the wild winds at war —
Here joyful may ye roam, and view the scene,
Which mighty Nature has arrayed
In such majestic mien.

And when the charms of nature cease to please,
If such an hour to gentle minds may come,
And the green trees
Shall shed their honors round your snowy home,
Or creeping age, with its slow-withering chill,
Shall pause, your cup to fill,
May mental pleasures smile upon your way ;
And ever-youthful love,

With soft affection's heart-sent smile,
Beam round your cheerful path to prove
How peaceful and how fond
Are all the moments of that faithful bond ;
And all the while,
May heaven's indulgent hand, as now,
The silent wreath of happiness bestow.

1881.

A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

She was a blooming maiden, and she was passing fair !
I saw, when, sorrow laden, she sought a home from care ;
For sickness had come o'er her and disappointment too,
And every path before her, was difficult and new.

In days of youthful gladness, when bosoms are sincere,
A darkening shade of sadness spread o'er her brow so clear ;
And that pure smile, which lighted up her features smiling glow,
Was dashed, as by some bitter cup of darkness and of woe

They say, that, in a luckless hour, a wandering
stranger came,
Who taught that sin's transmissive power could light
the deathless flame ;
And from that hour she turned aside to sad and
lonely ways,
And gave to sorrow's reckless tide the beauty of her
days.

The sun dispensed serenest light, but not for her it
shone,
The village grew each day more bright, but she was
sad and lone ;
And youths, who loved to wander with her in child-
hood's glow,
Now see her pine and ponder amid the brightest
show.

She looks back on the rosy hours of childhood and
of joy,
When every scene was flushed with flowers, and bliss
without alloy ;
Those harmless pleasures, in her fear, are tinged
with darkest sin,
And every step appears more drear, than all the past
hath been.

Oh, can it be, that nature delights to mar the bliss,
And dash her fairest creature with misery like this?
Is there no path to heaven, but through a sea of
tears?

No endless pleasures given, unbought by darkest
fears?

1831.

TO ELLEN.

"She was a phantom of delight."—WORDSWORTH.

Little Ellen! lovely child!
In whose pure and artless heart
All the graces that impart
Life to life are reconciled;
Bud of being's brighter day,
Pledge of hope's extended sway,
Guiltless of idolatry,
How this heart doth homage thee!

Thine is every latent worth,
Like the rubies of the mine,
Buried in their native earth,
Till impulsion bid them shine;
And thine be every boon bestowed
To cheer a long and rugged road,
Through a world of toil and care,
And guide thy steps to one more fair.

May thy day be clear and bright,
As the hope that round thee now
Throws a halo of delight,
Brightening each admiring brow ;
And the sorrows that await
Upon virtue's overthrow,
And repentance, long and late,
Mayst thou never, never know.

Gem of virtue, happy child !
Miniature of future years,
In whose bosom unbeguiled,
Dwells each virtue that endears ;
Cherub of immortal birth,
Fairest flower of nature's tree,
Brightest excellence of earth,
How this heart doth homage thee !

1831.

BALLAD.

It was a bright and balmy eve, the moon was in the sky,
The silent stars had taken leave to light their lamps on high ;
A thousand bright and beauteous maids in sleep reclined their heads,
And thousand angel sentinels were watching round their beds.

She stood upon a lofty cliff, that frowned above the sea,
Whose dark rocks to the midnight moon reflected awfully ;
Her long fair hair hung floatingly around her breast of snow,
Like mighty clouds, that heavily o'er cold Monadnoc flow.

What doth she there, that lovely maid, at this lone hour of night ?
She watcheth for her lover's bark, with long and straining sight.
The winter stars, the summer stars have shone upon her tears,
But to her sight, each lingering night, no lover's bark appears.

There is a dark speck floating far upon the sombre tide,
That long ere it has reached the shore, her quick eyes have desried.
“ Oh heaven ! it is Alanson's corse ! the sea has been his grave ;
I 'll sleep within thy arms, my love, this night beneath the wave ! ”

She sought the steep cliff's dizzy edge into the waves
to spring,
When, hark ! beneath the rocky ledge she heard a
bugle ring ,
She turned — and then for joy she wept — her lover
stood beside,
And in Alanson's arms she slept, but not beneath
the tide.

1881.

MEHAMA.

Mehama was young and fair,
The balm of her lip was fresh ;
Her eyes had seen the hues
Of sixteen summer flowers.
Her step in the valley was light,
And her breath like the silent gale ;
Her cheek was flushed with health,
And fair as the evening moon.
Her heart was the home of peace,
And pure as the desert spring ;
She was fair as the evening star,
When it shines in the west alone.
No one beheld Mehama,
But a blessing arose to his tongue.

The aged beggar, on his noon-day walk,
Ne'er saw her father's lattice shut in rage.
Even the bright flowers that in her garden bloomed
Shone brighter as she smiled upon their blossoms.
The little village, where Mehama dwelt,
Seemed like a paradise within the wild.

The traveller on the road
Checked his high steed, and bent
Unconsciously, his head,
To gaze upon her face.

Two long, long years rolled on,
The traveller passed again
O'er that remembered way ;
Mehama was not seen.

A shade of disappointment veiled his face,
For still her image dwelt within his soul ;
And many miles before the village rose,
He hoped to see her smiling form again.

For she to him was dear
As is the cocoa tree
To Benin's thirsty son.
He bent his anxious eye ;—
Her garden wore the hue
Of desolate neglect.
The clambering wall-flower
Had loosened from its hold,
And lay upon the ground.
The soft geranium,

That from the window sent
Its sweet perfume around,
Was broken by rude hands.
He could endure no more.

His heart sunk down like lead within his breast,
And hopeless sorrow seized upon his heart.

The spoiler had been there,
And wrought the work of death.
He passed upon his way,
In silence and deep grief.
No tears rolled down his cheek,
They were dried within their fount ;
Mehama was laid in the grave,
This lay adorns her tomb.

These simple lines inscribe the humble urn,
Of one whom high and low agree to mourn ;
Her youth was lovely as the fairest flower,
Like that 't was blighted in a luckless hour.
Ye, who would make the meed of worth your prize,
And find the boon of virtue in the skies,
Let innocence your youthful years adorn,
And modest virtues gild your smiling morn.
Then shall the storms of life sweep harmless by,
And death's dread blast but waft you to the sky.

TO ——.

When far from thy home, mid the hills of the north,
 To the plains that are washed by the sea,
Thou cam'st in thy youth and thy loveliness forth,
 Like a bird bounding gladly and free ;
How brightly thine eye with its deep lustre shone,
 Like a lime mid its leafiness seen,
While thy feelings leaped up at the light thrilling
 tone,
Which thy step wakened out from each scene.

Though now it is changed, and thy light lovely step
 Sounds heavy and sad to thy ear,
And far are the hearts that would deeply have wept,
 That thou shouldst have cause for a tear ;
Though they that should love thee are hardened and
 cold,
And pass thee with pride and with scorn,
There still is one arm that will gladly enfold,
 One heart that is fresh as the morn.

Oh let not thy bosom be burdened with care,
 Nor timidly tremble for them ;
Thy God will assist thee with firmness to bear,
 Though they should oppress and condemn.
The hand that entwined every chord of thy heart,
 And with passion and feeling endowed,
Will still to the humble a mercy impart,
 That never is shown to the proud.

TO ——.

Oh thou, who left thy dear loved home,
The beach, the rock, the hill, the vale,
In lone and stranger paths to roam,
Where blight and selfishness prevail —
Oh court no more the faithless gale,
That wafts thee from the truth away,
Where fountains in the deserts fail,
And sands but sparkle to betray.

Oh come, unite with her whose hand
Will lead thee to a pleasant hill,
Whose cedars in their beauty stand,
Whose valleys know no blighting chill ;
Whose views with joy thine eyes will fill,
As thou shalt rest in peaceful mood,
Beside the waters pure and still,
And in green pastures of the good.

Remember, youth has passed away,
And strength and life are waning fast,
And thou wilt need, in evil day,
A shelter from the chilling blast ;
And she, whose lot with thine is cast,
Will need thy aid her steps to stay,
When sorrow's tide is rising fast,
And time shall bring the evil day.

She said — Oh how I wish his choice
Had made, like thine, the church his friend ;
Then might her altar hear his voice,
Then might our weary wanderings end.
Then would our grateful voices blend
Together on the festal day,
And all our joyful steps would tend
In peace and love, the heavenly way.

Then come — by me the spirit calls,
By me the church invites thee home,
Come, dwell within her peaceful walls,
Nor longer from her service roam.
Oh leave yon surge's sparkling foam,
And dwell within her tranquil shrine ;
Come — to her joyful service come ;
Need she call twice to heart like thine !

1881.



THE EVENING BELL.

How sweet and solemn is the sound,
From yonder lonely tower,
That sends it deep-toned music round,
At twilight's holy hour !

When every sound of day is mute,
And all its voices still,
And silence walks with velvet foot,
O'er valley, town, and hill.

When every passion is at rest,
And every tumult fled,
And through the warm and tranquil breast
The charm of peace is spread.

Oh then how sweet the solemn bell,
That tolls to evening prayer !
While each vibration seems to tell
That thou, oh God, art there !

1881.

FRIENDSHIP,

When sorrow o'er the spirit steals,
And life has scarce a charm to show ;
When sadness every joy conceals,
Or age presents the cup of woe ;

What then can soothe the feeling heart,
That finds its early joys decay ?
What power can then assuage its smart,
And chase the mental gloom away ?

There is a boon to mortals given,
A solace as through life they wend,
To sweeten care and point to heaven ;
That boon — the bosom of a friend !

1881.

MEMENTO MORI.

Remember, fair maid, thou must die !
And, it may be, must die in thy blossom ;
Then the clods of this cold earth will lie
On thy bosom.

And deep, in the damp and cold grave,
With the unfeeling ground for thy pillow,
Thou shalt sleep — while above thee shall wave
The sad willow.

And who, in that silence, shall speak
Of the cheek, that once brightened with gladness ?
And the eyes, whose soft gushes would break
In their sadness ?

Oh, none will remember thee then,
Of all that have sought and admired thee,
In the halls of enjoyment, where men
Once desired thee.

And the rose will bloom fresh in the vale,
And the stream murmur on through the wild-wood
By the banks, where thou woo'dst the sweet gale,
 In thy childhood.

But thy form will be lost to the vale,
And the song of the bird will not move thee,
And some hearts, for a few days, may wail,
 That could love thee.

Yet long ere thy delicate form,
To its primitive dust shall have mouldered,
New links of affection, as warm,
 Will be soldered.

Then seek, what was ne'er sought in vain,
The path of devotion and duty,
Whose strength will revive thee again,
 In thy beauty.

1881.

THE TOLLING BELL.

What means yon solemn tolling bell,
 That peals upon mine ear?
Is it in some kindred spirit's knell?
 I fear — alas! — I fear!

Years have passed on since last we met —
 My father — is it thou ?
Perhaps my mother's sun is set —
 The cold dew on her brow.
My sister? — Oh, it cannot be —
 She is too good and fair !
Death could not lay his hand on thee —
 Too much of heaven is there !

Oh, what a sound is that to greet
 A journeyer from the sea,
Whom kindred souls should rush to meet,
 With glad steps bounding free !
Whoe'er it be, for whom that sound
 Peals on the saddened air,
Some chords to sorrow's tones are wound,
 Which pain warm hearts to bear ;
And whose deep notes will leave a trace
 In some lone spirit's cell,
Which lingering years may not efface,
 Nor burning stanzas tell !

Oh human life ! — say what art thou ?
 A strange mysterious dream —
A single star on time's dark brow,
 With bright, but flickering beam.
That star, to all, one hour must set,
 Whose rays so faithless shine ;

And joys, though they may linger yet,
Be quenched in death's dark brine.
Yet shall a brighter light increase,
And sweeter accents swell,
When all our earthly hopes shall cease,
Like yonder tolling bell.

1831.

THE MINSTREL'S LOVE.

My love is a lady, slender and fair,
Whose mantle is light as the thin blue air,
And falls from her neck as floatingly,
As the vapor that rolls o'er a moonlight sea.

The clustering wreaths of her long thick hair
Curl over her forehead, as dark and fair
As the nightly clouds, which heavily flow
Over star-loving Sunapee's mount of snow.

Like the moon that looks out from a cloudy sky,
Is the soul which beams from her large blue eye,
Where utterless thoughts appear and flee,
Like shadows of clouds o'er a sunny sea.

In the sleepless night, and the ceaseless stir
Of the busy day, my thought is with her ;
And memory and love are with sighing repaid,
Because of the form of that slender maid. 1831.

STANZAS.

Sweet maid, whose virtue is outshone
By nothing but thy loveliness,
Whom grace encircles with a zone,
To guard, to dazzle, and to bless ;
Which they who chance to gaze upon
Must honor, but not love the less.

Even I, unworthy of the smile
Which gladdens like the ruby's ray,
Admit the charms that must beguile
The thoughts, but haply not betray ;
Beaming upon my heart the while
Like lights that upon ice blinks play. 1831.

STANZAS.

When the tip of some bright swallow's wing
Shall dip in the sunny lake,
When the breeze of the west shall freshly spring
And the leaves of the lotos shake,
The water is ruffled, the dew-drops fall,
And the lake and the flower are sad,
Though the swallow's wing and the breeze's call,
Are things to make us glad.

'T is thus with the calm of a delicate soul,
 A word or look too rude
May waken sensations beyond control,
 In a bosom with taste endued.
For words and looks are delicate things,
 Which the spirit may wound or heal ;
And from them deep joy or sorrow springs,
 In a heart that is quick to feel.

1881.

A RECOLLECTION.

It was a winter evening, the moon was shining fair,
I rose and wrapped around me my plaided roque-
laire,
And wandered through the drifted snow with many
 a rising sigh,
For in a warm and ardent breast my heart was beat-
ing high.

I sought the cottage on the moor where love and
 friendship smiled,
And welcome hands and cheerful hearts all thought
 of ill beguiled ;
With one dear friend the long cold hours stole silent-
ly away,
And hope was there with promised joy to bless our
future day.

We parted then, as friends should part, who love
each other well,
Without a thought within our hearts, those hearts
would blush to tell ;
However venal bards may sing, the pleasures of the
soul
Are far above the boasted joys of beauty and the
bowl.

Twas in the happy days of youth, and now the
heavy sod
Is on her cold and silent heart, and she is with her
God ;
But many a winter moon may shine, and many a
pleasant eve,
Ere I forget that gentle friend, or memory cease to
grieve.

1831.

DEVOTION.

What makes our pleasures brighter shine,
Like roses bathed in sparkling wine ?
What with its lustre can adorn
The beauties of the balmy morn,
And lend its pure and calm delight

To the soft slumbers of the night?
It is the clear and placid glow
Which mantles o'er devotion's brow.

When sorrow throws its darkness o'er
The path we fondly trod before,
And friends whom we so long have known
We call, alas, no more our own ;
What then can light the spirit on,
When all earth's loveliness is gone ?
It is that pure and ardent flame,
Which burns to heaven from whence it came.

1831.

SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

In the winter of the year 1777, two brothers, John Lewis, aged 25, and Benjamin Lewis, aged 15 years, of Lynn, were taken prisoners, and confined on board the Jersey prison-ship in the harbor of New York; where they perished from cold, and unwholesome food administered in copper vessels.

Shades of my friends ! beneath the wave
Your bones are whitening cold and deep ;
The wide sea moans above your grave,
The winds bewail your timeless sleep.

The minstrel mourns the fatal day,
When even youth could not avail

To rend remorseless bonds away,
And hush a mother's plaintive wail.

When pining worth untended dwelt
In floating dungeons, dark and dank ;
There innocence unpitied knelt,
And there the poisoned chalice drank.

The God of nature gave his light
To shine on regions fair and free,
But man a prison, dark as night,
Chains, and a grave beneath the sea.

Some friendly storm of future years
Shall cast your bones upon the strand,
To eulogize a nation's tears,
And curse a tyrant's bloody hand.

1881.

TO A LADY AT THE SOUTH.

In yon bright clime, that views the ecliptic sun
With nearer ken his lustrous journey run,
I see thee wandering in the fragrant shades
Of orange groves, and long unvarying glades

Of tufted cotton fields, and the tall reeds
For whose sweet juice the groaning Afric bleeds.

Sweet vales, and fragrant shrubs, and balmy airs,
Oh yield your charms to dissipate her cares !
Your strength to renovate her feeble frame,
And let her ease your choicest influence claim !
Should northern gales to your sweet valleys come,
May they waft nought but happy news from home ;
No chilling blasts come near her to molest,
No painful thoughts to agitate her breast.
Ye winds that o'er the wide Atlantic play,
Gather sweet health upon your liquid way ;
Steal from Bermuda's Isles their fragrant store,
And the sweet treasure in her bosom pour !
Ye streams that roll from Appalachia's side.
Oh make sweet music with your murmuring tide ;
Sing your soft lays in her enchanted ear,
And bid the sound dispel each anxious fear !
Ye southern mountains wear your richest hues !
Ye sunny vales your sweetest smiles diffuse !
Ye healthful days your utmost strength renew !
Ye tranquil nights distil ambrosial dew !
Ye birds of heaven sing out your sweetest strains,
And pour their notes o'er Carolina's plains !
Ye beauteous things of air, and earth, and sky,
Bring forth your treasures to her raptured eye ;
And let all nature spread her choicest charms,
To woo Hygeia to her sister's arms !

Then, when bright spring her freshest hues shall
wake,
And pour soft breezes o'er each northern lake,
May some fair bark from Charleston's happy shore,
Waft thy dear form to our loved hills once more,
To taste the sweets that home can well bestow,
The joys that love and holy friendship know,
To quaff the sweets which virtue's cup supplies,
And in loved scenes to ripen for the skies. 1831.

MONODY.

ON THE DEATH OF SOLOMON MOULTON.

Who died May 26, 1827, aged 20 years.

He sleeps beneath the willow tree,
His last and dreamless sleep ;
And yet no tears have come to me
I envy his tranquility,
Far, far too much to weep.

Yet for whose loss, if not for thine,
Should be the requiem sung ?
Wake then, my harp, one glowing line,
Though like this injured heart of mine,
Thy chords have all been wrung.

When first, in youth's exulting pride,
Thou struck'st the sounding shell,
I hailed the hand, that by my side,
Across the trembling strings could glide,
So gallantly and well.

But who, that heard thy mournful tune,
The lay so finely drawn,
Which brought thy muse some grateful boon,
Could think the cloud would rise so soon,
To dim thy early dawn !

'T was like the song that in the fire
The bird of Sadi sings,
When throned upon the funeral pyre,
She feels the glowing flames aspire
To scorch her silken wings.

'T was like the note, on some clear lake
That glows with many a gem,
The dying swan is heard to wake,
When evening boughs their leaflets slake
Her own sweet requiem.

It is not mine to sing the praise
That selfish merit owns ;
Were I to frame the fawning lays,
Thy soul, that shaped no servile ways,
Would spurn the slavish tones.

At random cast on that deep tide
Where endless waters roll,
It was thy lot oftentimes to bide
The taunts, the insults, and the pride
Of things without a soul.

Yet was thy heart of noble kind,
In lofty model cast ;
Thus are our thoughts to hope inclined,
That He, who formed such gentle mind,
Would leave thee not at last.

1881.

ADDRESS.

Spoken at a Visitation of the Second District School, in Lynn.

Weeks have passed on, and months their roses shed,
And some dear friends been numbered with the dead,
Since last, in these loved walls, 'twas ours to trace
The cheering smiles of each remembered face,
Dear to our grateful hearts—to science dear,
Whom learning loves, and virtue bids revere.

The flowers of summer, that were late in bloom,
Have shed their leaves, and sought their wintry tomb ;
The leaves of autumn tremble on the gale,
And sighs of sadness steal along the vale,

The harbingers of that more chilling hour,
When northern blasts shall renovate their power,
And charity's warm hand her gifts display,
To chase the wants of misery away.

Again you come your kindness to diffuse,
To wake the genius of the slumbering muse,
O'er learning's path to shed your welcome ray,
To cheer young genius, brightening into day,
To warm our hearts — to kindle proud desire,
And bid our hopes to virtue's heights aspire.

Your presence animates our youthful views,
Your kindness aids us, and our love renews.
What shall I say? — words linger on' my tongue —
Our teacher's thanks — the praises of the young,
Are yours to-day for benefits bestowed
On learning's path, and virtue's sacred road.

While our best thanks are to your kindness due,
Still be it ours improvement to pursue,
To tread the paths of science and of truth,
And add new virtue to advancing youth.

While other nations mourn departing day,
And weep in vain o'er learning's vanished ray ;
While Greece looks out, with half despairing eye,
To hail the sun that warmed her elder sky —
While barren realms in desolation wait,

For some kind favors from according fate —
Here learning spreads her choicest treasures free,
Of present worth, and honors yet to be.
May we partake the banquet she bestows,
And drink the stream of science as it flows.
May each advancing year our minds behold
Advance in knowledge and to worth unfold ;
More gentle grow, from pleasing day to day,
And thus your kindness and your care repay.

Our task is done — the lesson of to-day ;
May the next lead us on a brighter way ;
Each mental step rise higher from earth's sod,
And the last bring us to the throne of God.

1831.

THE FOUR DELIGHTS OF LIFE.

Along this weary vale of tears,
Where hopes and fears the spirit move,
Of every flower that bright appears,
The fairest — brightest flower is love.

When sad and lonesome are our days,
In solitude decreed to roll,
The muse her gentle power essays,
And sweetly soothes the pensive soul.

When fate her dusky form uprears
 To whelm us in misfortune's wave,
 Then music leaves her native spheres,
 And, like an angel, stoops to save.

The dearest flowers of earth may fade,
 And wither in the mortal strife,
 But friendship blossoms undecayed
 The amaranthine flower of life.

1881.

EPITAPH.

Fair as the star that sparkles in the west,
 Pure as the dew-drop on the lily's breast,
 She came awhile to tremble and to shine,
 Then rose like incense to the eternal shrine.

1881.

TO ——.

Lady ! when in youthful life,
 First with joy we met,
 All thy steps with health were rife
 Thy cheeks with roses set ;
 Pleasure sparkled on thy brow,

And 't was bliss to see
All the charms to which we bow
In thy motions free.

But though thou wast beauty's own,
'T was not half so fair,
To behold the charms that shone,
As the mind was there.
What is every grace that shines,
Matched with self control?
What are thousand diamond mines,
To the gem of soul !

Mid the pleasures of my days,
Few have been more dear
Than to me was maiden's praise,
Than was beauty's tear ;
And from life's first sweet employ
Till its woes shall end,
Few delights can give more joy
Than to call thee friend.

Then let friendship's honors glow
In her rosy cup ;
And while life's delights shall flow
We will drink them up.
Who would bear earth's weary woes
Far from friendship's spring,
Who on life's bound would pause ?
If love had nought to bring !

HUMAN LIFE.

Life is a wild and stormy tide,
Where winds and waves prevail ;
And they who trust the waters wide,
Must feel the shivering gale !

Life is a bright and sunny shore,
Where fruits and roses grow ;
Where pleasure builds her shady bower,
And silver streamlets flow !

'T is thus that wanderers of the earth
In joy or sorrow deem ;
To those it seems a day of mirth,
To these a fearful dream.

Oh, much I fear that all must taste
The bitter cup of woe ;
For life has many a dreary waste,
Where fearful torrents flow.

Yet is it not a hateful scene,
So painful though it be,
For mercy's hand has placed between
Full many a flowery lea.

And hope has built a rosy bower,
Beneath her own pure sky,
To which she flies in sorrow's hour,
Till threatening storms pass by.

CHILDHOOD'S HEART.

I have a boy but three years old,
With ruddy cheeks and auburn hair,
A slender form of graceful mould,
That to a father's sight is fair.

His eyes are like the forest bird's,
The shy wild dove of sunny June ;
His voice is sweet, and all his words
Sound like a rippling streamlet's tune.

But what to me are far more dear
Than all the mellow notes that roll,
Are the deep thoughts that meet mine ear,
The emanations of a soul.

There are who say that childhood's heart
Is like a desert's barren soil,
Whose sterile sands no fruits impart,
Till fostered by improvement's toil.

'T is rather like a forest glade,
A lovely spot that lonely lies,
Whose marge the pine's green branches shade,
Whose flowers look up to sunny skies.

Improvement's hand may lop the boughs,
And prune the luscious vines that stray,

May pluck some straggling weed that grows,
And aid some gleam of brighter day.

But hand of art can ne'er bestow
A softer verdure for the feet,
Or teach a single flower to glow
With hue more fair, or scent more sweet.

1881.

EPITAPH.

Ah, gentle maid ! has thy loved spirit gone,
Ere smiling spring her early hues hath spread ?
Before the rose perfumed the florid morn,
Entered the silent mansions of the dead ?
Could not stern death have spared thee yet awhile,
That thou mightst cheer the drooping with thy smile ?

Cold is the heart that once inspired delight,
Thy lovely voice shall greet our ears no more !
Encircled by the gloomy shades of night
Lies thy fair form, thy absence we deplore.
Beneath the grassy turf serenely sleep
While o'er thy grave the village virgins weep. 1881.

MONODY.

On the death of Mr. Joseph Blaney, who went out in a boat, from Swampscot, July 12, 1830, and was destroyed by a shark.

Death comes in thousand forms
To the paths of mortal men !
He rides upon the ocean storms,
And none can stay him then.

The bones of seamen lie
In the caverns of the deep ;
They slumber darkly where they die,
In unfrequented sleep.

Above their secret graves
The midnight surges roll ;
And the loud requiem of the waves
Laments their parted soul.

'T is always sad to die,
Even in our native dome,
When life breathes out the parting sigh,
Amid the loved of home.

'T is sadder far to fall
By the battle of the breeze,
When stranger hands spread out our pall
Upon the distant seas.

But dreadful 't is to be
The ocean monster's prey !
To have the tyrant of the sea
Complete our mortal way.

Yet 't is decreed to man
Once in the grave to lie ;
And when he has fulfilled the plan,
His soul ascends on high.

The grave shall yield its dead,
The sea restore its prey,
And forms in ocean's darkest bed
Shall greet the light of day.

1881.

SERENADE.

Lady, behold ! the bright full moon
Moves slowly o'er the azure sky ;
Through yon sweet grove the breath of June
Stirs with a lulling melody.

Remember, love ! the joys of youth
Are bright but once to fancy's view !
Then let us seize the pleasing sooth,
While life is warm, and hope is new.

1881.

WEEP NOT FOR THE YOUTHFUL DEAD.

Weep not for the youthful dead,
Resting in their peaceful bed !
They are happier than we,
Howsoever blest we be !

They have left a doubtful scene,
While their hearts were young and green,
Ere they foundered on the deep,
Wherefore, wherefore do ye weep ?

They have never known the stings
Which dissevered friendship brings ;
Envy, hatred, passion, pride,
All lie buried at their side.

Far across the shipwreck foam,
They have found a peaceful home,
Where the blessed spirits keep,
Wherefore, wherefore should ye weep ?

'T is, ye say, a heavy pain,
Preying on the heart in vain,
Thus to see the green bud froze,
When just opening to a rose.

Yet shall consolation come
From her starry-spangled home,

Bringing dew upon her wings,
From the deep eternal springs.

Happy they who die in youth,
Ere the fountain springs of truth
Have been sullied by the rains,
Leaving dark and deadly stains.

Their renown is with the brave,
All their faults are in the grave,
And the flowers, that round them bloom,
Chase the darkness, hide the gloom.

1831.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET.

When shall we meet in our home of delight,
Where the smiles are sweet as the stars at night?
When shall the griefs, that darken our way,
Be lost in the light of a happier day?
Then shall we smile to think of the years
Which have fallen a prey to sorrow and tears.

But till time shall bring, with look serene,
A joy like that which the past hath seen,
Oh, lady fair! look from thy bower,

Where thou sittest alone in moonlight hour,
And think that an eye, which views yon star,
Is watching for thee in its home afar.

Then, when thou shalt turn to thy couch of rest,
To dream of the one who loves the best,
May the angels of God descend to keep
Their watch around thy visioned sleep ;
And thy slumber be light as the holy dew,
Which falls on the heart that blesses you. 1881.

SONNET.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Thy God has cast thee in a noble mould,
And poured thy fabric full of living soul,
That fills, informs and animates the whole,
As if we saw a visioned form unroll !
And thou goest forward with Ithuriel's spear,
To combat with the evils of the world ;
And thy keen polished shafts on high are hurled,
To fill oppression with a deadly fear,
And drive him from his hold in freedom's land,
Where he has marshalled forth a mail-clad band,
Armed with the scourge of torture. Like a knight,
Who battled for the cross in days of old,
With truth thy shield, go forward, and be bold,
And may God aid thee in the glorious fight. 1881.

TO MARY.

On receiving the compliments of the New Year.

Yes, Mary, 't was a precious boon —
 “ I wish you, sir, a happy year ! ”
And when my heart is out of tune,
 'T will wake it to its wonted cheer.

So sweet a wish, from one so pure,
 Must bring with it a kindred charm,
And smiling heaven will deign most sure,
 To grant the wish of heart so warm.

Long may the peace that virtue knows,
 With innocence and truth be thine —
The joy that friendship e'er bestows
 From such a noble soul — be mine ! 1831.

THRENODY.

Maria Augusta Fuller died January 19, 1831, aged 24 years

The flower of the grove is fallen !
 The beautiful star is set !
Its luminous ray shall shine no more
 On the pathways where we met ;
But enough of its lingering light remains
 To brighten our darkness yet.

We hailed its dawning bright,
Like the morn star's purple ray !
Or rather the beautiful crimson lights,
O'er the northern hills that play,
When the evening streamers flash on high,
So soon to die away.

Like a delicate bark at sea,
When the redolent gale is sweet,
That holds on its clear and sunny way,
With a motion fair and fleet,
But sinks ere the shores of the haven land
Have welcomed the mariners' feet —

Thus from the path of life,
Ere half her journey done,
Went down to the silent caves of death,
The pure and the gifted one !
To her, earth's mortal coil is o'er,
And the endless joy begun.

To the crimson halls of day,
She has gone with spotless wing,
Like a lark that takes its upward way,
At the early call of spring,
To dwell in the land of the spirit's home,
In the bowers where seraphs sing.

The immortal groves to tread,
That stretch from the burning throne,
To talk with the high and holy dead,
In this evil world that shone —
Oh who, through the shadowy gate of death
Would tremble to pass alone? 1881.

SONNET.

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

I saw an aged man, his locks were gray,
And thinly o'er his time worn forehead spread ;
His children and his early friends were dead,
Or journeying in some foreign land away.
And he had none his failing steps to stay,
Or cheer his passage to the friendly tomb ;
A prison and a pittance were his doom,
A cold damp floor, far from the light of day.
And was his aged heart with murder stained,
Or black with treason, that he there was chained ?
No — he had fought his native land to free
And no dark crime upon his bosom lay,
Why then in that inhuman place was he ?
He owed a trifling debt he could not pay. 1881.

TO GONDOLINE.

We 'll roam along the flowery side
 Of the soft flowing stream,
And muse upon its gentle tide,
 In many a pleasant dream ;
We 'll think upon the joys above,
 Where virtue dwells serene,
And thou shalt be my own dear love,
 My darling Gondoline !

When evening spreads her mantle pale
 And stars are in the sky,
We 'll stray along the fragrant vale,
 Where softest breezes sigh ;
We 'll wander in the pleasant grove,
 Where sweetest things are seen,
And thou shalt be my own dear love,
 My darling Gondoline !

When far upon the ocean wave
 Thy friend is doomed to stray,
He 'll prize the boon which fortune gave
 To cheer his lonely way ;
The joys of constancy we 'll prove,
 Mid dangers dark and keen,
And thou shalt be my own dear love,
 My darling Gondoline.

FABLE.

Young Love had a bower of roses,
That were fresh with the morning dew,
And full of such gentle odors
As Ymala's vale discloses,
When its fragrance rises new.

The sun arose in its splendor,
And the dew was dried away ;
A storm came on in his fury,
And all that bower so tender
In desolate ruin lay.

1881.

—
THE POET.

He stands and gazes on the sky,
That o'er his head in silence bends ;
The blue of heaven is in his eye,
As if its God and he were friends !
So like the beauty of the scene,
There seems a sympathy between.

The mighty ocean heaves and swells
Less proudly than his feeling heart ;
Within his breast a glory dwells,
In which no earthly thought has part.

The eternal hills and rocks partake
The raptures that his feelings slake.

The rich and purple evening sky,
Glowing with sunset's lustre warm,
The clouds that deep in silence lie,
The reckless fury of the storm,
All can their varied joy impart
To some rich chord of his pure heart.

He sleeps — and on his waking mind
A vision full of glory beams ;
Such as of old had power to bind
The wandering Hebrew's holy dreams ;
And sounds, upon his mental ear,
Come wafted from some purer sphere.

The mighty dead, the good and wise
Of ages past, converse with him ;
And light is in his lofty skies,
When all the lower world is dim
His eagle mind aloft may soar
To realms where few have gone before.

The unseen halls of paradise
On his glad sight are opened wide ;
And all in fancy's land that lies
Is viewed as in some crystal tide.
'T is worth an age of worldly power,
To live the poet's thoughts an hour !

EPICEDIUN.

O, bury me not in the dark old woods,
Where the sunbeams never shine ;
Where mingles the mist of the mountain floods
With the dew of the dismal pine !
But bury me deep by the bright blue sea,
I have loved in life so well ;
Where the winds may come to my spirit free,
And the sound of the ocean shell !

O, bury me not in the churchyard old,
In the slime of the doleful tomb !
Where my bones may be thrust, ere their life is cold,
To the damp of a drearier gloom !
But bury me deep by the bright blue sea,
Where the friends whom I loved have been ;
Where the sun may shine on the grass turf free,
And the rains keep it ever green !

TO WHOM ?

There are brighter smiles in yon blue skies
Than mortal eyes may see ;
There are sweeter songs in paradise
Than songs of earth may be.

There are sweeter sounds and rarer
Than the moaning of the sea !
Thy flowers were fair, but fairer
Thy words of love to me !

SALEM.

O Salem's halls are fair,
As Selma's halls of old,⁵
Where the blind bard, old and rare,
His tales of wonder told !

And Salem's beauteous maids
Are fairer than her halls ;
Their smiles are sweeter than the glades
Where richest moonlight falls !

Let Hafir sing sweet strains
In praise of Mosella ;
And Lebeid, on Medina's plains,
With fair Almeda stray —

Give me but Salem's flowers,
In house and garden fair,
And others may expend their hours
On all else rich and rare !

WHITTIER.

Sweet poet of the woods !
Foremost of freedom's bands !
Beside the Merrimac's dark floods
Thy quiet cottage stands.
Bright flowers of richest hue,
Adorn the rustic door,
Which opens, like thy feelings true,
By woodbine clambered o'er !

I marvel not that thou
Shouldst feel a poet's love
For hearts condemned in chains to bow,
With such bright skies above !
Born in the Quaker bands,
And nurtured in such scenes,
Well mayst thou lift thy stainless hands
To show what freedom means !

New England's mountain floods,
Down sweeping to the sea ;
The winds that wave her giant woods,
All talk of liberty !
Their voices to thy heart
Have spoke in thunder tones ;
And bravely hast thou borne thy part
For those oppressed ones !

Go on, bright bard, go on !
The strains will yet be heard,
Of those beneath fair freedom's sun,
Who speak the holy word !
The sounds of joy will stream
O'er mountain, plain and sea ;
Dim eyes with ecstasy shall beam,
And all the world be free !

TO FREDERIC TUDOR.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF FRUIT GROWN AT NAHANT.

If he who makes two blades of grass to soar
From the dull soil where sprung but one before,
Be deemed a benefactor of his race,
Sure thou art worthy an exalted place.
Where grasshoppers, too weak to chirp their grief,
Sought vainly for the shelter of a leaf —
Where half starved cows reclined, too faint to low,
And famished flies expired in sultry woe —
There the green foliage spreads its fragrant shade,
And the rich grass adorns the verdant glade ;
There flowers of every hue their fragrance shed,
And the tall grain displays its golden head ?

While fruits of fairest hue and richest taste
Repay the culture of the barren waste.
Could the great Sagamore of fair Nahant,
Who heard in olden time the billows pant,
Return to greet his ancient dwelling now,
Well might he own a greater Sachem thou.

STANZAS.

Not a sigh escaped my lips, not a murmur left my tongue,
Not a stanza told the grief that with anguish might be sung ;
Though the barbed arrow went to the spirit's inmost core,
By unerring science sent, let it quiver in the sore.

It must rust within the breast with accumulating woe ;
It can never be extracted lest the crimson current flow ;
I must ever wear the sorrow in the heart and in the brain,
For to me love's sweet to-morrow can never come again.

A manly heart was mine in youth to suffer and endure,
And I was taught to bear in truth the ills I may not cure ;
They shall not say I falter now, though crushing fell the blow ;
They shall not see my spirit bow, though death succeed the woe.

As dies the hunted hart at bay, where, by the torrent's brink,
Chased through the long and sultry day, he vainly stoops to drink,
So will I die, without a tear, striving, with anxious view,
To gain that bright and blissful sphere, where hearts and words are true.

WOUND NOT THE HEART, WHOSE LOVE THOU ART.

MOTTO ON A RING OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Wound not the heart, whose love thou art !
Her hope is round thy being twined !
Then how canst thou with sorrow bow
The heart that loves, by words unkind !

Wound not the heart, whose love thou art!
She gave love, life and soul to thee!
I would not bleed, by word or deed,
The heart that did so much for me.

EPIGRAMS.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDS.

I sought the ancient halls and fields so fair,
Where I was loved and happy long ago;
“Where are my early friends? O tell me where?”
And echo answered, “Really I don’t know!”

GRATITUDE.

Ingratitude is, to true worth,
Proverbially common;
There’s nothing grateful on this earth,
Except a dog — and woman!

WIT.

Pray, what is a wit? said a friend to the poet,
I have heard of full many, but never saw one.
’Tis a title applied — it is easy to show it —
To those who have little, by those who have none! .

TRUTH.

'T is folly, said the bard, to seek for truth,
For when 'tis found the world will only doubt it ;
If you are silent, you will have much ruth,
And if you speak, they'll murder you about it !

VIRTUE OF SORROW.

Behold yon grotto, where the dropping tears
Are crystalised to columns by long years !
So shall thy sorrows, child of mighty grief,
Bear up, like pillars, for thy soul's relief !

CRITICISM.

The magic lays of the minstrel's tale
Have influence bright or dark ;
As the music that wakes the nightingale,
Will set the dogs to bark !

CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

The only true marriages, fraught with delight,
Are to all fond lovers a warning ;
They are where the king weds a new wife every night,
And cuts off her head in the morning !

POETIC SENSIBILITY.

Full many a note of the minstrel's art
The slumbering world may hear !
But the sweetest chords of the poet's heart
Are silent to its ear !

DIRGE.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The mighty minstrel is no more !
He sleeps beneath the hallowed clay !
His magic harping now is o'er,
And quenched his pure and classic ray !

Through all her works mute nature mourns !
And silence dwells on hill and dale !
Her altar now untended burns,
For who shall sing her minstrel tale ?

'T was his the worth of ancient day
To breathe, in high heroic strain ;
'T was his to bid the palmer gray,
And mail-clad warrior live again !

His was the deep and potent spell,
O'er hearts to nature's worship true !
In his creative thought did dwell
The mighty power that Shakspeare knew !

Above his grave may Scotland weep,
And pour her notes of deepest woe !
The universe his fame shall keep,
And nations bid his praises flow !

In many a land to him unknown,
O'er many a wild and distant wave,
His muse has built a living throne,
Whose reign shall long outlast his grave!

IN MEMORIAM.

Shall I not mourn above thee,
Brother mine?
Were there not hearts to love thee,
Soul divine?
Thou wouldest have grieved for me,
Shall I not weep for thee,
At the shrine?

Thy soul was good and true,
Though unknown;
And thy friendship ever new,
For thine own;
And thy great deep love was found,
Encircling all around,
Like a zone.

And to the true and good,
Thou wert true;

With a kindred love endued,
For the few ;
And a heart as broad as day,
Which the many on the way
Never knew.

Thy spirit was a flame,
And it burned ;
From God's own hand it came,
And returned ;
Though deep thy slumber now,
In the dark cold earth, where thou
Art inurned.

Thy soul is hovering o'er,
In the sky ;
We shall see thee here no more,
Till we die ;
But thou canst still behold,
And in thy love enfold,
From on high.

The soft trees waft a sigh,
As they wave ;
And the sweet birds, as they fly,
Chant a stave ;
And a requiem of love,
From the blest spirits, as they rove,
Soothes thy grave.

THE DEATH BOAT OF SUNTAUG.

They built her form of the mountain pine,
And streaked her sides with a golden line ;
And they launched her then, on a moony night,
Upon Suntaug's waters, cold and bright.

She sat like a shell on the sparkling tide,
And 'twas sweet to see her gently glide ;
While her paddle wheels, like the swan's white wings,
Dimpled the lake with a thousand rings.

You might have thought, had you seen her float
O'er the clear deep waters — that bonny boat —
That a sentient spirit impelled her pride,
And nought of evil could her betide !

Then a score of youths and maidens fair
Trusted themselves to her guardian care ;
And their laugh rung loud through the forest wide,
As they merrily glided over the tide.

The lake was deep, and the lake was clear,
But the boat was strong and they had no fear ;
And the cedar green and the taper pine,
Were mirrored fair in the margin line.

The lake was deep, and the lake was wide
But the sun shone clear, and the winds had died ;

And they saw the fish, with their scales of gold,
Deep down in the waters clear and cold.

But the boat was false in her heart of pride,
And had given herself for a demon bride ;
And she lured the maids from the grove of pine !
As an offering fair at death's cold shrine !

And shrill was the shriek of youth and maid,
That startled the birds in the forest shade,
As those maids were given, with all their charms,
To the rude embrace of death's cold arms !

Then death exulted, with heart of pride,
At the offering fair of his demon bride ;
And the pines shall sigh, from the shadowy shore,
Over Suntaug's waters, forever more !

IN OLDEN TIME.

In olden time, the angels
Came down to talk with men,
Those beautiful evangels
Brought strength and solace then.

To Jesus, in the garden,
When to the good he prayed,
His sufferings regarding,
An angel came to aid.

Thus to the bard, neglected,
Despised and wronged of men,
Yet by heaven's truth respected,
An angel comes again.

Love is of grace a token,
Though borne with frequent odds ;
The words which thou hast spoken,
Were not thine own, but God's.

LINES

On receiving a splendid copy of Milton's Works, as a
May Day Gift.

The greatest gift the poet ever had,
Came to his cottage on the sweet May morn ;
A gift that made his lonely spirit glad—
The works of one in sweetest numbers clad,
The blind old bard, in populous London born,
Who sang of Paradise, and God's great love,
Of Eden lost, and Satan bound in chains ;

While stood enraptured all the hosts above,
That he should so exceed the highest strains
Of ransomed saint and throned cherubim !
Thanks to the unknown giver — to the bard
Who sang the song — but most of all to Him
Whose inspiration taught that song to soar,
In strains that can be equalled never more !

TO HELEN IRVING.

May one unworthy dare to cast a leaf
From the fresh garden of his soul to thee,
Fair sunbeam of the north ! 't will solace grief,
To know that one so dear to minstrelsy
Received it, as from admiration due,
And smiled ! A purer offering seldom fell
At woman's feet — a worthier never. True
To nature and thyself. as to the muse,
The soul delights on thy sweet strains to dwell.
Thou hast put forth fair buds of promise, flowers
Whose fragrance gladdens earth's dejected hours ;
Rapt into joy by thine ecstatic lute !
Well may we laudate the Aonian dews,
From sterile soil that call such golden fruit !

TO EDGAR A. POE.

I read thy "Song of the Raven," Poe :
The thrilling notes of its magic flow
Sunk into my heart, like the summer rain
In the thirsty earth, till it glowed again.

When I read the first lines of that wondrous song,
That doth to a brighter world belong,
I said — no poet of freedom's land
On the summit of such a height can stand.

"T is a clime of supernal ether rare,
No mortal poet can breathe and bear ;
And he must make, in his sad confusion,
A "most lame and impotent conclusion."

Another verse, and I seemed to stand
On the verge of limitless fairy land,
While spirits were passing to and fro,
And the earth lay far and dark below.

Then I went higher, and higher still,
O'er the summit of many a star-crowned hill,
Through the trackless realms of immortal mind,
Which the sons of song alone can find.

Could I have my choice of the treasured lore
Of classic land, I would give more
The author of that strange song to be,
Than of volumes of unread casuistry.

There are hearts so cold they may never feel
The thrills which the harp's fine strings reveal ;
But while my life's warm pulses flow,
I bless thy name and thy memory, Poe.

A thousand brilliant years may flit,
And still that classic bird will sit,
As he sat in the golden days of yore,
On the bust of Pallas above the door.

A thousand strains may rise and sink
In the bubbles of old Castalia's brink —
But thy lay shall float by song's bright shore,
On the countless tides of "evermore."

And many a heart in this dark, cold world,
From its throne of sweet affection hurled,
As it cons that strange, wild ballad o'er,
Will sigh for its own loved, lost Lenore.

STANZAS.

In lonely dell, the bright spring flower,
Though waiting long in vain,
Bound by the frost of winter's power,
Yet buds and blooms again.
And thus the heart, that only sighs
To join affection's train,

Though long denied the gentle prize,
Shall never seek in vain.

Thus sung the bard, in brighter days,
When life and hope were new,
And love and friendship's gentle rays
Fell fresh as morning dew.
But now, alas ! the hope that blest
His dream of life is o'er ;
And love's endearing smile may rest
Upon his path no more.

TO S. D. C.

Thy sweet stanzas, gentle maiden, with the dews of
ocean laden,
Come refreshing as the zephyr o'er Arabia's parching
way,
When the weary camel shrinking, at the desert spring
is drinking,
And the twilight stars are blinking, as the deflorated
day
In the arms of night is sinking, and the Moslem
turns to pray

Thus thy mythic song reposes, on its bed of sacred
roses,

When the amber sunset closes o'er the sea serene
and fair ;
Sweet Israfel⁸ descending, with the shades of eve-
ning blending.
While the birds are homeward wending through the
vapor-laden air,
As the summer day is ending on the shore, shall find
it there.

And sustaining it delighted, where the wrongs of love
are righted,
At the throne where none are slighted, who have
honored well the true ;
He presents it warm and glowing, where the songs
of seraphs flowing,
Their sure love and rapture showing, pour their
praises ever new,
And the airs of Eden blowing, waft it through the
highest blue.

Might such pæans flow forever, from the ocean and
the river,
Rising up to the great Giver of all beauty and all
worth ;
While the social anthem swelling, from each love
encircled dwelling,
Every thought of ill repelling, rolls the tide of sacred
mirth,
The sweet story ever telling, of the happiness of earth.

TO A FEMALE VOICE.

There are ten thousand symphonies
Our human hearts within,
Whose waking moments only wait
Some prelude to begin ;
And when one latent chord is touched,
The mental harp rebounds ;
And all the universe is rife
With genial forms and sounds !

Thus was it when thy gentle voice
Its mellow tones awoke ;
And first its thrilling melody
Upon my senses broke !
I oft have heard from purest lips
The stanzas melting flow ;
But ne'er had human song the power
To soothe and please me so !

In peaceful dreams, when day's cold hearts
And sounds are far away ;
And through the mirrored realms of thought
My burning soul can stray ;
The tones of seraph voices come,
With cadence soft and sweet ;
And only these, than thine, can be
More perfect and complete.

I know thee not — thou art to me
As one of other lands ;
Or as a fair and passing voice
Of slumber's happy bands !
No selfish thought can mingle then,
With what I think of thee !
And such as they are to my heart,
So is thy voice to me.

Thou know'st me not — thou ne'er canst know ;
Thy path and mine must be
Like ships, that meet, and pass, and part,
Upon the boundless sea !
But when the haven of our voyage
At last we shall attain,
Our voices haply shall unite
In some more hallowed strain.

"T IS MANY A DAY SINCE WE HAVE
MET.

'T is many a day since we have met,
I know not where thy steps may be ;
And yet my eyes with tears are wet,
By the thoughts of thee !
Love comes and goes, but ever leaves
Some trace within the heart he found ;

The forest which the night-wind heaves,
Still trembles to the sound !

I weep — my tears are for the days
When my fond heart was all thine own ;
And never dreamed of sweeter lays,
Or dearer tone !

I weep for all the cherished truth,
The heartfelt trust in all around,
Which coming with thy love of youth,
Was lost as soon as found.

An idle dream has been my life,
A mystery, still unrevealed ;
A sad, a strange, a weary strife,
A volume sealed.
Yet even with its darkest hour,
One spirit seemed entwined with mine ;
One name to move me still had power,
That treasured name was thine !

I know we never more shall meet !
Nor may I seek to look on thee ;
Those days are gone, and love so sweet
Was not for me !
Yet will a silent hope remain,
That when this earthly strife is o'er,
When there is neither grief nor pain,
Our hearts may meet once more.

THE STARS.

The brilliant stars ! the burning stars !
That shine so bright on high ;
How sweetly do their golden bars
Stream o'er the dark blue sky !

So shines the light of friendly hearts
Upon life's gloomy way,
So sweet the rays that love imparts
To turn our night to day.

Those beauteous orbs of gold so bright
May vanish from the sky,
And not a ray remain to light
The upward gazing eye.

But hearts where love its seal has set,
Or friendship twined its hand,
Will glow with brighter lustre yet
In heaven's immortal band.

THE TALL GRASS GROWS GREEN.

The tall grass grows green at my lone cottage door,
The grape vine is creeping along the dark wall,
The wild rose droops low at the edge of the shore,
And the verdure is soft where the cherry blooms
fall.

I list to the song of the sparrow at morn,
Where she built a soft nest for her young in the
leaves ;
She comes ere the first ray of dawning is born,
And chants from the peach tree that shadows my
eaves.

There 's joy on the earth, and there 's joy on the
waves,
There is love in the sky, in the air, in the sea,
And each little billow the margin that laves
Rolls up to my feet and speaks gladness to me.

How sweet when the morn in the darkness awakes,
And her eyes glisten down on the sea at her feet,
While with redolent rapture each billow that breaks
Sends up sparkles of gold her caresses to greet.

And oh, how sublime, when at midnight's dark hour,
The sea her sole empire ambitiously claims,
When Phosphor exerts all her magical power,
And the ocean burns bright, like a city in flames.

But all these dread beauties I witness alone,
With no one to listen and none to reply,
Save the sea, my lone bride, with her low undertone,
And the stars, my fair sisters, that dwell in the sky.

TO THREE YOUNG LADIES.

Maidens, in your youth's bright morning,
Seek heaven's love to win ;
Hear the holy spirit's warning,
Shun the paths of sin ;
Every grace your forms adorning,
Keep God's grace within.

At your saviour's footstool kneeling,
Daily bow the knee ;
There with all your souls of feeling
Pour your spirits free
O'er the book of God, revealing
Joys that endless be.

From refreshing slumber waking,
When your gladdened eyes
Meet the light of morning, breaking
In the eastern skies,
Praise the love forever making
Something good and wise.

When the golden day, declining,
Streaks the purple west,
When the star of evening shining
Gilds the sparrow's nest,
Think of God's high love, entwining
Glory round your rest.

When the bell of death is knelling —
 When the burning tear —
When fond friendship's bosom swelling —
 Tell that ye were dear,
Then in God's eternal dwelling
 May your souls appear.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

O ! a sweet, sweet thing is woman's love !
 And a bonny thing is she !
With her graceful form, and her trusting heart,
 And her virgin purity !

She was given to man in his pilgrimage,
 In his joys and griefs to share ;
To be unto him as a recompense,
 For the loss of his Eden fair !

O ! a sweet, sweet thing is woman's love !
 And a bonny thing is she !
With her faithful heart, and her loving eye,
 And her virgin purity !

They may talk of their gold and the glory of arms,
 Of the wonders and pride of art ;
But the sweetest thing that the world e'er saw,
 Is the love of a virgin heart !

I 'VE THOUGHT OF THEE BUT ONCE.

I 've thought of thee but once, Winnie,
Since last I met with thee,

And that was all the time, Winnie,
A weary time to me.

I long to meet thee once again,
I long thy face to see ;

My heart is bursting with its pain ;
Sweet Winnie, come home to me.

I 'm waiting at the door, Winnie,
While the moon shines on the sea ;
The boat is rocking by the shore,
And the breeze is blowing free.

The swing is empty now, Winnie,
And the seat by the old peach tree ;
I know each one, could it speak, would say,
Sweet Winnie, come home to me.

The sea 's a faithful friend, Winnie,
A constant friend to me ;
It changes oft from storm to calm,
But, ever, 'tis the sea.

It comes to greet me at my door,
So faithful, yet so free ;
When shall we list its joyous roar ?
Sweet Winnie, come home to me.

The sparrow at my eaves, Winnie,
 Comes with its morning song;
It leaves me not for other tones,
 Though years be sad and long.
I sometimes fancy 't is the tone
 Was once so dear to me;
O come and sing as glad a one;
 Sweet Winnie, come home to me.

WHEN THE FLOWERS OF THE SPRINGTIME.

When the flowers of the springtime shall flourish and
 fade,
When their bloom is all gone and their sweetness
 decayed,
When the cold blast shall sweep o'er the shivering
 ground,
O where shall the amaranth fadeless be found.

When the friends whom we loved in our youth shall
 depart,
And their absence shall press on the desolate heart,
When for one gentle smile we shall look round in
 vain,
What friend shall return us to gladness again.

When the joys that we prized shall no longer delight,
When the glow of life's sunshine has faded in night,
On what bliss can the soul in its fondness rely,
O where is the pleasure that never can die.

That plant undecayed is the sweet passion flower,
That friend was once given in Gathsemene's bower,
The joy that ne'er dies is in virtue alone,
And devotion secures all these treasures thy own.

STANZAS.

Yes, long will I remember
 The tracery of that face!
The arches of those azure eyes,
 That white neck's swanlike grace !

I 've been in spacious cities,
 I 've stood in crowded halls,
In ivied groves, where sweetest
 The ray of moonlight falls.

Wherever beauty wanders,
 My footsteps have been there ;
But nought has shown a form like thine
 In heaven, or earth, or air !

And down in the deep waters,
And up among the stars,
Where'er I gaze, the thought of thee
All other beauty bars !

As bows in deep devotion
The Moslem at his shrine,
So with as pure emotion,
My spirit worships thine !

FOR THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

*When I looked for good, then evil came ;
And when I waited for light there came darkness,
My harp also is turned to mourning ;
And my organ into the voice of them that weep.—JOB.*

For the days that are past I weep,
For the joys that should have been ;
For the gems of my heart that are buried deep,
And the love that I could not win.

And I am alone on earth,
Like a flower in an autumn day,
To mourn for the hour that gave me birth,
And the friends that are passed away.

And the spring will return once more,
And the dew, and the summer rain,
But the cherished joys of my heart are o'er
And will never return again.

I will lay me down and sleep,
Where the gray stones round me rise,
While the winds of eve shall their vigils keep,
And lament with their loving sighs.

THE FIRST TIME OF ASKING.

*Because the human heart is filled
With love, that must be given,
However checked, estranged and chilled,
To something under heaven.—MRS. NORTON.*

O, wilt thou come and build again
The bower of bliss with me?
The storm has broken branch and twig
Of my so favorite tree!

The buds, they were most beautiful,
And redolent of hope ;
And fancy showed rich joys when spring
Her silvery leaves should ope !

The buds were beings — breathing out
A life intense — but now
In peace they sleep — while I, without
Their smiles, alone, must bow !

When solitude succeeds to such
Delight, 't is but despair —
'Alone I will not be, ye winds,
That lift my dark brown hair.'

Then wilt thou build the bower of bliss,
Sweet one, again with me,
Where yon bright stream the sunbeams kiss,
Beneath the ulmine tree ?

Our cot shall be the home of love,
And by my hearth shall bloom
A flower like angel plants above,
To glad my hours of gloom !

TO SERENADERS.

The moon was bright, that balmy night,
Upon my cottage shining,
When all around, arose a sound,
That waked me from a dreaming swound,
As I, in sleep's embraces bound,
Unconscious was reclining.

The ocean lone forbears to moan,
The leaves with diamonds glisten ;
And Amphitrite, that starry night,
Flung careless all her tresses bright,
As from her empyrean height,
She silent leaned to listen.

The nereids, with dripping lids,
Peered smiling from the ocean ;
And seamaids tame, with tints that shame
The opal with its hues of flame,
And dryads, from the groves that came,
Looked their soft love's devotion.

An angel's tongue, as sweet ye sung,
Might envy notes so ringing ;
The still, blue sea, in ecstacy,
Resounded with your melody,
And zephyrs in each statued tree,
Were mute while ye were singing.

The wrongs of men have stirred my pen,
To imbecile repining,
But one such hour of music's power,
Repays an age of wrong and stour,
And clouds of ill around may lower,
While such sweet stars are shining.

SPRING.

There is a sunny beauty on the hills,
And gladness on the waters,
The flowers are springing by the verdant rills
To gladden beauty's daughters.

All nature is elate, as on the morn
When this glad earth was born
That was by wisdom planned,
And leaped in light and love from its creator's hand.

And then
Fair women and brave men
Made earth, that glowed so fair,
More lovely and more rare,
For genial friendship came,
With love's supernal flame,
To light and warm the earth, and point its upward
aim.

Then since the flowers in bloom
Send up their glad perfume,
In incense to the skies,
So let our thoughts arise,
And glow and reach to God, who will such homage
prize.

RIDDLE.

I.

I 'm captain of a company,
 In numbers twenty-four ;
I 've a lieutenant under me,
 Who sometimes goes before ;
Our number bright, when marshalled right,
 Cannot be less or more ;
Without our aid, so highly prized,
The world had ne'er been civilized.

II.

We have five minstrels in our band,
 Who music made of yore ;
Yet one of them is always found
 In turbulent uproar ;
We keep him chained in dungeon deep
 Till all his wrath is o'er ;
Our band, though brave, are wild as loons,
Till rightly marshalled in platoons.

III.

I went with Franklin to the north,
 A passage to explore ;
I 'm guardian of America,
 Upon each outward shore ;

And without me, the people free
Its ruin would deplore ;
For were I lost, believe the rhyme,
America would sink in crime !

IV.

Now tell, each man and maid who can,
The name that I have bore ;
Since with my train from Italy,
To England I came o'er ;
And landed with the Pilgrim band,
Upon this western shore ;
Where arts and arms I help increase,
And joy alike in war and peace.

EPIGRAM.

The great Judge Coram sometimes wore his shirt
Until it gave quite obvious signs of dirt.
One day a foppish lawyer dared to speak
About the sin of wearing shirts a week.
How oft, young man, do you change yours, I pray ?
Me, sir ! I change my linen every day.
What, change your linen every day ! quoth he —
Why, what a dirty fellow you must be !

TO KNOW NO LIGHT OF DAY.

O, say what is it to be blind?
To know no light of day?
And still, in weariness of mind,
Plod on a darksome way.

No sun, no moon, no stars, no light,
But all a dreary void,
With feelings doomed to ceaseless blight,
And pleasures unenjoyed.

I rise from dreams in shadow land
To walk as in a dream ;
Though forms of beauty round me stand
They all unreal seem.

For me in vain the roses bloom,
In vain the violets spring,
I hear indeed the wild bird's tune
But see no golden wing.

The trees are clad in living green,
For so I hear them say,
But 'tis to me a dreary scene,
And leafless every spray.

Summer and winter, fall and spring,
Are all the same to me ;

I hear the mellow brooklet sing,
I hear the moaning sea.

I feel the snow upon my cheek
Fall lightly from the sky ;
I hear my friends in whispers speak,
But see no beaming eye.

The breeze plays round me soft and sweet
And stirs my waving hair,
I hear the leaves my footsteps greet
But see no beauty there.

WOMAN.

Man to the heights of glory may aspire,
For worlds to praise and ages to admire ;
May force a brilliant pathway to the skies,
And teach genius by his fame to rise.
But woman, lowly, lovely, and serene,
With her sweet charms adorns a humble scene,
Humbler to human eyes, but not less great,
In view of Him who guards her lowlier state.
Glory and gain are man's ambitious aims,
And for their scope the universe he claims.
But woman in her purer lovelier spheres,

Adorns with smiles and solaces with tears ;
Weaves garlands for gay genius soaring high,
And soothes with words that teach him how to die.
Her presence animates the drooping heart,
And cheers with gifts she only can impart.
Such worth is thine, and when thy life shall fail,
May heaven's bright angels bid their sister, hail !

CHERISHED MEMORIES.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

What earthly thoughts can purer feelings raise,
Than cherished memories of our early days ?

The scenes we loved in childhood's hours to view,
When every prospect to our eyes seemed new ;

The clear deep pond, upon whose grassy bank
Wild flowers and rushes grew in copses rank ;

While tall green pines sent up their glorious show,
Reflected in the watery world below ;

The woodland stream, the old moss-covered mill,
Whose wheel, except on Sundays, ne'er stood still ;

And those sweet Sundays, when we gathered round,
With cherished friends, to pray on holy ground ;

Friends long departed, but still cherished well,
Like time's old gems, in memory's secret cell ;

Our mother's kiss, our father's genial smile,
Our sister's merry laugh, our brother's wile ;

All, all remain, clear seen through twilight's haze,
The cherished memories of our early days.

GLORIOSA VIRGINUM.

Holy virgin ! mother mild !
Bearer of the sinless child !
Star of sainted martyrdom !
Gloriosa Virginum !

Heart of stainless purity !
Hear us when we call to thee ;
Spotless rose of christendom !
Gloriosa Virginum !

Pray for us to Him on high,
Him who hears the contrite sigh,
When our sins are burdensome —
Gloriosa Virginum !

Heaven grant upon the day,
When the earth shall pass away,
To thy glory we may come —
Gloriosa Virginum !

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

I.

Farewell ! loved harp : whose chords in other days
Thrilled my o'erweening heart with fond delight !
The artless hand, that waked thy early lays,
And, trembling, called them forth to life and light,
Unhoping to attain fame's lofty heigt,
No more essays thy gentle melody,
But yields thee up to everlasting night !
There silent sleep, while mightier harps are free,
Nor evermore be heard mid their loud euphony.

II.

Hark ! loud above the wide Atlantic wave,
A thousand mingling sounds are heard to swell !
Afar they come from regions of the brave,
The lofty tones of harp, and lyre and shell ;

And one among the rest, I know it well,
Though sometimes lost in strains of bolder trope ;
Its notes have echoed from our deepest dell —
Oh, who without enchantment e'er can ope
The lays of him who sung of sweetly suasive Hope !

III.

Why need I name the thousand harps that thrill
The classic realm where Pope and Dryden sung ?
The varied tones from valley and from hill,
That sounded once to lofty Milton's tongue ?
Or call attention to the bards among
The hardy sons of that inclement clime,
From whose rude rocks the lyre of Beattie rung ?
Who is there in this minstrel-bearing time,
That has not read the Tales of Romance and of
Rhyme ?

IV.

Sweet was the voice, from mountain and from brake,
Rousing the echoes of immortal fame !
That poured the lays of Marmion and the Lake ;
And rich the tales, though tinctured deep with shame,
That Byron's muse has sung, with loud acclaim,
On the bright shores of Europe's classic sea ;
And other bards there are of cherished name ;
But few whose stanzas melt and soothe by turns,
Like the heart warming songs of nature's minstrel,
Burns !

v.

Some honored names our own loved land may boast,
Worthy to stand among the bards of old,
And shine like beacon-towers along our coast,
With starry banners to the wind unrolled.
Here Bryant with the foremost we behold,
And Halleck's anthems on the breezes swell.
Oh could the bard like them the muse unfold !
But I must shroud in solitary dell,
Far from the noisy world, to tune my humble shell.

vi.

Our youth is fleeting as the fleecy cloud
That sails across the summer moon ! and oh !
How beautiful its prospects are ! — how proud
The fond heart beats ! — how warm the currents
flow,
Ere the strong veins have felt the power of woe !
But soon dark clouds our smiling skies deform,
And we are sad. Such is man's life below !
A few dark days, a few long nights of storm,
A few bright summer suns, all beautiful and warm.

vii.

How fast, alas ! does mournful memory crowd
Her sorrows on my heart ! — there was a time
When my young muse essayed her powers full proud,
And struck the harp with daring hope sublime,
For friendship's voice called forth the votive rhyme ;
No past regret I knew, no thought of fear,

And smiling hours rolled in joyful prime.
Those days are past, and memory claims a tear
For early prospects lost, and friendships held most
dear.

VIII.

And she, the pageant of my day dream bright,
Who shared my joys and in my woes had part,
Whose gentle voice made all my sorrows light,
She too is silent!—silent be my heart!
Yet oh, what raptures through fond memory dart!
The thrilling pressure of her conscious hand—
The perfect joy her converse could impart—
But every flower that swelled that silken band,
Is vanished like a dream, or lay of fairy land.

IX.

Oh were she here, her smile would well repay
The thousand wounds a fickle world hath made!
Her love was ardent as her heart was gay,
Nor knew she aught, in sooth, that gentle maid,
Of changing friendship, and of hearts betrayed;
And had not heaven so rich a bliss denied,
We might have proved the truth the prophet said;
Yet oft her spirit comes to be my guide,
And dreams of early love her absence have supplied.

X.

Oh, gentle maid! to me thy smiles were sweet
As desert fountain flowers, that on the way
Of some lone weary traveller rise to greet

His anxious gaze!—thus on my tranquil day
 Thine eyes have shone with their complacent ray,
 Gilding my gloomy path with radiance fair.
 Oh could thine eye but meet this simple lay,
 Then mightst thou judge how ill thy loss I bear,
 And knowing all my love, know all my heart-felt care.

xi.

Oh with what joy when youthful hope was high,
 And love had twined her garland of delight,
 Together have we viewed the evening sky,
 With gems innumerable spangled bright,
 And all the charms that might to love invite;
 While at some tale of woe the maid would weep,
 As we in Shady Grove conversed at night,
 Or seated on the brow of Lover's Leap,
 Heard the sweet wood-dove's note along the dizzy
 steep.

xii.

Delightful rock! that towering fair and high,
 Like fancy's vision rises on the view!
 How oft at eve, when gentle breezes sigh,
 And the sun sets from skies of cloudless blue,
 The youthful lover turns his steps to you,
 As anciently to famed Leucadia's shore!
 While sweetest charms his joyful thoughts imbue,
 As summer tints spread out their smiling store,
 And winds through waving trees resound like ocean's
 roar.

XIII.

It is indeed a sweet romantic scene,
As ever poet viewed at close of day !
The spreading forest, clad in richest green,
The joyful birds that tune their evening lay,
And sing their sonnets on the slender spray,
The lofty cliff, most beautiful to see,
Rising above the plain in bold array,
The cheerful squirrel, chattering in the tree,
That eats his food in peace, and chirps right merrily !

XIV.

These, and a thousand beauties more, display
Their varied charms to greet the raptured sight ;
While far along the streamlet winds its way
Through fertile fields, that glisten with delight,
And clover plats, with flowers enamelled bright,
That not a bee or butterfly will shun ;
And in our view throngs many a mansion white,
And ploughman, journeying home when day is done,
And the bright windows blaze beneath the setting
sun.

XV.

The busy bustling toil of day is past,
The weary husbandman unyokes his steer ;
And now the shades of night are spreading fast,
And one by one the twinkling stars appear.
Then comes the hour to gentle maidens dear,
When youthful lovers seek the twilight bower,

Or wander on the banks of waters clear ;
While love with potent lance essays his power
On luckless mortal wight, in some unguarded hour !

XVI.

Almighty love ! what wonders hast thou wrought
In this our little world ! — thy sovereign sway
To deepest woe hath mightiest empires brought,
And dimmed the sheen of fame's immortal ray !
Great Anthony ! woe to the luckless day
When Egypt's beauteous dame by thee was seen !
Nor can the muse withhold the mournful lay
From Sappho's fate, and Scotland's beauteous queen
And Spain's unhappy king, with thousands more be-
tween.

XVII.

Oh woman ! lovely woman ! though thy charms,
From Eve to Eve's last daughter, have been famed
As the great cause of mischief and alarms
To the repose of earth, yet when was named
This sweetest theme of song, so vainly blamed,
But recollections of thy virtues fan
Our admiration, till we are ashamed
To blame what nature loves ; and he who can
Behold thy charms unmoved is more, or less, than
man !

XVIII.

By those who search the source of things to see,
'T is said that poets have been lovers all,

But Cowper, of sweet memory—and he
His rabbits loved! e'en modest White could call—
So deep was he in this sweet passion's thrall—
His lovely Fanny from her bliss to be
A sharer in his griefs—and hence not small
The proofs we draw from these examples free
That poetry is love and love is poetry!

XIX.

The bright round moon is rolling through the sky,
Gilding the surface of the smiling main;
Clouds of light gray are slowly passing by,
Whose mottling shades variegate the plain;
And while fond memory, with her smiling train
Of recollected joys, extends her power,
I list with pleasure to the pensive strain
Of night's lone bird complaining in her bower;
But one is wanting still to bless this lovely hour.

XX.

Oh who that walks on such an eve as this,
When the bright moon her mildest lustre flings,
Would wander forth alone, nor seek the bliss
Which friendship adds to youth's imaginings?
Then social converse lends to time its wings,
And it is sweet to roam in pleasant glades,
What time her one sweet song the night-bird sings,
And beauty listens, in romantic shades,
To love's endearing tales, and rapturous serenades!

XXI.

Behold yon vessel anchored in the cove,
On fair Nahant's high-cliffed, craggy shore !
No more the fishermen delight to rove
For finny prey, and ocean's depths explore ;
The sons of pleasure ply the glass no more ;
The weary revellers retire to rest,
And the hushed hall hath ceased its joyous roar.
The moonbeam shines on ocean's tranquil breast,
And Venus sweetly smiles from her watch tower in
the west.

XXII.

Oft o'er that beach delighted have I ran,
With happy heart, when youthful joys were sweet,
And laughed to learn the lapwing's wily plan,
From her low nest to lure my vagrant feet.
And then what joy fair gems and shells to meet,
And in the sand the spotted eggs to see !
Yet never did I rob a nest, or cheat
The little birds of nature's bounties free ;
For I was from my youth a child of liberty !

XXIII.

Sorrow oft leads to turn my pensive eye
To the lone dwellings hallowed by the dead,
Where deep in earth my friends, my kindred lie,
To sleep, till Christ shall raise them from their bed.
Here rests a father, there a brother fled,
Kindred and friends in whom I took delight,

Saints who have followed where the Saviour led,
To dwell in realms of uncreated light,
And rest forevermore in mansions pure and bright.

XXIV.

Oft as the spring in blossoms shall be drest,
Here the pale violet on the grave shall bloom ;
Its hues, faint emblem of the virtuous breast
Of one who slumbers in the silent gloom ;
Her virtues live while memory shall relume
The traits of modest worth to many dear,
To thee resigned we yield her up, oh tomb !
Yet nature must indulge affection's tear,
And sorrow waves her wand o'er many a coming
year.

XXV.

'T is sweet at eve to stray in pensive gloom,
And seek by moonlight the sequestered urn ;
To weep o'er young affection's early doom,
And dwell on days that can no more return !
And while arise the treasured thoughts that burn,
For friendship twine the votive cypress wreath,
A gift that heaven itself would never spurn,
And call around the conscious gales to breathe
Their sighs o'er the loved form that peaceful sleeps
beneath.

XXVI.

Lo ! gentle memory, from her silent cell,
Calls forth the pleasures of our morning way,

Whereon in thoughtful mood we love to dwell,
When o'er the scene no gloomy shadows stray,
But all the forms are beautiful and gay ;
Then there is pleasure in the lonely night,
And hope inspires us with her brightest ray,
That each loved friend who filled us with delight,
Shall rise again renewed to bless our longing sight.

XXVII.

Away, ye sophists of this barren earth !
Who think the fates all brighter bliss deny !
Who deem enjoyment of terrestrial birth,
And with vain pageant mock the joys on high !
There is a pleasure in the secret sigh
And silent tear, which spurns the rude control
Of noisy joy, that owes its pageantry
To midnight revels, and the maddening bowl,
Known only to the child of nature and of soul !

XXVIII.

Ye, who have felt your life blood mantling high,
And every thrilling nerve with bliss replete,
When purest raptures urge the long drawn sigh,
As loved and loving lips together meet ;
Say is there aught in this wide world so sweet ?
Ye, who have felt the long and painful smart
From one loved object in her winding sheet —
Ye, that have loved, and in that love must part,
Bear witness to the pain that filling rends the heart.

XXIX.

When sickness takes the balm that brings relief,
Or drinks the healing breeze that wanders by—
When sorrow hears the words that banish grief,
As mercy wipes the tear drop from her eye—
When meeting lips inhale the raptured sigh,
As friend greets friend, and tears convulsive start—
When captives see the flag of freedom fly—
They know the joy that lightens in my heart,
When friendship's kindred voice allays its inward
smart.

XXX.

I am not one who deems this earth a cell,
A prison house of penitence and pain ;
A world where nought but sin and sorrow dwell ;
That all its joys are volatile and vain ;
That pity weeps o'er pleasure's boundless reign ;
For I have known a soul of purer birth,
Whose injured spirit stooped not to complain ;
Friendship and worth yet live with honored worth,
And peace and virtue still are habitants of earth.

XXXI.

Nor can I join the dull and pining crew,
Who, losing one delight have lost their all !
For I have found me friends where none I knew,
Whose generous succor came at mercy's call,
When all my hopes were bound in sorrow's thrall ;
For heaven is mindful of its favors strewed

On erring hearts their wanderings to recall ;
And I will nurse, with silent tears bedewed,
That low and lovely plant, the flower of gratitude.

XXXII.

Oh thou ! who hearest when the wretched cry,
Whose ears are open to the simplest prayer,
That breathes from wounded hearts to thee on high,
Oh make my friends thy most peculiar care,
And let their hearts in thy best blessings share !
Oh grant them virtue in the evil day
That they may seek the paths of Sion fair,
And evermore direct their perfect way
Through this so mazy world, when they to thee shall
pray.

XXXIII.

Jesus of Nazareth ! almighty lord !
To whom all power is given in earth and skies —
Jesus of Nazareth ! be thy name adored
Long as the sun shall set and stars shall rise
What holy thoughts thine orison supplies —
What glorious visions crown thy vesper hymn —
Lo ! at thy name all earthly passion dies !
But as I gaze on heaven mine eyes grow dim,
My soul is at thy feet with saints and seraphim.

XXXIV.

Jesus of Nazareth ! my Lord ! my God !
And do vain men deny thy hallowed name :
Content through gloomy systems long to plod,

And yet the epithet of christian claim ;
One word of thine might frustrate their dark aim,
And point their prospects to a brighter goal ;
Oh save their erring souls from endless shame,
When this firm earth shall rock from pole to pole,
And heaven's majestic spheres shall vanish like a
scroll !

XXXV.

I thank thee, oh my saviour and my friend !
That I have lived to dedicate to thee
One simple strain, and while I lowly bend
Before thy throne in deep humility,
Fain would I yield one offering pure and free ;
But oh, I feel my heart is all too weak
To breathe the praise devotion claims from me ;
The loftiest lays of earth are cold and meek,
Oh then where language fails let breathless silence
speak !

XXXVI.

These eyes, alas ! have oft been filled with tears,
Nor is their fountain dry—yet in my heart
One wish remains to bless my future years ;
One heavenly hope, whose influence can impart
A charm to foil the point of sorrow's dart,
And leave adversity with powerless hand.
This holy hope is that pure truth may start
To aid dark reason, and with lustre bland
Thy light, oh God ! shine forth along this smiling
land.

XXXVII.

Oh might my hand essay to wield the lyre
That echoed from Ferrara's gloomy cell,
Thy praise, O Christ! should animate each wire,
And raptured earth should listen to the swell
That sung thy conquest o'er the powers of hell ;
Although perchance dark men might rise again
And doom me, Tasso, in thy cave to dwell ;
Yet still to heaven should rise the votive strain
From the unfettered mind, which dungeons cannot
chain.

XXXVIII.

Oh war and slavery ! prisons and all shames !
When shall the day arise that these shall be,
Like the false gods of old, but empty names
Of things long passed away, and nations see
Truth's sole dominion o'er the brave and free ?
No more the sound of war's dull clarion swell,
But peace extend her reign from sea to sea ;
And honest men, who deep in sorrow dwell,
Immured without a crime, be freed from their dark
cell.

XXXIX.

Hath not the Lord volcanoes in his ire,
And plagues and earthquakes in his red right hand,
To blast the nations who will not admire
And worship him their God ? that man must stand
In place of the Almighty, o'er the land
To wield the sword and raise the orphan's cry ?

Cannot the Lord relieve the wasting brand ?
 And “ Is not vengeance mine ? ” saith the most high,
 Whose threatening thunder rolls along the sounding
 sky.

XL.

Where is Sodoma now ? and tell me where
 The city of proud Nimrod, man of guile ?
 Where are the towers which Homer sings so fair,
 Old Ilion, and Thebes of many a mile,
 The hundred-gated city of the Nile ?
 Where earth-subduing Rome, whose lofty sun
 Shone over subject continent and isle ?
 Gone, as they ne’er had been — all, one by one,
 Swept down the stream of time with haughty Babylon.

XLI.

Their kings were men of blood — their sovereign
 sway
 Was based upon the wretched orphan’s tears
 Such fabric could not stand — ’t was swept away ;
 And so shall fall the thrones of guilt and fears,
 Which on such base the sword of conquest rears.
 Strange that vain man not yet hath learned to know
 The long taught lesson of six thousand years !
 Earth yet must groan, and yet red blood must flow,
 And man is still to man the surest, bitterest foe.

XLII.

Was it for this the beauteous earth was made,
 And carpeted with flowers of every dye ?

Do they but bloom to be with blood inlaid !
Were yonder orbs that gem the vaulted sky,
Wrought from the shapeless mass and hung so high,
That they might on the field of strife to come
Look trembling down to see man fight and die !
My soul is sick of war's incessant hum,
Oh, will it never cease, the din of deafening drum ?

XLIII.

But to my theme — my cherished harp, farewell !
Thou sweet companion of my early years !
Thy notes have made one gentle bosom swell,
Rich recompence for all my heartfelt tears.
That fond reflection more thy worth endears
Than all the shouts of an applauding land.
Her heart is resting far from earthly fears,
But mine must watch the slow expiring brand,
Till welcome death shall come to still this conscious
hand.

XLIV.

Since she is gone, who formed my highest joy,
And left me here in this cold world and wide,
Few pleasures can this lonely heart employ,
For there was nought so dear on earth beside.
And though through well known scenes I often glide,
Those scenes no longer animate my lay.
Like Ossian when the lovely Oscar died,
I hang my harp upon the willow spray,
And wrap my cloak around and wend my lonely way.

XLV.

Fain would I dedicate one parting lay
To her who thought her heart too small a boon ;
Whose converse winged the longest summer day,
And blest our evening walk, when smiling June
Brought rosy hours, that never fled so soon ;
But she no more can hear my tuneful shell ;
Be still, my heart, nor longer importune !
The moon has sunk behind the western fell,
A light is in the east—my silent harp, farewell !

1828.

N O T E S.

LOVE.

1. "I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable and friendly action. If hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me."—LEDYARD

2. No pages of history are brighter or purer than those which have recorded the love and devotion of woman. Innumerable instances of her love and benevolence might be adduced, but the few which I have selected are fair samples of what woman has done, and will do.

Mary stood by the cross of Jesus, and was found at the tomb, when all the brave disciples had fled.

The Roman Daughter saved the life of her father, condemned to starvation, by nursing him in prison.

Gertrude Vonderwort remained with her husband during the long night in which he was broken upon the wheel, and brought him water in her shoe.

The Countess Lavalette secured the escape of her husband from a French prison in 1815, by exchanging clothes with him, and remaining in his place.

Grace Darling, in an open boat with her father, saved the crew of the Forfarshire steamer, wrecked off the coast of Scotland, in 1838.

Elizabeth Fry spent many years in visiting prisons, and relieving the condemned.

Delia A. Webster devoted herself to the vain but heroic purpose of liberating slaves, for which she was imprisoned.

The history of Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, the Indian chief, who saved Captain Smith and the colony at Jamestown, in Virginia, is well known. American history abounds in beautiful instances of the heroic benevolence of women.

3. The friendships of Damon and Pythias—Pylades and Orestes, are proverbial. The love of David and Jonathan is beautifully related in the Bible: “And Jonathan caused David to swear, because he loved him; for he loved him as he loved his own soul.” And David said, “I am distressed for thee, my brother; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love for me was wonderful, passing the love of woman”

4. It is desirable that some mode of social benevolence may be elicited, by which poverty and infirmity, which should be the objects, may not be the preventives of charity. This can only be effected by the principle of universal love.

5. We may easily be forgiven for doubting the infallibility of reviewers, when we remember that Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Kirke White, and Keats, some of the finest minds which the old world has ever produced, were at first condemned. Time will probably show similar examples in our own country. The truth is, reviewers know no more than others, but people think they know more, and therein lies the harm. It might be well for these harsh censurers to remember the words of Tennyson:—

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it.

6. It appears strange, that almost any doctrine finds a more welcome reception than the principle of Love, which Christ came, eighteen centuries ago, to establish. I am serious when I ask, in what church shall I find the test of christianity—"Behold, how these christians love one another?"

THE CLOUD SHIP.

1. Governor Winthrop relates, that a ship sailed from New Haven in the winter of 1646, and was never heard of more. In June, 1648, her apparition was seen, coming up the harbor, and as it approached the shore, it vanished.

2. Two negro slaves were introduced into New England as early as 1645. It is due to our fathers to say, that they were both sent home to Africa.

3. For an explanation of the mirage, see History of Lynn.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

1. *Along the Gihon's banks the teacher walked.*

Enoch, as his name, signifying taught or disciplined, might seem to intimate, was evidently a teacher, in the purest sense of the term.

2. *And shone resplendent in the Prophet's school.*

The Jewish Rabbins say that there were schools among the Hebrews before the flood. They make Enoch and Noah teachers, and state that Melchisedec kept a school at Kirjath-sepher. We find in I. Samuel, chap. xix, 20, that there was a school of the Prophets in Naioth.

3. *On Shinar's plains the light of science rose.*

The Babylonians appear to have possessed a high degree of scientific cultivation, more than two thousand years before Christ, that is, before the time of Abraham. It was at Babylon that Astronomical observations were first made.

4. *When Memnon's hand removed obstruction's bar.*

Letters are said to have been invented by Memnon, an Egyptian, 1822 years before Christ.

5. *Divine instruction! from Rameses' rill,
Thy lustre shone to brighten Grecia's hill.*

The torch of learning appears to have passed from Egypt to Greece, into which Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters, 1493 years before Christ.

6. *There sacred wisdom was to Thales given.*

Thales travelled from Greece into Egypt, about 600 years before Christ, for the acquisition of learning; and on his return, instructed his scholars to calculate eclipses, and make other celestial observations.

7. *There sage Pythagoras proclaimed his rule.*

Pythagoras was born at Samos, one of the Grecian islands, 590 years before Christ, and established a school at Crotona. His doctrines were moral, and he is one of the most celebrated of the ancient philosophers.

8. *When o'er thy weeping hill the parting sun
Took its last farewell of thy wisest one!*

Socrates, the greatest of the ancient instructors, was born at Alopece, near Athens, 467 years before Christ. His father's death left him at an early age without a guide, but by industry and perseverance he became master of all the learning which the age afforded. He bore arms in the struggle between Athens and Sparta, in which he signalized himself by his valor, and saved the lives of Alcibiades, the Athenian general, and of Xenophon, the historian. At the age of 60 he was chosen to represent his native district in the senate of 500, and was at first ridiculed for his ignorance of legislative forms, but soon proved his superiority in wisdom and integrity. He was in the strictest sense a practical instructor. He considered that knowledge as the most valuable, which was of the most utility.

He regarded the city of Athens as his school, and its inhabitants as his scholars, and took every opportunity, in his walks and conversation, to inform and enlighten the people. But the wisdom and virtue of this truly great man, while they procured him many admirers, created many enemies. Popular prejudice was excited against him. He was accused of corrupting youth, by teaching them not to acknowledge the gods, and was sentenced to death, by drinking hemloc, at the age of 67. The Athenians afterward regretted their haste, and erected to his memory a statue of brass.

9. *Celestial Plato!*

Plato was born at Egina, 429 years before Christ, and was a scholar of Socrates. He presented his master with money to redeem his life, which was refused; and after his death, settled in Athens. He purchased a small garden, and opened a school, placing over it this inscription: "Let no one who is unacquainted with geometry enter here." He went to Sicily, and took a survey of that island. He died at the age of 80, unmarried, and was buried in his garden. He was an advocate of love as a pure spiritual affection between the sexes, regarding only the mind and its beauties.

10. *Nor, Aristippus, be thy name forgot.*

Aristippus was born at Cyrene, in Africa, and flourished about 380 years before Christ. He was a scholar of Socrates, and the only one who took money for teaching. Socrates one day asked him how he came to have so much money? to which he replied, by asking his master how he came to have so little! He made a visit to the court of Dionysius, in Syracuse, and when that prince asked him why he came, he made this reply: "When I wanted wisdom, I went to Socrates; but now I want money, I come to Dionysius." The prince rejoined, "I have heard that a philosopher wants nothing." Aristippus replied—"Give me what I ask, and I will explain." Dionysius gave him money, "Now," said he, "you see I do not want!" When

the prince made the inquiry—"Why do philosophers haunt the gates of rich men, when rich men do not seek after philosophers?" he replied—"Because philosophers know what they want, but rich men do not!" A person once asked him for what sum he would instruct his son for a certain time. He demanded five hundred drachmas. The father told him that he could buy a slave for that sum. "Do so," he replied, "and then you will be master of a couple." He was one day reproached for providing a sumptuous feast. "I suppose," said Aristippus, "you would not have given three farthings for such a dinner?" Being answered in the negative, he replied, "Then I am not so indulgent to my palate, as you are to your covetous disposition!" A person one day said to him, "What is the difference between a wise man and a fool?" He replied—"Send them destitute to those who are unacquainted with them, and you will soon know." When one condoled with him on the loss of a farm, he replied—"I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be grieved for you!" Being asked, what he thought most proper for boys to learn, he answered—"Those things which they ought to practice when they come to be men." There was in the character of Aristippus much that was amiable, and many of his sayings evince a great knowledge of human nature, and an uncommon quickness of retort; but his philosophy was that of the most refined voluptuousness. He was literally a man of the world.

11. *Nor, island prince! would we thy fate bemoan.*

Dionysius, called the tyrant of Sicily, after being deposed by Timoleon, sustained the office of schoolmaster at Corinth, for which his extensive learning and refined manners eminently qualified him. His remarks to those who insulted him on his change of condition, evince much good humor as well as good sense. When he was asked what he had gained by attending the lectures of Plato? he replied—"Do you think I have

gained nothing by philosophy, when I can bear the changes of fortune with equanimity?"

12. *When the good schoolmaster is made a king.*

Louis Philip, duke of Orleans, afterwards king of France, for some time kept a school in Canada.

13. *You tread the sacred path Confucius trod.*

Confncius, the most renowned philosopher and teacher of China, was born 551 years before Christ, and died at the age of 72, universally esteemed for his knowledge and reverenced for his piety.

14. *Thus by thy stream, Kinross, with pensive mind,*

Thy poet teacher o'er his lot repined.

Michael Bruce, a refined teacher and elegant poet, was born at Kinneswood, in Scotland, in 1746. His father was a weaver, but from his humble earnings afforded him an education in the University of Edinburgh. He commenced the study of divinity, and was employed as a schoolmaster in the delightful village of Kinross. While there he was taken with a deep consumption, during which he composed several poems, the longest of which, written in blank verse, is entitled Lochleven. Finding his disease to be hopeless, he relinquished his school, and returned to his father's house to die. His Elegy, written in Spring, on the prospect of his own dissolution, evinces the most refined and poetical sensibility. He died in 1767, before he had attained his twenty-first year. It is scarcely possible to imagine a character more delicately beautiful than his. It has everything to delight the imagination, and afford exercise for the best sympathies of the heart. His life was indeed passed in poverty, obscurity, and sickness; but it is in such scenes that some of the finest traits of the human mind are developed. Living in a beautiful village, in a neat cottage overgrown with honeysuckle, and engaged in the pure and delightful employment of teaching children, his days glided innocently, if not

happily away, in the enjoyment of his own elegant and cultivated mind, and the estimation of the good. He passed from the earth before being called to endure its greater evils, exemplifying the beautiful expression of Ossian — “ Happy are they who die in their youth, while their renown is around them.”

15. *A different fate, ethereal Milton! thine.*

This great poet, who was born in 1608, and died in 1674, spent a part of his life in the occupation of schoolmaster.

16. *As yonder splendid cone of torrid light.*

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say, that this refers to the Zodiacal light, most frequently seen in the spring months, extending, like a lofty cone, from the place of sun-setting nearly to the zenith, and sometimes continuing visible for several hours in the evening.

17. *Taylor, thou Shakspeare of divinity!*

The learned and pious Jeremy Taylor, bishop of Down and Conner, in Ireland, was born in 1613. In early life he was a barber, and from that humble station rose to be, first a schoolmaster, and afterward a bishop. He died in 1667, aged 54 years.

18. *Immortal Beattie!*

James Beattie was born at Lawrencekirk, Kincardine county, Scotland, in 1735. His father, who was a farmer, died when he was seven years of age, and he was placed by his mother in the parish school of his native village. He afterward became a charity scholar in the Marischal College, Ab.rdeen. In 1753 he was chosen schoolmaster in the little hamlet of Fordoun, about six miles from his native village. In that retired and romantic spot, he wrote several poems, and made those nice observations of nature by which his effusions are so richly adorned. In 1758 he was chosen usher in the grammar school at Aberdeen. This served not only to bring him more into notice, but also furnished him with access to valuable libraries,

and the opportunity of cultivating the friendship of persons of taste and learning. In 1761 he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in Marischal College. Thus he who sung,

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb!

perceived himself unexpectedly at the summit of his wishes. He died at Aberdeen in 1803, and was buried in that city. His most popular work is the *Minstrel*, a poem abounding with accurate descriptions of nature, and delicate touches of poetical sentiment. In this poem he has given a picture of the church yard of Lawrencekirk, in which was placed the school house of his early years, not far from his native dwelling.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

The following line from the *Minstrel* presents us with a beautiful moral.

For thou art but dust, be humble and be wise.

19. *The gratitude to Ruddiman they owe.*

Thomas Ruddiman, one of the most eminent grammarians of Scotland, was born at Raggel, in 1764. He made rapid progress in his early studies, and wished to enter the university, but his father, who was a farmer, opposed his desires. His sister however, privately gave him a guinea, and with this sum he set out on foot, at the age of 16, and was robbed of his coat, shoes, stockings, and money, by a company of gypsies. He pursued his journey to Aberdeen, and there, half clothed, and without food, presented himself before the professors, and gained admittance to King's College. In four years he obtained the degree of master of arts, and accepted the office of schoolmaster in the parish of Lawrencekirk, where, forty years afterward, Beattie was born. He afterward became rich

as a printer and editor of a newspaper ; and in 1737, promoted the establishment of a society of Schoolmasters in Edinburgh, to provide a fund for the support of their wives and children. He died in 1757, aged 83 years. He was one of the greatest masters of the Latin tongue in modern times, and wrote several works in that language, the most useful and popular of which was his Rudiments of Latin Grammar, which was adopted in all the grammar schools of Scotland.

Contemporary with Ruddiman was John Love, schoolmaster of Dalkeith ; of whom the following notice appeared in the Caledonian Mercury of September 24, 1750. "On Thursday morning, died at Dalkeith, after a lingering illness, in the 55th year of his age, Mr. John Love, rector of the grammar school there ; who, for his uncommon knowledge in classical learning, and strictness of discipline without severity, was justly esteemed one of the most sufficient schoolmasters in this country." But his merit, however great, did not secure him from censure, as he is the schoolmaster satirized by Smollett in his Roderic Random.

20. *And long, oh Knox ! thy memory shall stay.*

Vicesimus Knox, master of Tunbridge school, will long be remembered for his labors in the cause of education. His Elegant Extracts form a beautiful manual for the relaxation as well as improvement of the student.

21. *Here Corlett's worth has many a bosom felt.*

Elijah Corlett was educated at Lincoln College, England, to which he was admitted in 1626. He came to America as early as 1644, and settled at Cambridge as a teacher. He died in 1688, aged 78. He was one of the most eminent schoolmasters in New England for more than forty years.

22. *And learning spread her rays where Cheever dwelt.*

Ezekiel Cheever was born at London in 1615, and came to New England in 1637. He went first to New Haven, and in

1650 removed to Ipswich, in 1660 to Charlestown, and in 1670 to Boston, where he died in 1688, aged 78 years. He was one of the two eminent schoolmasters of whom an early poet says,

'T is Corlett's pains and Cheever's we must own,
That thou, New England, are not Scythia grown.

23. *Here Dwight has reared an obelisk of fame.*

Timothy Dwight was born at Northampton, in Massachusetts, in 1754. He received a degree at Yale College in 1769, and afterward kept the grammar school in New Haven for two years. In 1771, at the age of 19, he became a tutor in Yale College. In 1777 he was appointed a chaplain in the American army, and by his prayers and songs greatly heightened the enthusiasm of the soldiers. In 1783 he was ordained minister of Greenfield, in Connecticut, and immediately opened an academy, which acquired a reputation at that time unequalled in the country. In the course of twelve years, he taught more than 1000 scholars, chiefly on the monitorial system. In 1795, he was elected president of Yale College, and died in 1817, aged 63 years. As a teacher, he has seldom been surpassed, and his Poems, Travels, and other works, are highly creditable to American literature.

24. *Thy fame, immortal Wilson, too hath shone
In every clime where thy bright birds have flown.*

Alexander Wilson was born at Paisley, in Scotland, in 1766, and was apprenticed to a weaver till his eighteenth year. He then left the loom, and wandered over his native hills and glens, exercising the vocations of a pedlar and a poet. He became acquainted with Burns, and published a small volume of poems, chiefly humorous and satirical. In 1794 he came to America, landed at New Castle, and shouldering his fowling piece, set out on foot for Philadelphia. He used afterward to dwell with delight upon the impressions with which he beheld the first bird that presented itself to his view as he entered the

forests of Delaware. It was a red headed woodpecker, which he shot, and thought it the most beautiful object of its kind he had ever seen. He afterward kept school in several places, and finally became settled as a schoolmaster at Gray's Ferry, near Philadelphia. His work entitled American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States, is a work of extraordinary genius, and surpassing excellence. We are astonished at the magnitude of his labors, and regard this production as an evidence of what the human mind is capable of performing by the exertion of its own unaided energies.

25. By all around respected and beloved.

I almost fear that by some it will be regarded as sacrilege against the muses, to attempt to delineate the character of a schoolmaster after the classic pen of Goldsmith. But the pedagogue of his day is not the mild and enlightened teacher of ours. A great amount of light has been reflected on the science of schoolkeeping within a few years, and men are rising up among us whose names will one day stand conspicuous in the annals of education. The American Institute of Instruction recently formed, is an honor to our land, and must be productive of incalculable benefit.

SHADY GROVE.

1. The trees that sigh round Lover's Leap.

"There was a promontory in Acarnania, called Lencate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called the Lover's Leap;

and whether or no the fright they had been in, or the resolution that could push them to so dreadful a remedy, or the bruses which they often received in their fall, banished all the tender sentiments of love, and gave their spirits another turn; those who had taken this leap were observed never to relapse into that passion. Sappho tried the cure, but perished in the experiment." ADDISON. *Spectator, No. 223.*

"In my last Thursday's paper I made mention of a place called the Lover's Leap, which I find has raised a great curiosity among several of my correspondents. I there told them that this leap used to be taken from a promontory of Leucas. This Leucas was formerly a part of Acarnania, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the sea has by length of time overflowed and washed away, so that at present Leucas is divided from the continent, and is a little island in the Ionian sea. If the reader has a mind to know both the island and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient island of Leucas under the name of St. Mauro, and the ancient promontory of Leucate under the name of the cape of St. Mauro." *Spectator, No. 227.*

"At Leucate was shown the tomb of Artemisia, the celebrated queen of Caria, who gave so many proofs of her courage at the battle of Salamis. Inflamed with a violent passion for a young man who inflexibly refused her love, she surprised him in his sleep, and put out his eyes. Regret and despair soon brought her to Leucata, where she perished in the waves." *Ency. vol. x.*

The Lover's Leap which the present volume celebrates is one of the most romantic scenes in the country, and commands a beautiful and extensive prospect of the town and bay with the peninsular of Nahant, and a distant view of the blue hills and the towns on the south shore. It is a high steep cliff, on the side of a hill covered with trees, and is much frequented

by owls, whip-poor-wills and lovers. But although it may be as distinguished for the visitations of broken hearts, it is not so celebrated for broken necks as the rock of Leucadia.

A DAY IN SUMMER.

1. *Let others seek Liakura to climb.*

The ancient Parnassus is now called Liakura.

2. *But chief they love to dwell in yonder cave.*

The Swallow's Cave, on the southern shore of Nahant, is a great curiosity. It is a deep fissure in the rock, through which the water rushes at high tide. Multitudes of swallows build their nests in it. This Cave, together with the Spouting Horn, and the numerous caverns and grottoes around the peninsula, added to the refreshing sea breezes, the extensive prospects, the beautiful beaches, and all the other enchantments of the place, renders Nahant the most delightful residence, in the pleasant months, on the coast of North America.

TRANSLATIONS.

1. This expression will remind the reader of the last two words of the celebrated Runic ode of Regner Lodbrog, the first king of Jenny Lind's "own Sweden"—*Ridens moriar!*—I will smile when I die!

2. An imperfect prose version of these delicate and passionate stanzas has been given by Mr. Lane. He has rendered the last word "vitals!" If the Arabian Nights are beautiful in their present dress—or rather undress—how exquisite would they appear, if translated by a true poet!

3. The literature of Arabia opens a rich source for the gratification of the lovers of fancy and imagination. No one will doubt this who has read the Thousand and One Nights of Schehevazade; or who is familiar with a single stanza of Lebeid, Temain, or Alrumi. To this last poet Byron is indebted for one of his sweetest stanzas. Alrumi, "on a lady weeping," says —

When I beheld thy blue eye shine
Through the bright drops that pity drew,
I saw, beneath those tears of thine,
A blue-eyed violet, bathed in dew.

Byron, copying almost literally, says —

I saw thee weep; the big bright tear
Came o'er thine eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew.

Lebeid died in 757. Of course he flourished eleven centuries ago, or more than a century before England became a nation. A prose translation of one of his poems, copied from the walls of the temple of Mecca, was published by Sir Willam Jones in 1774, and afterward rendered into verse by Mr. Carlyle. The poem of Carlyle is little more than a paraphrase, conveying scarcely an idea of the idiom of the Arabic.

The chief beauty of a translation is its faithfulness to the original. The eastern poets did not eke out their morals like the "application" of an orthodox sermon. They wrote descriptively and metaphorically; and having presented their pictures, left the moral to be inferred by the reader. In the following translation I have endeavored to keep as closely as possible to the idiomatic language of Lebeid, adding only such words as were requisite to complete the rhyme or the stanza. This idyl brings out some of the finest touches of poetry, and speaks to some of the dearest feelings of the heart.

4. The eclogue of Lebeid, suspended on the walls of the temple of Mecca, is pronounced, by an eminent oriental scholar, to be the finest pastoral ever written. The first part (Maidens of Minia) describes an Arabian deserted village. In the succeeding stanzas, Lebeid laments the absence of Nawara, and the uncertainty of her love. He evinces his lingering affection for her, by noticing the somewhat numerous "watering places" at which she makes her brief abode, and concludes it best to discontinue his affection for her. He gives some very pertinent and practicable advice to lovers; and endeavors to excite her jealousy by informing her what a nice time he is having in her absence. He concludes by recounting his own hospitality and the nobility of his race.

5. A friend of mine, returned from a cruise in the Mediterranean, stopped for a short time at Barcelona, where a lady, with whom he became acquainted, gave him a manuscript of poems by a young poet named Siwel Oznola. It seems that this cavalier became enamoured of the daughter of a Spanish grandee; but their love being forbidden by her parents, he took Lord Byron's advice, and "flung away his breath." He was one of the daring volunteers, under Andreas, who burnt the frigate Hellas in the harbor of Paros, in August, 1831, and blew up the fort, in which he perished. The young lady completed the romance by committing suicide. Thus it has ever been, from the days of Francesca of Rimini, to the last *denouement* of the daily papers. Parents coerce the mind in that in which it should have supreme choice, and then "go down to the grave mourning" over the misery, the madness, the murder, the adultery, the suicide, and the oldmaidism, of which they have themselves laid the foundation. It is impossible to conceive of any tyranny greater than that which crushes the affection of a young and virtuous heart for a deserving object. If our affections are not our own, what is life worth? I have translated three of these poems; not because they are the best, but because they are the shortest.

SEA SHELLS.

1. Virgil says that Queen Dido's purple robe was dyed with the blood of the murex clam. *Ae. 4, 262.*

2. The easy style and playful humor of this poem, remind us of the best comic odes of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*. DURIVAGE.

SACRED MELODIES.

1. Shechinah—she-ki-nah—the Jewish name for the divine presence.

2. Ye shall not see me until ye shall say—Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—*Luke xiii, 35.*

3. Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost.—*Acts vii, 51.*

4, 5. Unto this day I have sent unto you my servants, daily rising up early and sending them.—*Jer. vii, 25.*

6. Thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities.—*Is. xlivi, 24.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. Mungo Park, the African traveller, was drowned in the river Niger, or Joliba, in 1804.

2. “His green grave is seen by the mariner, as he bounds on the waves of the north.” OSSIAN.

3. On the first perusal of this little poem, it will doubtless, to many, appear very irregular; but on examination, each line will be found to contain a certain number of accented syllables;

commonly three, but in a few instances four. This species of poetical composition, founded on accentuation, has been admirably advocated by Mr. Coleridge, in the preface to his *Christabel*. It is also sanctioned by the practice of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.

I have been advised by a friend to retrench some syllables and to add others, to make each verse a regular anapestic; but as the piece was written in the warmth of feeling, I cannot satisfy myself with subjecting my emotions, even to a measure of expression which some might deem more elegant.

4. Pleasures of Hope. Part II.
5. See the Songs of Selma, in Ossian.

